

THE GREAT SELKIRK GLACIER, GLACIER HOUSE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Frontispiece.

A RACE WITH THE SUN

OR

A SIXTEEN MONTHS' TOUR FROM CHICAGO AROUND THE WORLD
THROUGH MANITOBA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA BY THE CA-
NADIAN PACIFIC—OREGON AND WASHINGTON—JAPAN—
CHINA—SIAM—STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—BURMAH—
INDIA—CEYLON—EGYPT—GREECE—TURKEY—ROU-
MANIA—HUNGARY—AUSTRIA—POLAND—TRANS-
CAUCASIA—THE CASPIAN SEA AND THE VOL-
GA RIVER—RUSSIA—FINLAND—SWEDEN—
NORWAY — DENMARK — PRUSSIA —
PARIS — LONDON AND. HOME

BY

CARTER H. HARRISON

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PREFACE.

IN the summer of 1887, having laid aside the cares of public office continuously filled during fifteen and a half years, and having met with a sad bereavement which nearly snapped heart-strings, the writer, for the purpose of bridging the chasm lying between a laborious past and what he hoped might be a restful future, started upon a tour of the world. For his companions he had John W. Amberg, the son of a trusted friend, and his own son William Preston Harrison, aged respectively seventeen and eighteen years.

On the eve of his departure two editorial friends urged him to write letters on his travels for their papers. Recognizing the dangerous effects of easy idleness after a life of labor, he had already determined to keep for his children a full and complete traveller's book. As an experiment he commenced this in manifold and in form of letters. His first letters being very kindly received, he continued them, though forced to steal the time for writing, and oftentimes finding the thing an onerous labor. But this labor soon became one of love. What he saw he described honestly, and gave his thoughts freely, hoping to make his friends at home partakers of his happiness. After returning many friends urged him to put his letters into book form. To do this required more labor than the original writing, for he had, for the sake of economy of space, to cut out much, while yet maintaining the epistolary style. He makes no pretensions to literary merit, but asks from the public the same kindness in reading his letters, which he has felt in writing for them.

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A RACE WITH THE SUN.

CHAPTER I.

THE START—WINNIPEG AND MANITOBA—THE CANADIAN PACIFIC
RAILROAD—SCENERY IN THE ROCKIES, THE SELKIRKS
AND ON THE FRASER RIVER.

Victoria, British Columbia, August 3, 1887.

HAVING resolved to make a race with the sun, around the world, it became a matter of some moment the choice of route we should pursue. We recognized the fact that Old Sol moved on a smooth and beaten track. For countless eons he had moved majestically along the same even road. No ups and downs; no stations where he has to stop to take food or water; comets feed his fiery chargers; their tails, whisking around millions of miles, fan their foaming flanks; worn-out worlds drop into their mangers to feed them, without the necessity of a halt; asteroids and bursting meteors furnish their driver with whip-cracks with which to encourage them to maintain their speed; their own fiery nostrils light them along their trackless path. Countless millions of ages ago the mighty Eternal awoke them from their beginningless sleep when His fiat, "Let there be light," reverberating throughout chaotic space, and rolling through its dark chasms and caves, echoed from its frowning crags, caught and returned from limitless heights, was obeyed, and "Light was." Their next rest will be when comes a crash of worlds, and the same Eternal shall shout, in wrathful thunder, "It is ended."

Ours was an unequal task. We knew we would be handicapped, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour; we would have mountains to climb, valleys to span, oceans to cross, and storms and tempests to turn us from our road. We would have to pick our course through countless obstacles by day, and to feel our way among countless dangers by night. Knowing our rival would be forced to travel a thousand miles an hour within the tropics, we determined to go far to the north, where contracted degrees would reduce our mileage to nearly half of the tropical distance.

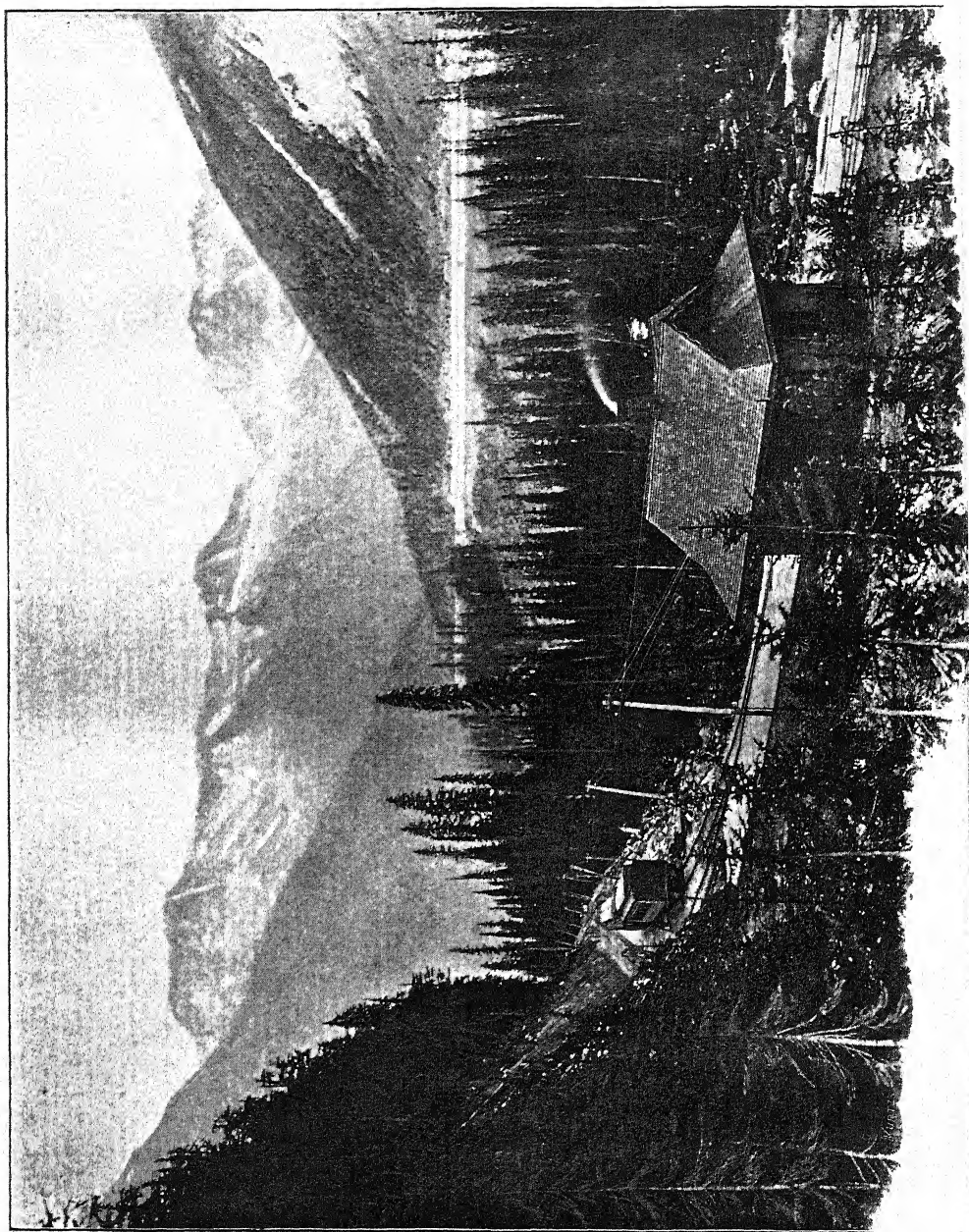
We therefore left Chicago for northern Manitoba. We ran through wooded Wisconsin, rested a few hours at ambitious St.

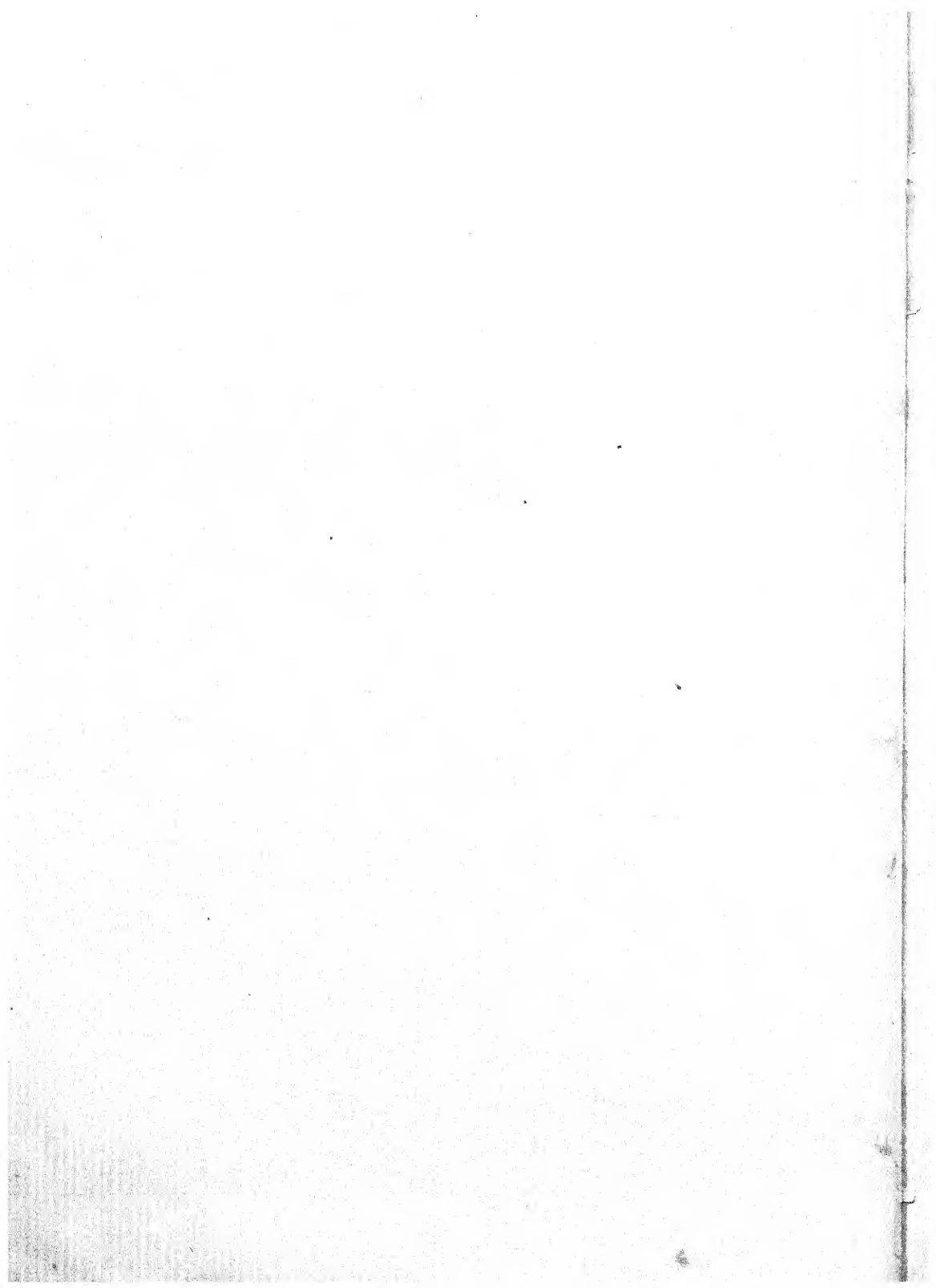
Paul, dashed through the great grain fields of northern Minnesota, entered the dominions of her much-jubileed Majesty, and started on our race at high-boomed Winnipeg, on the 50th degree, north latitude.

By the way, the "boom" at the capital of Manitoba was not, as many have thought, a bursting "bomb." It is a well laid out and handsome city of 23,000 souls. The boom gave it a good start, and, like the great Chicago fire, made many a rich speculator bite financial dust, but left improvements, which, but for the speculative fever, would not have been commenced for years to come. The city has many fine private buildings, a beautiful city hall, three elegant fire-engine houses, several well paved streets, and a mill which turns out 900 barrels of flour daily. The people resemble, in dress and movements, the thriving, bustling population of our northwestern States much more than they do the self-satisfied and slow-looking Canucks of Ontario and eastern Canada. At night they walked about with pleasure-seeking energy, rather than the listless, slow, aimless step of those we see along the railroads which run among their brothers of the east.

Manitoba,—by the way, they lay the accent upon the "o" instead of on the final "a," though I suspect it to be wrong, for I was told the compound word is "Manito" "ba" (God speaks), from the Indian idea that the thunder is louder here than elsewhere,—Manitoba is a grand province. From the United States boundary, stretching north and south about 150 miles, by 120 miles east and west, it is a splendid small-grain country. The land is not held by great individual owners or by syndicates, but in small holdings, rarely larger than a section, and generally only a half. The farms are better cultivated than in Minnesota. The fields are much freer from weeds, and the crops better than any thing we saw on our way in the States, except in a small section near Crookston. We were told the expectation was for an average crop of 25 bushels to the acre. Some fields, we thought, in passing, would nearly touch 40. At Winnipeg we boarded the Canadian Pacific. For a considerable distance the country is perfectly flat, with a soil of great depth; ditches will make it all finely arable. From Portage La Prairie westward the surface is undulating, often high-rolling, and for 109 miles to Virden is as beautiful prairie as one could wish to see. North and south in this belt the same characteristics, we were told by a well-informed gentleman, extended from the United States line to the northern limits of the province.

What cunning chaps the Hudson Bay Company people were! For long years they told the world that this was a region only fit for fur-bearing animals. But now, since the iron horse has snatched the reins from this great cormorant, we find this mighty northwest a country capable of supporting millions of happy agricultural people. Rivers abound, running in deep-cut banks, into which the lowest and flattest land can be drained. Wood is





not so far off that it cannot be had in sufficient quantities for domestic purposes, and coal-fields lie so close to the rivers that coal can be transported by water if the rail fails to do the work. In the summer season the sun pours down a flood of heat. The nights are cool now, and we were told are always so. Years ago, when the American cry was "54° 40', or fight," I was a Whig, and twitted the Democrats for coming down to 49°. I now feel like still twitting my old Democratic brethren of the past for not standing up for 54° 40'. I am not very acquisitive of territory for our country, but I confess to a strong feeling that Uncle Sam ought to own from the Superior up to Alaska and on to the Pacific. Let it not be understood that we would do any better for the people than the Dominion is doing. They are thriving, and the Canadian Pacific Company has built a road which none of our transcontinental railroads can surpass. It is thoroughly laid, smooth, and finely ballasted. The depots or stations are built with taste, and bridges are erected with great strength. In the far west experimental farms are worked so as to give the emigrant actual knowledge of what the soil is capable of producing.

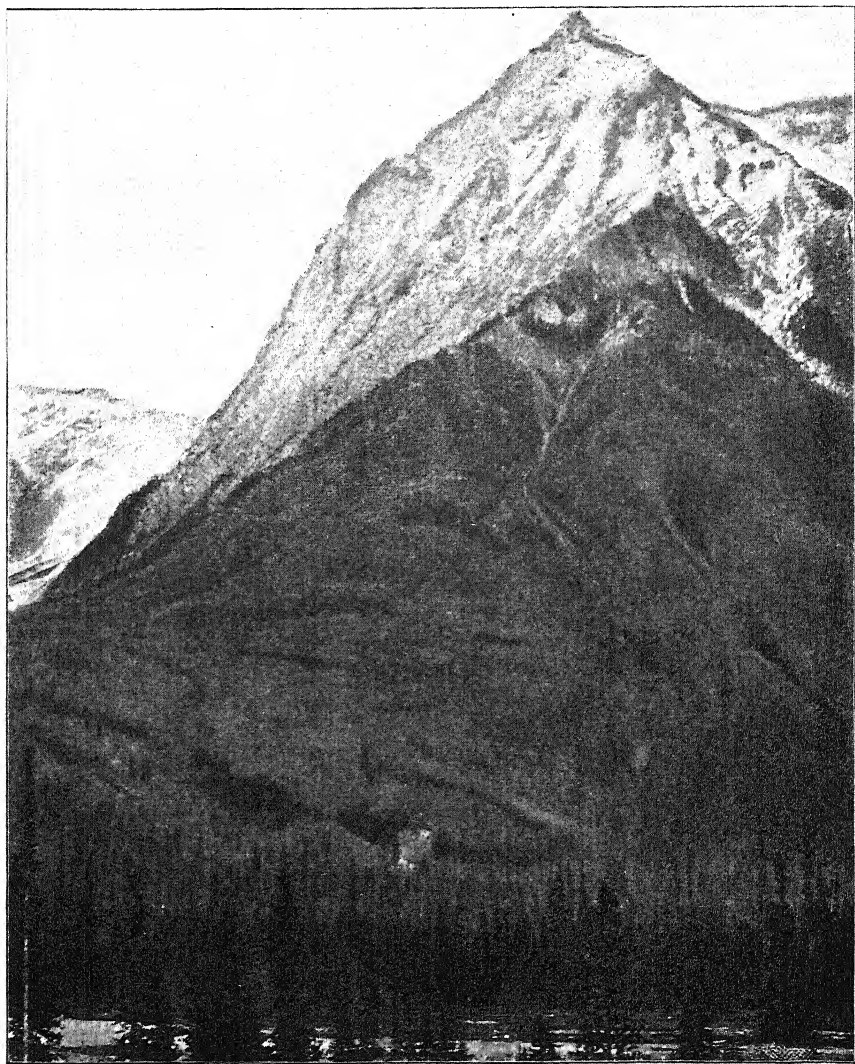
After leaving Virden the country assumes less of a prairie appearance and more that of a western plain, but sage-brush does not commence for a long distance, and, in fact, is light at any point on the road. Some 200 miles were passed by us at night when we were generally asleep, but occasionally I would look from my window, and was thus able to make a tolerably accurate survey. The twilight of this latitude is so long that the traveller is enabled to see much which in more southern climes would be lost in darkness. We left Winnipeg at 9:40 A.M., on the 29th. Early on the 30th we were constantly at the windows or on the platform. Indians were occasionally seen at the stations, decked in bright-colored blankets, and with faces painted as heavily as those of watering-place belles. Their "tepees" (tents) could be seen near by in groups of from four to ten. They all had for sale horns of their old friend, the buffalo. Cattle ranches are scattered over the country. Habitations, however, as we ran westward, became scarce and ranches fewer. Many lakes were passed covered with geese and duck. Sometimes we could see young broods of the latter, of the size of quail, on small streams not over twenty feet from our train. The plain was now the "coteau de Missouri," but not arid as the same plain is on the Northern Pacific road. The whole country is pleasantly green with patches of "down" diversifying the landscape. Occasionally we would see lakes with edges white with alkali running into purple water-weed. Several of the small alkali ponds were dried up and looked like plats of driven snow. The grass is short but thick, and is of the prairie kind, with a variety resembling buffalo grass intermixed. Frequently for long stretches we would pass among bush openings, which gave a park-like appearance to the

plain. Several of the towns have from 400 to 800 inhabitants. Two hundred and odd miles west of Winnipeg, at a village named Moosomin, we saw a lawn-tennis party and a couple of nickel-plated bicycles ridden by ambitious young men, this too in the territory of Assiniboia, north of western Dakota.

All through the ride on the 30th we were in the region where buffalo formerly abounded. Hundreds upon hundreds of their old trails were deep furrowed into the prairie, crossing the road from south to north. What countless thousands must, year after year, have trodden in these furrows to have worn them so deep into the dry hard soil. Now and then their bones would fleck the prairie in white patches, and at the stations tons were ready in huge piles for shipment east, to make handles for tooth-brushes and bone-dust for soda fountains. It was sad to think of the vast numbers of these old monarchs of the plains which had been slaughtered in mad love for killing. The poor Indians, relics of former ages, who are now living upon the bounty of the conquering whites, do not so much arouse one's sympathies, as the wanton destruction of the red man's friend—the bison—awakens disgust. The Indian *would* not learn civilization, and refused and refuses to obey the order to earn bread by the sweat of the face. They had to go for civilization's sake; but the buffalo committed no other crime than that of being the Indian's friend, and of affording an easy target for the wanton murderer. Seventeen years ago I passed on the Union Pacific through a herd of many thousands at Platte Station. Their beef was then plenty and cheap all along the plains, and millions were yearly making their annual migration. For hundreds of miles along the Canadian Pacific are the countless trails they dug into a soil almost as hard as rock as they marched, in single file, from pasturage to pasturage and from water to water. Now, it is said, there are not over one or two hundred wild buffalo in the whole land.

As we fly on westward the plain becomes browner and browner, but rarely entirely loses its green, and everywhere there are damp spots where it is of brightest emerald. The great plains on this road have but little of the painful monotony which oppresses one for such great distances on the other Pacific roads. The rolling prairies seem to rise and fall like old ocean's swell, always the same, but ever seeming to move and vary. One can watch the swell at sea day after day and not grow weary. These plains affected me much in the same way. I could traverse them again next week with pleasure. They are always fresh to the eye. This of itself will make this a favorite route for transcontinental tourists. In the whole ride, too, we were only three or four times troubled by dust, although we rode much of the time on the rear platform. The dusty places were only of a few miles in extent.

At Medicine Hat, 600 miles west of Winnipeg, we crossed the south fork of the Saskatchewan River. Here, and for a long



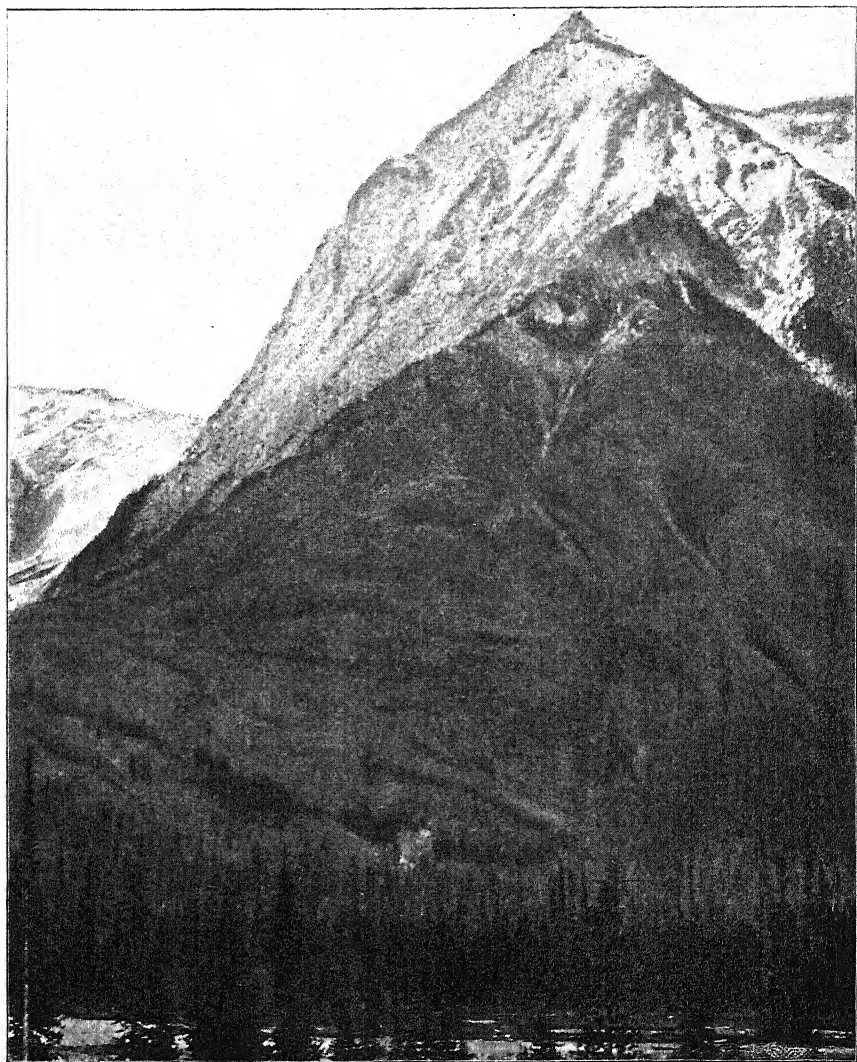
THE CHANCELLOR, OTTER TAIL RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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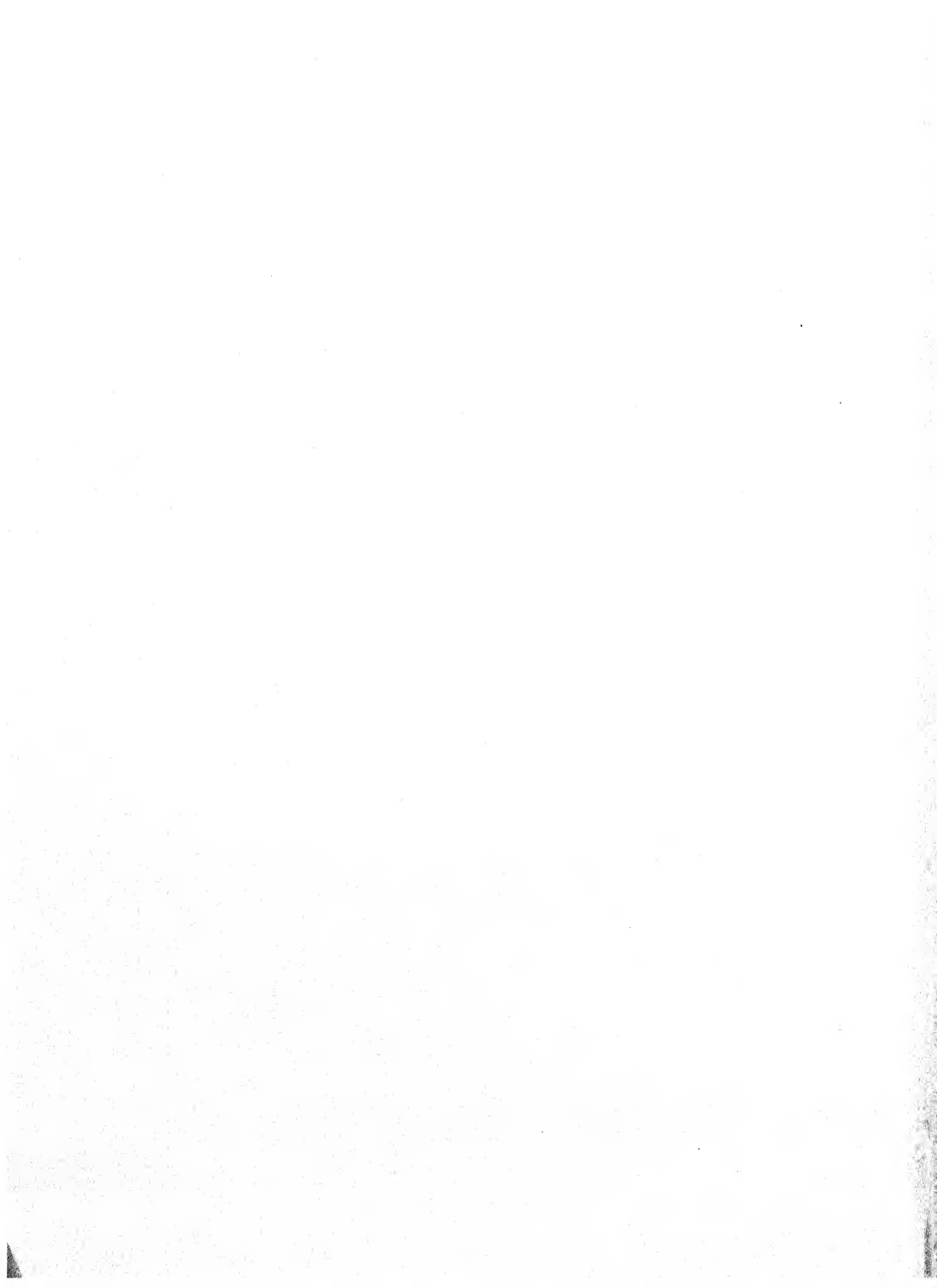
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distance, it is a navigable stream some 400 yards wide. Above this place, 50 to 100 miles, are fine coal-fields. The coal looked pure, and our dining-car cook assured us it was the best-cooking coal in America. Before night we should have seen the Rockies, but did not, because of the smoky atmosphere. Sixty miles from their foot lies Calgary, a town of 2,000 people, the centre of the great ranch district, where ranches with many thousands of horses abound. The grazing country is said to be very fine, and extends far south down into Montana. The plains here are very handsome, and the bunch grass is prettily green. The land grows good wheat but better grass.

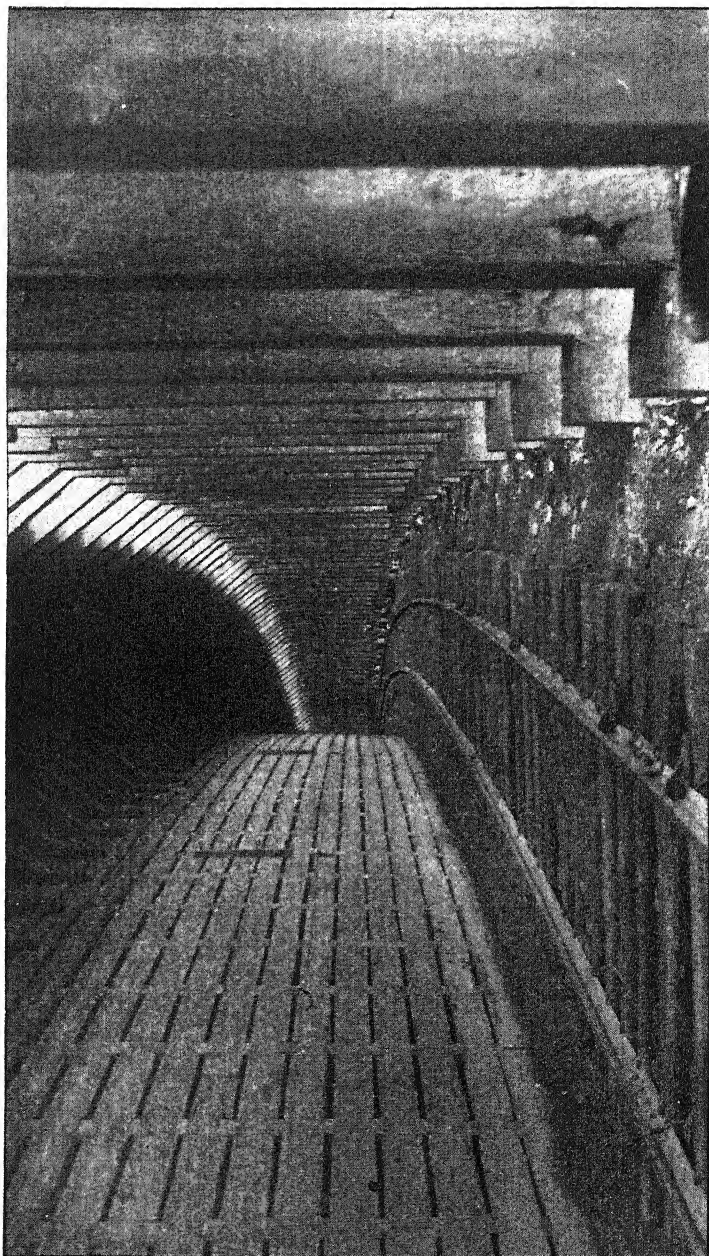
At three o'clock on the morning of the 31st we reached the sanitarium Banff. We stopped over a day, and took two baths, one at the hot springs, temperature from 110° to 120° , said to have the specific virtues of the Arkansas springs, and sought for the same class of diseases. I do not think the bath produces the heavy sweats produced by those of Arkansas, but still I had to lie for half an hour before I became dry enough to dress. Several hundred feet below this spring are two others, within 100 feet of each other. One is in a cave or grotto, about 25 feet in diameter, with a natural vaulted dome, say 30 feet high, as perfect as if cut by the hammer. It is now entered by an artificial tunnel 100 feet long, and is lighted by a small natural opening at the apex. In the grotto is a natatorium, surrounded by pretty stalactites, with water five feet deep boiling up from the sandy bottom, with a temperature of 95° . Cold water pours from a large shell-shaped stalactite in sufficient quantity to make a cold shower. One can thus swim around in warm water, and then cool off his upper body, while from his waist down he is in a warm bath. A hundred feet from this is another large pool, 20 feet across, of about the same depth, and being in the open air the warm water can be seen bubbling up through the sands. Both this and the cave springs have streams flowing from them as large as a first-class fire-engine could pump. The cave spring discharges at its outlet without coloring the soil along the rivulet, while the other makes a white deposit. This is from a magnesiate of lime, impregnated with iron and sulphur.

Banff is 2,400 feet above the sea, and is nestled down among mountains rising over 5,000 feet above the hotel, all of them this year with snow on their summits and far down the sides in the deep gorges. The sanitarium and hotel of the railroad is upon the bank of Bow River, a stream over 400 feet wide, of crystal clearness, slightly whitened by glacier water. The river under the hotel breaks through walls of rock two or more hundred feet high, forming a succession of cascades or rapids of 60 feet fall, in say, 140 yards. The views of snow-clad mountains, the river, the cascades, and whirling pool below make the situation of the hotel one of the finest I have ever seen. Trout abound in the river of all

angling sizes. A lake-trout was brought in from Devil's Lake, 12 miles off, while we were there, weighing 43 pounds. Banff is in the National Park of 260 square miles. With commendable wisdom, the government is building throughout the park fine roads laid out by skilled engineers.

At three o'clock Monday morning we took the west-going train, and went to bed; but the early light made us shorten our nap, for we were in wildly grand scenery. Now we were rushing through noble passes on the mountain sides, then under precipices lifting thousands of feet above us. Snow-clad mountains were ever standing like grand sentinels about our way. The engine puffs and snorts as it pulls us up the steep grade. The snow gorges crawl down nearer and nearer to us. The snowy peaks seem piled one above the other far above us. The stream we have climbed gets smaller and smaller, till at Mount Stephen we are at the summit, 5,300 feet above the sea, while above us lift the mighty rocky sides of the mountain, its peak almost over our head, 8,200 feet above the rail. The Bow River here begins in a little lake, while close by in a swamp is the fountain of the Kicking Horse, down whose canyons we must go for many a mile. Here starts the former, whose waters flow far away into Hudson's Bay. There, almost within a stone's throw, starts the other to carry Stephen's icy waters into the Pacific. Hour after hour we whirl along, in ever-rapid curving, down the canyon. Lofty mountains are on either side in vast precipices. We look up upon snow, now and then hardened into a glacier; we look down from the rock-cut terrace, along which we bound, and see a stream of moving foam, now in cascade, then in rapids, never still enough to lose its snowy froth. Hour after hour we are in scenes of grandeur and beauty. I say beauty, for the white snow, the foaming waters, the green trees—these are beautiful, while the mountains, with their frowning precipices, their rocky pinnacles piercing the blue sky, are grand. For 60 miles it is the same wonderful scenery. Our little creek has become a river, narrow, but pouring towards the sea nearly as much water as flows down the Ohio at ordinary summer stage.

At 9 o'clock our rushing, roaring river has emptied into the Columbia, which has come up from the United States with its milk-white glacier flood. It rolls in rapid current towards the north, washing the foot of Mount Brown 20 miles away. It will bend westward beyond the Selkirk range, at whose western base we will cross it again, after having steamed nearly a 100 miles through yet grander scenery. We cross the river; we look back and see the towering Rockies. We look forward and no great way off lift the Selkirks. The ascent commences at once; first up the Beaver, which near the Columbia passes through a gate one can scarcely believe to be of nature's fashioning. Two vertical slate precipices, only a few feet thick, lift themselves up



AVALANCHE SHED, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

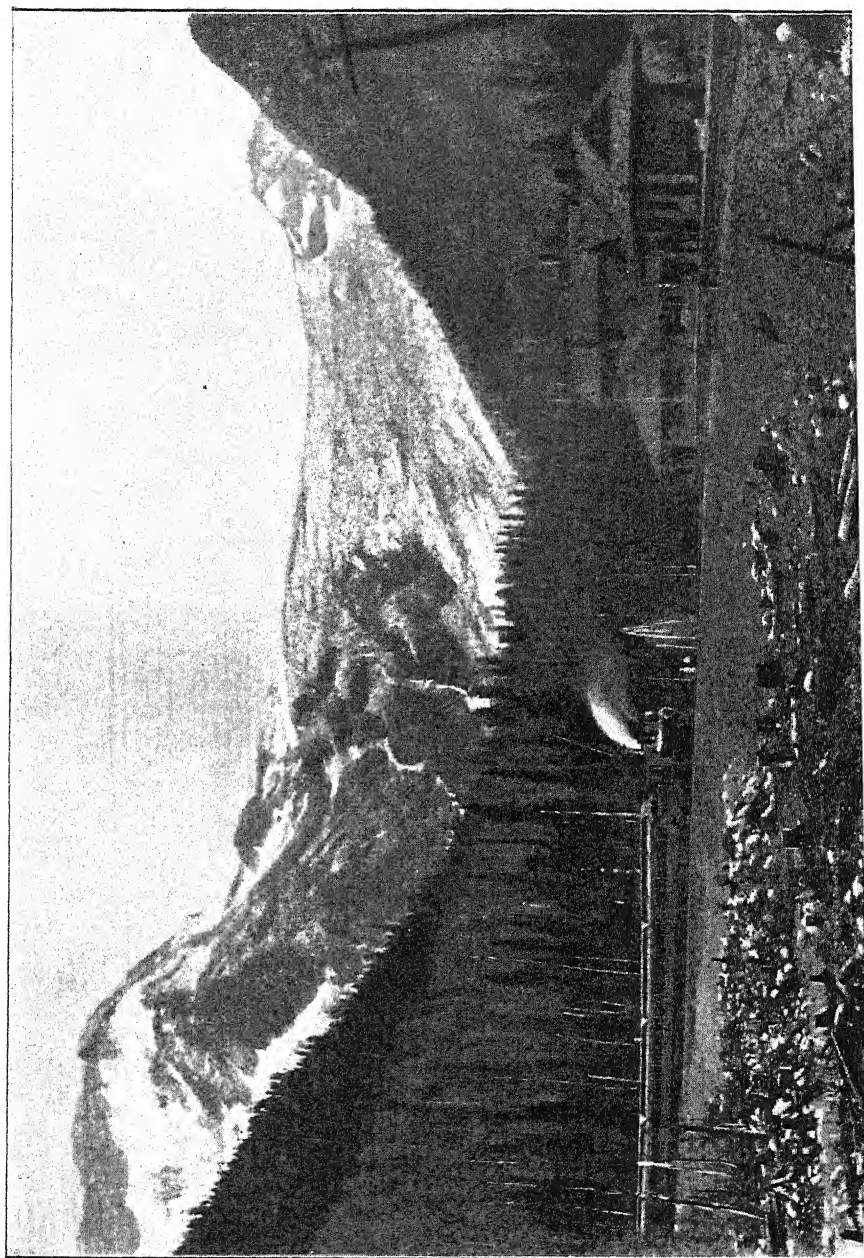
like the framework of a portcullis, through which the little river rushes. A door 20 feet wide, set against the gateway, would stop the whole stream. Up this river, and then up Bear Creek we climb. The river is at first a few feet beneath us. Up we go. The river is a 100, then 400, then 1,000 feet below. Still up, till far below us—2,000 feet—now through timber, and then over the tops of lofty firs, we see the stream winding through marshy grass, which one of us insists is a wheat-field. We seem to hang on the mountain's side. Now the road runs through tunnels; then it is timbered out over precipices.

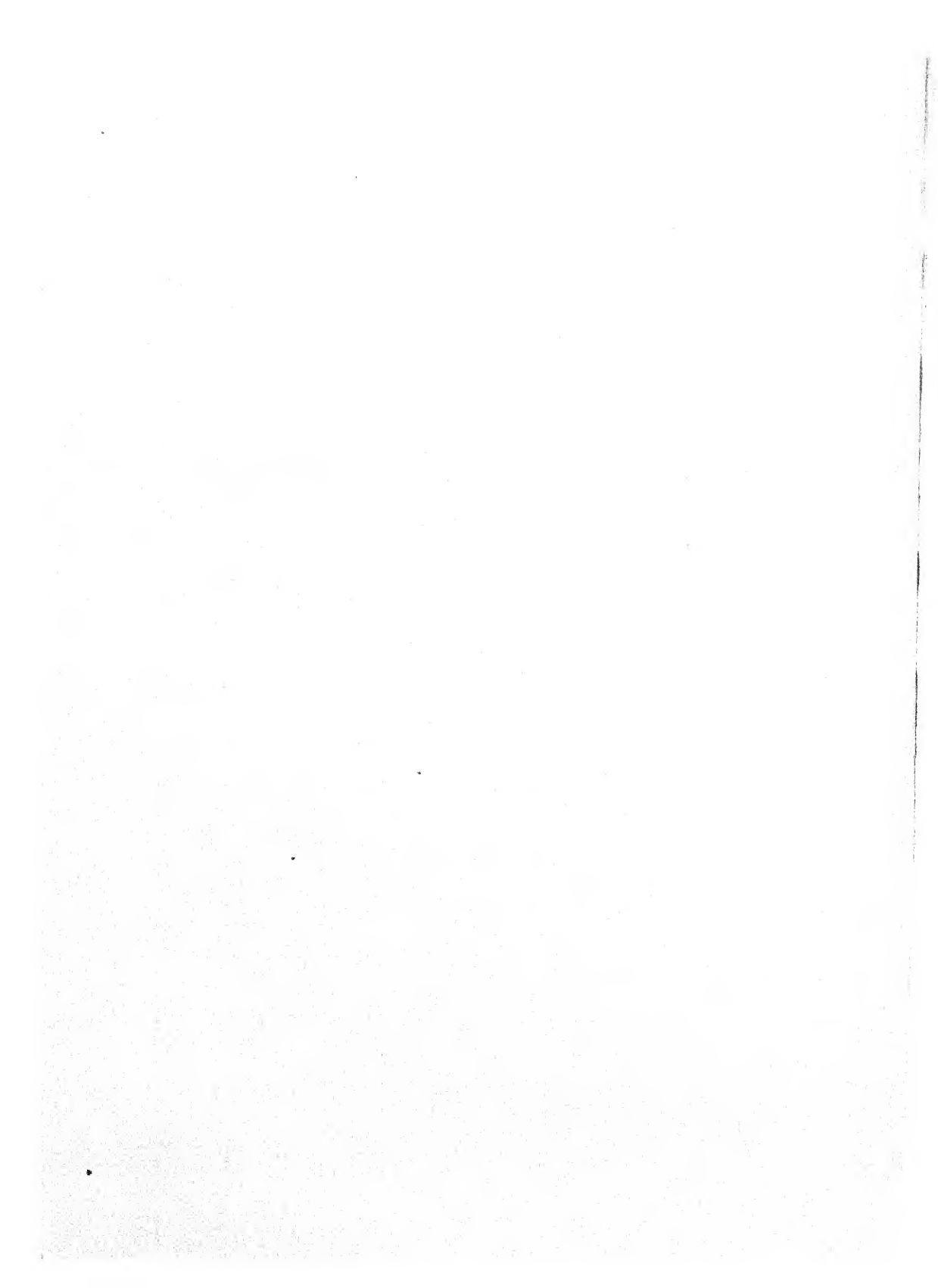
We are soon in the heart of the mountains; far up their sides, till the snow and rocks are met, are magnificent forests of pine and fir, with stems as straight as arrows. I said we were in the mountains' heart. I was too quick. We soon will be, for we break through a pass between two peaks clad in eternal snow. The snow is nearly down to our level, which is here 4,300 feet above the sea. See yonder white precipice; it is the foot of a mighty glacier, hundreds of feet thick, and pushed down in hardened stream from the upper peak yet far above and beyond its brow. The scenery now is grand beyond the power of language to paint. One glacier frowns upon another. To our right we pass the summit, and two miles on we reach the Glacier House, a Swiss chalet, in front of which are pretty fountains throwing up icy jets; and apparently a few hundred yards away to our left, is a monster glacier, with its foot not much above the level of the road. With a glass we see mighty fissures cracking its surface. It bends over the mountain like a falling curtain. We are told it is a mile and a half wide, nine miles long, and 500 feet deep. Mount Sir Donald is watching its slow descent. Far above the snow, his peak, shaped like a diamond drill, pierces the blue sky 6,000 feet above us. We have to bend our heads back to look at his pinnacle. The descent is now down a silvery thread, called the Illecillewaet River. It tumbles in cascades, and as it tumbles it grows. We get down hill by making iron loops. One could pitch a marble from the window upon the track below, which we will reach after bending as on the link of a chain. After a while the little silver thread has become a foaming stream, then a rushing river, so strong that it cuts its way between two perpendicular cliffs in a canyon apparently not over 25 feet wide, but several hundred feet deep. The river springs through this like a madman in a leap then foams along for miles below. At last, after a run of seventy odd miles through the Selkirks, we emerge from them and cross the Columbia, a stream greatly grown since we saw it last 100 miles back.

After a while we enter another system of mountains—the Gold range. The scenery in these would be glorious, but we are satiated with grandeur, and are more delighted by the beautiful lakes, along whose margins we run, than by the heights above us.

After leaving this range, we are upon waters which empty into the Frazer River. Before night we pass several beautiful lakes. One of them, the Shuswap, is of very considerable extent; we run along its shores for over 50 miles. Its width varies from one to four or five miles. Peaks 2,000 to 3,000 feet high lift themselves above its waters, now by steep ascent, then by sloping benches. Its waters are said to be full of fish; we frequently saw them rising.

The next morning we were upon the Frazer. Here we had a different character of scenery from any before seen. The road runs along the bank of the river, perhaps 100 feet above the water, nearly all the time upon ledges cut into the rock or upon the steeply descending sides of the mountains. We must have gone through 30 tunnels, in length from a few hundred feet to several hundred yards, all cut through solid granite. The river runs through rocky canyons at the foot of mountains lifting 2,500 to 4,000 feet. Many of them were of bare rock, others beautifully treed. Behind these immediately along the river are yet higher peaks, more or less flecked with snow. Laughing brooks and foaming streams are frequently crossed, coming down gorges in bounding cascades. The Frazer is a mighty river of white water rising 500 miles away among ranges covered with eternal snows. It is joined where we struck it by the Thompson, itself a noble stream. It flows in turbulent current, now several hundred yards wide, then cutting its way through rocky doors not over 100 feet from jamb to jamb. Often for miles it rushes in fall almost as fast as a cataract. Below each fall it whirls in angry pools; on nearly all the ledges jutting over these pools are frames of light wood, on which the Indians' winter supply of salmon hangs like red tobacco in a southern field. Indians are seen perched on projecting ledges, scooping with a net, shaped like a tennis bat, for finny beauties. Their fishing huts are on nearly every green spot. Here and there is seen a Chinese washing a little gold from the sands. High on the opposite side of the river runs the road built 28 years ago by the government to the Carabo mines, 400 miles away. It often runs at dizzy heights and is so narrow that the stage-coach passengers must have been in constant alarm—that is, if they were other than gold-seekers. For these fellows would have ridden the devil barebacked, and never felt a tremor, if the dust was at the journey's end. For 60 odd miles we ran in and out of rock-hewn tunnels, over trestles, along ledges cut from the solid rock, and over terraces built from many feet below. The rushing river was ever some 50 to 200 feet below us, while high over our heads and frowning from the opposite side of the canyon the steep mountains lifted themselves to a height varying from 2,500 to perhaps 4,000 feet. They were often rocky buttresses, their steep slopes covered with pines and firs. This canyon is alone worth the trip, and, while it lacks the awful grandeur





of the glaciated peaks of the Rockies and Selkirks, yet, being always so close to us, is more terrible and startling.

After leaving it we ran through forests of giant cedars—cedars two to five feet in diameter. But, sad to say, these noble trees a good part of the time stood like blackened spectres, and often were but lofty stumps five or six to 30 feet high. What wild havoc the fire-fiend has been for years, and yet is, making in the vast forests of the Pacific slope! The air in the Selkirks was blue with smoke, and so it was from their base to the end of the road. The air even here on the south side of Vancouver Island is still hazy. From our windows we ought to be able to see Mount Baker's snowy crest, far to the southeast, and the Olympian mountains, only some 30 or 40 miles to the southwest. Instead of that, high hills only ten miles away are dimly seen as bluish masses above the horizon. Millions of trees, such as would be the admiration of people east of the Mississippi, are now burning; millions upon millions of acres have been within the last five years stripped of valuable forests, which east of the Rockies would be worth many times more than all the gold produced within these years on the whole Pacific coast, and yet many of the fires which have destroyed such vast wealth have been started by mining prospectors. They burn certain wealth not their own above the ground, in the hope of finding uncertain signs of riches which may become their own, but is now hidden beneath the surface.

And now from this beautiful land, where winter never freezes and summer never parches; where, though eight degrees north of Chicago, the honeysuckle embowers the verandas and the rose-bush is a small tree in the garden; where the cherries are nearly as large as plums, and the red raspberry is a pulpy monster; where the young pine makes a good fishing-pole, and the fir is taller than the mast of the largest ship; where cedars are monsters, and the balm of Gilead is like a big cotton-wood;—from this anomalous clime, good-morning.

CHAPTER II.

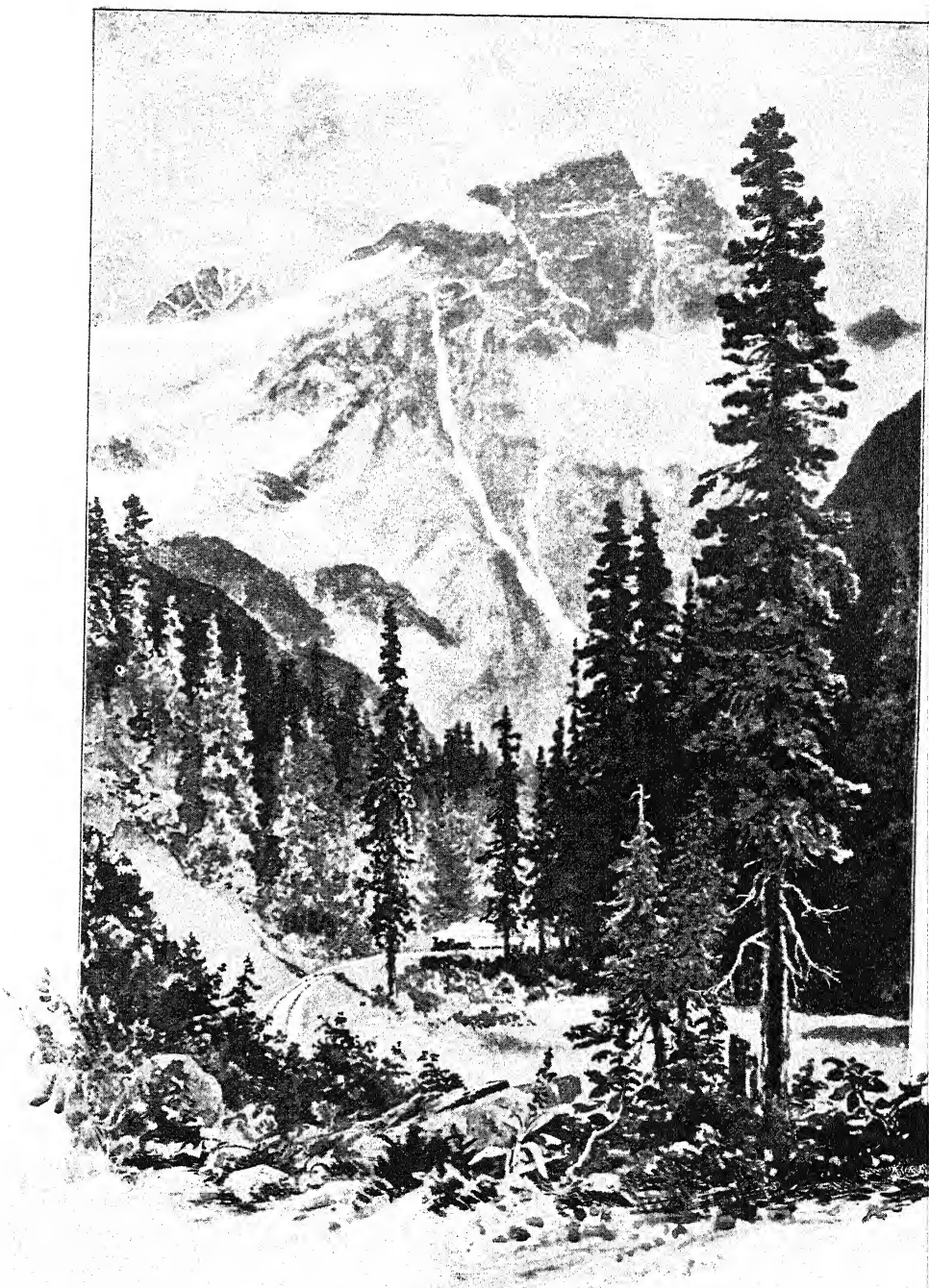
TIMBER—PRODUCTIONS AND PECULIARITIES OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON—FOREST-FIRES AND SMOKE—SCENERY OF THE COLUMBIA.

Green River, Hot Springs, W. T., August 14, 1887.

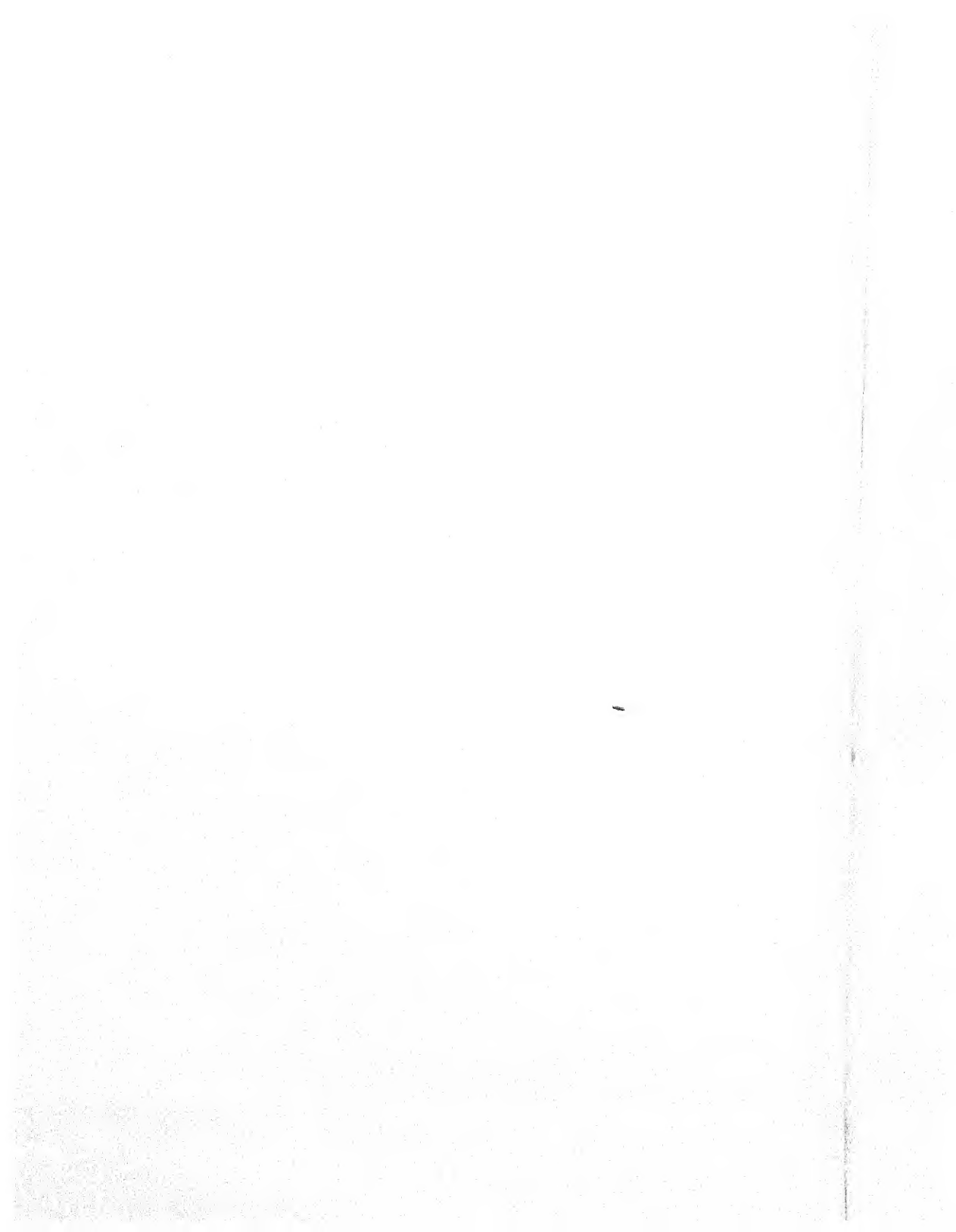
PUGET SOUND is one of the world's marvels. It lies like a mighty antlered formation. Its inlets and arms, running 20 to 60 miles into the land, are never more than four or five miles broad, and are often not over a half mile, with a depth varying from 50 feet to hundreds of fathoms. The deep water comes up close to the shore, and oftentimes sheer up, so that the largest man-of-war could tie to a forest tree whose roots are watered by the ocean's brine. By the way, why is it that in the East the salt water of the sea prevents trees from growing anywhere near the shore, while out here the lower limbs of great trees are touched at high tide? The sound has but few harbors, because anchorage is rarely to be had. The longest cable will not permit an anchor to reach bottom, and the tides will not let a ship tie to the shore. At Tacoma the difference between low and high tide is over 20 feet. At the mouth of the Strait of Fuca it is less than five feet; but the tidal waves press into the narrow sound and lift themselves up to nearly 30 feet in some of the inlets. The meeting of the tides creates heavy, angry breakers.

Seattle and Tacoma are the great rival towns of the sound. The discrimination against the former by the Northern Pacific Railroad has made the dislike of Tacoma by the average Seattlean something absolutely interesting. She is trying to get even, however, and will soon have a road built along the east shore of the sound, to tap the Canadian Pacific near Vancouver, and will ultimately cross the mountains to meet the Manitoba road, which is expected to enter Helena this year, and will then stretch out for the sound.

The trade of this region with the East will before long become great, and the northwest of our land will offer greater commercial attractions than does the orange-growing southwestern California. There "the orange and citron is fairest fruit." But here the mighty forests, which cover the lowlands as densely as the jungles of the tropics, and climb the mountains until the snow-line is met, can furnish the world with timber for centuries. But, unfortunately, the people, while proud of their grand trees, seem to think



HERMIT MOUNTAIN, ROGERS' PASS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



them inexhaustible, and are each year burning in sheer wantonness a half-century's supply. It is calculated that over a hundred square miles of forest will be burnt this season.

The lumbermen, who ought to regard them as their great wealth-producers, do not seem at all distressed at this terrible destruction, for they say that fires do not destroy the timber, but simply kill the trees. And that, after being killed, they remain sound for several years' consumption, while the loggers get the logs out much easier after the undergrowth has been burnt. This is a selfish feeling, especially as it is known that if a forest be thoroughly burnt young pines and cedars do not spring up in the future. It is the exception on this coast when young forests follow a fire. The summers here are so dry that the delicate seeds of the evergreen do not germinate as they would if rains were even moderately frequent. The seeds cannot grow as they would if protected by dense shades. The soil is burnt up. The trees are so enormously large and their roots extend so close to the surface, that after a fire there is nothing left but ashes from four to six inches deep. No one who has not gone through the forests of this coast can have any idea of the enormous amount of timber growing upon a given surface. An old army officer told us he had to make calculations as to the number of feet standing upon some land, and fixed it at 200,000 feet of sawed lumber per acre, and that, too, where the trees were not large. We have now had a good opportunity for seeing some of the heaviest forests. We have fished along three streams, and have found out by experience the great labor necessary to get through the wood along water courses. The close proximity of one tree to another, and their vast height, is simply marvellous. The roots of one mingle with the roots of its neighbor. The trunks stand four to six feet in diameter, and nearly 300 feet in height, and could furnish saw-logs 180 to 230 feet long. I yesterday ran my fishing-line around a cedar six feet from the ground, and found it to be over 31 feet in circumference, or over ten feet in diameter. There was another, not ten feet away, which was over six feet in diameter. On the opposite side of the creek, on the steep slope of a foothill, were some 20 acres of pines of vast height, all three to five feet in diameter, and so close together that they seemed almost a solid mass.

To reach the stream where we intended to commence fishing, we had to cross about a quarter of a mile of bottom land, over which a heavy wind had passed last year. The enormous trees were thrown about in vast confusion. I walked along a huge log to its upper end, and the weedy undergrowth appeared so solid at the side that I supposed it was only a few inches deep. I stepped off the log, which, as I thought, was there a foot thick, and on the ground, when, lo! I sank up to my shoulders in dense growth. When fishing yesterday, our guide at a certain point

near a railroad bridge put the boys in the stream and told them to fish down it to the hotel. He sent me a half mile above the bridge, he going a like distance above me. I reached the bridge when the sun was an hour high, and struck down the track for the hotel, expecting to find Willie and John already in, for they are fishermen who think a trout on a dish much more enjoyable than a trout in a stream. When I got home they were not there. I supposed our guide would bring them in. Presently he arrived without them. Dusk and then dark came on. I was alarmed. Their whole fishing-ground from bridge to hotel, which is on the bank of the river, was not in extent a mile. The guide and I went up the railroad, and hallooed as loudly as possible, but could get no answer, and yet the river was nowhere a quarter of a mile from the track. To reach it through the woods without a torch was nearly impossible, and to go down stream dangerous at night. We returned and found the whole population in wild commotion. The women spoke of bears. Some men feared that, although the deepest pools were not over head deep, yet they might have been sucked by the rapid current under a drift. Others said darkness had caught them, and they had built a fire to camp for the night.

We got up an expedition with a single obtainable lantern, borrowed at the little railroad station. We walked up the track until opposite the fishing-ground. We fired pistols. No answer. We then fired a rifle. Its clear note cut the forest air, and was echoed back from the foot-hills, a half-mile off. But sweeter still than the echo came a view halloo from Willie, and then the shrill whistle of Johnny. The woods between them and us had been burnt this season. We struck an Indian file, two before the lantern and two behind. A couple of hundred yards in we got bewildered. We retraced our steps over logs as high as one's head, down into holes of ashes nearly up to the knee, and again reached the road and fired our guns. We heard an answer. I then sent the party in, while I mounted a stump to watch the lantern and to guide them by my pistol-shots. In about a quarter of an hour a volley of shots told us the lost were found. In another quarter of an hour we saw the light coming back. John and Willie had a tale to tell. They had not had a clear knowledge of the length of their fishing route. They had nearly reached the hotel without their knowledge. It began to grow dark, and they thought it best to retrace their steps to the bridge. Darkness came on. They calmly built a fire to wait till morning, or till they should be found. Both were black from climbing burnt logs, and both were forlorn in appearance, but happy in the possession of a new experience. Their camp-fire was close to the bank of the rushing stream, and its noise too great for them to hear shouts, or even a pistol-shot at first. Had they attempted to reach the road in the dark they would have been half stripped and badly mangled.

Even with a light it took a quarter of an hour to make a fifth of a mile.

The lumber of this region is reaching an enormous product. One mill at Tacoma cuts 200,000 feet a day. There are a few others as large, and everywhere heavy cutting establishments. All lumber is shipped as square timber, to be cut up near the market. A few pieces have been shipped to South America 120 feet in length. From 40 to 80 feet is not at all uncommon. We saw lumber going East stretching over the entire length of two long cars. Logs are barked in the woods, then one end is cut slightly sloping, so as to run easily over roots and skid roads.

Here wages in the woods are high, good ox teamsters commanding over \$100 per month. It is not every man who can get out of Buck and Brindle their entire muscular ability. A skilled teamster, with his thumb gouging a bull's flank, can make the honest fellow almost crack his yoke. One thing strikes the stranger as singular—that is, the enormous height of the stumps. The pitch or turpentine of the trees lies in the trunk six to ten feet above the ground. The tree is felled above this line. This is not entirely waste, for the saw will hardly cut the timber in the stump, and when cut it is unsalable. By the way, we heard of one tract of 160 acres, from which it is claimed nearly 700,000 feet of timber—board measure—was cut from each acre, and of a single tree which cut 45,000 feet. We did not see this, but have reason to believe the statement true.

In many respects Oregon and Washington present anomalies. Much Indian corn is grown in different parts of Oregon, not for maturity, but to be consumed green. The ground is ploughed, the corn planted, and in the majority of fields is not cultivated at all, but left to work out its growth. If the season be good the farmer makes money selling roasting ears; if bad, he gets some fodder. One good rain makes a crop on the whole coast, it matters not what the thing be. The rapidity of growth is almost as marvellous as is the size attained.

We boarded the train at Dallas, on the Columbia, in upper Oregon, in a range of more or less wooded hills. In five hours we looked out of the window, and found ourselves in a land where not a tree could be seen,—not even a bush other than sage and some of its congeners, and here and there a prickly pear. The air was almost crisp in its dryness. The hills in the early morning looked as if covered with a soft velvety growth; the glass showed this to arise from the closely grown sage-brush. Between the bushes was a low bunch-grass, growing out of an arid ash-colored soil. Near the rivers the sands are absolutely movable, and are carried in clouds by a stiff wind. Yet in this sandy desert tolerably fair crops grow without irrigation. We saw a huge rick of rye, unthreshed, put up for fodder, and were told it averaged two and a half tons to the acre. About the junction of the Snake and

Columbia rivers a more uninviting country can hardly be imagined, and yet in a little plantation of poplars set out from the slip, in the spring of 1886, the young trees were four to eight feet in height, and of full, bushy tops. I measured one of the shoots of this season; it was nearly five feet in length. We counted twenty-eight shoots on one little tree. We dug into the dry sand, and found moisture at seven inches. We ate watermelon from a patch said not to have been watered this season. The melon was quite large and well flavored, but the meat rather pithy, as is the meat of all melons and apples raised on this coast, the result probably of abnormally rapid growth.

Another remarkable feature of this country is the meagreness of the wheat and rye straw when compared to the amount of grain produced. We saw quite a large field of wheat which had been harvested. From the light stubble we did not think over ten bushels could have been gathered, but was assured the whole field of over 30 acres had averaged 24. This is true, too, of the great Walla Walla wheat country, where 40 bushels are often threshed from straw which an Eastern man would think could not yield one fourth of the amount. This fact causes many superficial observers passing through the country greatly to underrate the productiveness of the soil. A Michigander whom we met swore he would not give one good farm in his State for all Oregon and Washington Territory for agricultural purposes. He had only seen the standing crops, and therefrom made his estimate of values. All fruit matures rapidly, and is often rather tasteless. The green corn is insipid and the apples lack flavor. The pears are quite good, and the plums and berries delicious. I regret to say there appears to be a general lack of energy among the people, and especially among the farmers. The ground produces without much work. Stock live out-doors all winter and grow fat on the grass, which nature turns into hay without being cut. The farmers, therefore, grow careless, and have a general look of lacking thrift.

We went to Oregon and Washington more to see the scenery than to look at the people, or to examine into the sources of wealth, but found every thing shrouded in smoke. At Portland one could scarcely see across the Willamette River, and the dust was nearly half-an-ankle deep. It required a compass to find in what direction Mount Hood was standing. We left Willamette in a smoke which actually made our eyes smart, and from the park in Portland the spires of the churches were merely spectral outlines. Portland is a fine and handsome city. Its business houses are well built, and its residences comfortable-looking and embowered in vines and shrubbery. But its glory seems to be gone. If the rich men of the place do not soon bestir themselves, little Tacoma and thrifty, pushing Seattle will soon catch and pass it. The Chinese look prosperous and busy. The balance of the people

seem to be living on past recollections, and that, too, though, according to population, there are few places in America where there is so much average wealth. The people want some life beat into them. I ask their pardon if I have reached a too rapid opinion. I wonder if the smoke has not something to do with it. The people are probably cured into abnormal steadiness. We left the city well pleased with the pleasant people, but rubbing our eyes as if we had been in a smoke-house. By the way, we determined that Eastern packers should bring their pork here to be cured. A house of wire gauze to keep the flies out would take in smoke enough to cure hams and jerked beef, without any other than that furnished by the forest fires.

We found the lower Columbia River so involved in sooty haze that, when in the middle channel, we could barely see the two shores. But as we approached the cascades the atmosphere grew clearer, and after passing them we were met by a wind from up the stream, and were soon in full enjoyment of the beauty of this incomparable river. The high mountains towered up, and the rocks wore that indescribable purple-brown seen nowhere else. Landscape after landscape was presented to our view, holding us in silent rapture. Many of them would be grand if they were not so beautiful. One feels as he does when looking on a noble woman with a madonna face. The majesty of her form is lost in the angelic visage. The tints of the rocks and precipices are to the other rocks what an Italian sky is to other blue skies. There was just enough smoke to tone down the distant heights without destroying a single outline. It supplied the softening effect which the mists furnish in the Tyrol. Even Mount Hood deigned to show us his sentinel peak, with his eternal snows and his glaciated slopes; he seemed a monarch, disclaiming all companionship. So spellbound were the passengers of our steamer that they simply turned once to glance at Mount Adam's grand cone, far to the north. We were satisfied; we had seen what we came to see,—the Columbia and Mount Hood.

CHAPTER III.

MORE ABOUT WASHINGTON—VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Victoria, B. C., August 19, 1887.

Two weeks ago we first reached this pretty old town. We were anxious to go to Alaska, but found the steamer would not leave before the 8th, to return to-day. But our ship, the *Batavia*, was scheduled to leave to-day for Japan. We might make Alaska and return in time, but if fog should interfere for one day we would get back too late. We were advised not to take the chance. We therefore went to Washington Territory and Oregon; hurried through them more rapidly than we could have wished; got back here, and found that for some reason the *Batavia* would not be here, but that the *Parthia* would take her place a week later. A whole week would, therefore, be on our hands, and we were out of those regions where we could make profitable excursions.

This morning when we went down to breakfast there sat some friends who had gone over the Canadian Pacific with us. They had been to Alaska, and did not have a single rainy or foggy day. The trip before, the steamer had both rain and fog. It ought to have been our good-fortune to have been aboard, and to have enjoyed what we so much desired,—this fine excursion towards Behring Strait. But, sad to admit, my star had set.

By the way, it will be little singular if we should sail across the mighty Pacific on the *Parthia*. Fourteen years ago last May I stood at the Cunard docks, in New York, and watched this ship sail out with those who were dearest of all on earth to me,—my wife and children. They had taken a position where I could see them as long as possible. We waved our handkerchiefs until they could no longer be seen. But still I watched until the good ship was lost in the Narrows. I clutched a pile, which stood above the pier, and in nervous distress tried to shake it. There disappeared nearly all that made life dear to me. Between them and eternity was a single plate. Would I ever see them again? Would they ever return to their native land? Who could answer? As I stood straining my red eyes—I had not shed a tear while with my dear ones, but when they were gone I broke down and wept, not as a woman, but as a strong man can weep, tears which seem to be wrung from the very soul—a rough man passed

me. He saw my distress. Touching his hat, he said, in gentle tones which I can never cease to thank him for: "You have friends on the *Parthia*, have n't you?" "Yes, my wife and all my children." "Don't be aggrieved, sir; they will reach t'other side. She is a stanch ship." And the good stevedore's eyes were moist with real sympathy. The ship *was* stanch; she bore my loved ones to "t'other side." But one of them, and the dearest, is still on the other side. She sleeps in her far-off "God's acre." Her spirit took its last flight in 1876 among strangers; warm-hearted Germans shed tears on her grave, and the eternal hills of Thuringia look down upon her German resting-place. In 1874, I went over myself on the *Parthia* and spent the summer with my family, and rekindled the friendship which many years before, as a young man, I had formed for the German people. Now I am on my way to Germany, to bring back my wife's remains, to lay them by the side of her little ones who sleep in Chicago's Graceland. I go with the sun and the *Parthia* steps in to take the place of the ship which was to have carried me nearly five thousand miles on my journey. I hail her as an omen of good yet to come. She is expected to-morrow, and we hope to sail on her on the 25th. We will lose a week from the time I hope to spend in the land of the Mikado. This week cannot be made up, for climatic reasons may force us onward toward India before fully doing Japan.

In a former letter from here I said nothing of this pretty place. Unlike others we have seen on the coast, it seems built to stay. The bulk of the houses in the main town are of brick and have a solid outlook. The streets are broad and well laid out and paved, the road-beds being a heavy macadam of trap-rock, steam-rolled.

The worthy mayor, Mr. Fell, drove us around yesterday, pointing out the points of interest. This island, Vancouver, is about 300 miles long by 75 to 100 miles broad in the wider parts. It is mountainous, and not adapted to a high cultivation, but has a soil which will, when the great empire of the Pacific shall be in its glory, furnish food for a large population. It is throughout well wooded, not with the vast-sized timber of the main-land, but with trees that would be considered fine in Michigan. It has extensive coal-fields, and yesterday I saw the man who from poverty actually stumbled into a huge fortune. His foot was caught in the root of a fallen tree, causing him to fall; looking down he saw a piece of coal, and thus discovered the fields of Nanaimo. The lucky man, now a millionaire, with the aid of California capital has built a railroad from this place, some 70 odd miles long, and the town of Nanaimo is a flourishing place of over 3,000 people. The road is pushing still on and, I think, has reached Comox, 60 miles farther north. How few people in the eastern States or in England have any conception of this Pacific country of the northwest!

The cunning Hudson Bay Company gave out to the world the impression that the country from Lake Superior to the mouth of the Columbia and thence to the far-off north was the home of the fur-bearing animals, and that only the trappers could gain a living in it. This impression has taken such a deep hold, that those that visit it are supposed to be visionary dreamers, or worse, when they tell the world that this vast country is admirably fitted for the home of man. A soil which produces of wheat from 30 to 45 bushels per acre; oats from 50 to 70 and potatoes from 125 to 200 bushels; this, too, on the better lands even of this island. On the main-land oats have threshed out, just within the United States line, over 100 bushels, and I heard of potatoes running to 700.

Last week we stopped at the celebrated hop fields of Payallup, in Washington Territory, and saw a field which had given 4,000 pounds per acre, and 1,600 pounds is the average yield of some 6,000 and more acres. The rich low grounds on White River, The Pyallup, and several other streams average over 2,000 pounds per acre. We looked at the poles upon which were vast crowns of white hops, as yet not half grown, but as large as ripe ones grown in the east, and I could not help feeling there was a vast amount of personal liberty flowering about us, and that a regular and large hop-growth in Washington Territory would help to drive out adulterated beer and alcoholic poison and prove the solution of the temperance question. Pure and cheap beer will drive "rot-gut" out of the world. The philanthropist will then cease to be a prohibitionist, and the question will be taken out of politics. The hop-growth of the Territory is simply in its infancy. We talked with a man—John Meeker—who, a-foot, carried the first 20 roots into the hop region on his shoulders, when railroads were scarcely dreamed of and the stage-coach only tried to go to the gold diggings. Meeker's father carried in a single bag the first crop of hops to a local market; that was done only 20 odd years ago. Now the yield for this year will be about 50,000 bales, each bale weighing 180 pounds or thereabout.

Next month the harvest begins, and then from the far north, nearly as far as Alaska, and from over the mountains will come Indians by the thousands to do the gathering and to earn from \$2 to \$3 a day. The squaws are the best pickers. At Seattle and Tacoma their camps are already to be seen, and Siwash (Indian) canoes dot the whole of Puget Sound, bearing their loads of six to a dozen Indians, with prows turned toward the hop lands. We certainly saw on the water or drawn upon the shore several hundreds of the huge dug-outs, some of them nearly as big as the war-galley of Homer's heroes. It is said to be worth a trip across the country to see the great pic-nic of the pickers in the months of September and October. The red pickers number several thousands. They pitch their "shaks," or tents, in the streets, along the banks of the streams, and up against the railroad tracks, and gather by day and laugh and gamble by night.

CHAPTER IV.

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC SLOPE—VICTORIA AND ESQUIMAULT—GREEN RIVER—HOT SPRINGS AND TROUT.

Victoria, B. C., August 21, 1887.

THERE is the home of a great future population in the northwest; I think I can see into the future, guided by what history tells of the dense populations of the far past, that there will some day be a great people in the cool northwest—greater than in hot and dry California or in the more inhospitable regions just east of the Rockies. Here in the valleys and on the bulk of the plains is an inexhaustible soil, which yields when irrigated, and in many parts without irrigation, returns unknown in any other section of the civilized world. This soil is practically inexhaustible; the loam of the valleys is often over 100 feet deep; the earth of the plains seems to be a sort of volcanic ash, rich in all the ingredients which make the kernels of wheat and other cereals. On the railroad embankments one frequently sees stools of oats as rich and green as is grown on an old stable yard. At Green River hot springs, growing on the road-bed, which resembled ashy clay, we counted 226 berry-pods of oats on a stool from a single seed, and 18 stalks from a timothy stool. The bank was eight feet above the level of the land, and the soil composing the road-bed was taken from a deep cut. There are millions of acres easily to be irrigated. The mountains will furnish wood and timber for all times, and in their bowels are all kinds of minerals. In the vast depths of the sounds, bays, and inlets are the resorts of the countless finny tribes of earth's greatest ocean. Here the fish come in from the sea in endless profusion, and all of them thoroughly fitted for food for man.

Harbors abound, capable of holding the fleets of the world. And all along the coast from Fuca Strait up to Alaska are fiords of vast depth running parallel to the ocean and constantly opening into it by safe inlets, along which cheap steamers can go from point to point without the danger of ever encountering a storm which an Ohio craft may not meet. The Indian of Alaska comes to Tacoma in his dug-out canoe with his whole family, and with as little risk as one could run on a small river. The largest ship can steam in these inlets and salt rivers, without ever hitting upon an unseen danger. There are no shoals and no hidden rocks; and

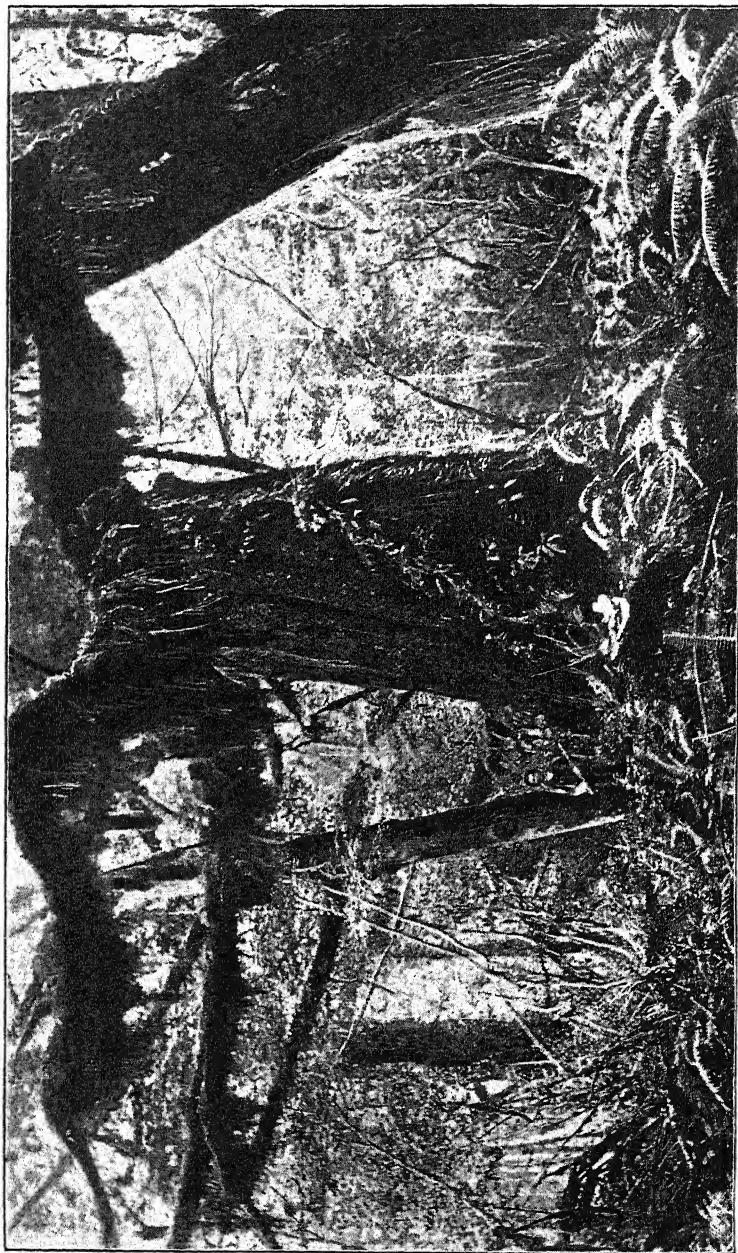
a vessel can lay its broadside sheer up against the shore anywhere with no other danger than that of abrasion when lifted or lowered by the tides.

The scenery of the whole northwest is of so grand a character that every thing east of the Rockies is comparatively tame. I do not mean to detract from the beauties of our own section. For there is not a hill anywhere which does not furnish, to my eye, a line of beauty. There is not a flowery prairie or a waving field of grain which does not give delight. There is not a gurgling rivulet which does not sing in tones far sweeter than those of the most gifted diva. But here there is more of it all, and on so stupendous a scale, that ours are to them what a parlor melody is to a grand chorus, or the eolia singing among the pine needles is to the grand artillery of the storm.

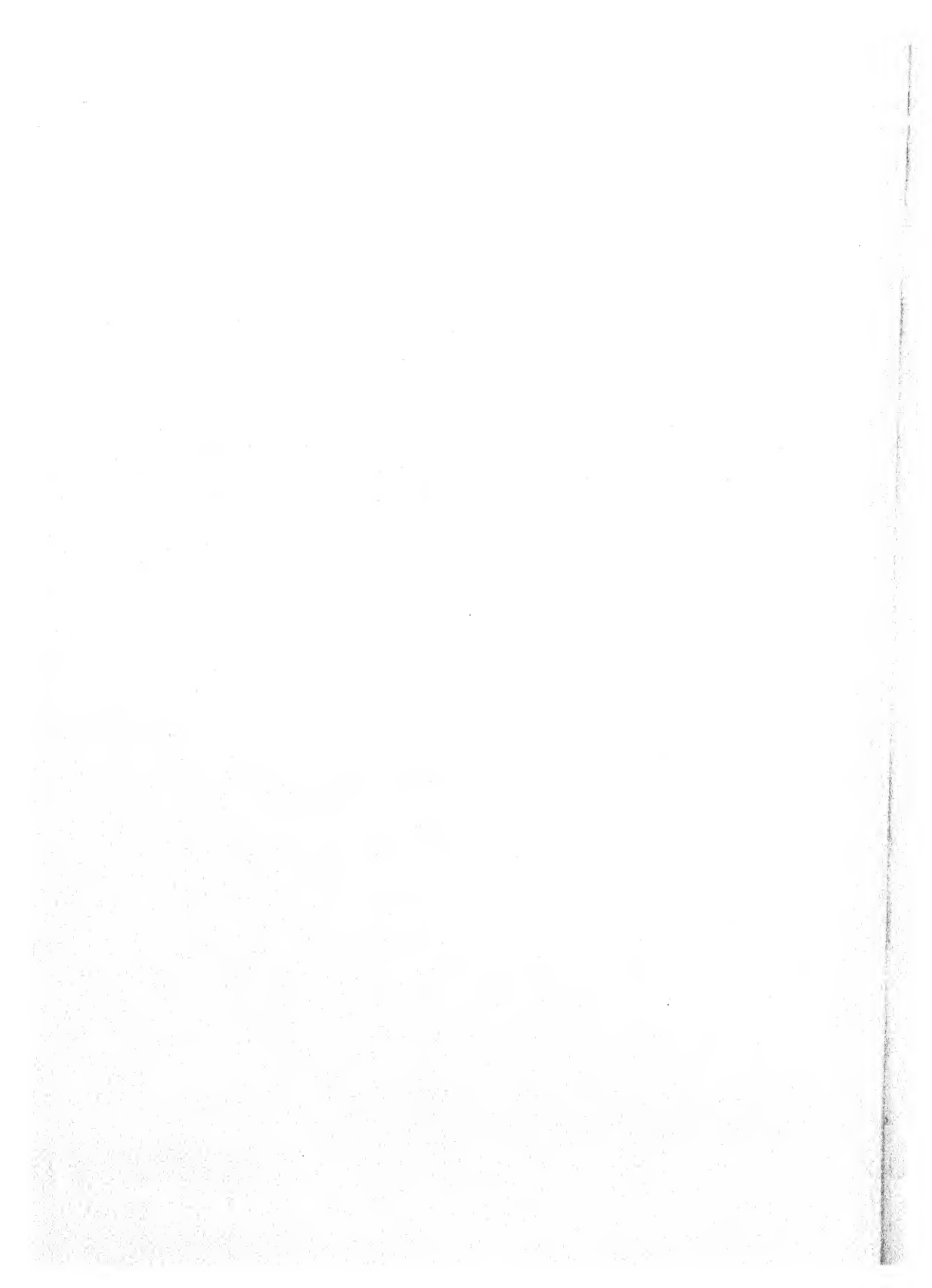
I look out of the window every few moments from my writing table, and the low mountains of this island present to the eyes as fine outlines and as green and beautiful foothills as one can find anywhere in the Alleghanies; and yet these mountains are but pigmies to those one could see to the south or west of this hotel, if the smoke would but blow away. To see the grandeur of this region one should come before July or after September. Smoke is apt to be the rule in July, August, and September. Even in these months the haze rather softens the near landscape but it hides the mighty background.

This place ought to and ultimately will be to this coast what Newport is to the east. The rocks along the seashore resemble those at the plutocrat's heaven in Rhode Island, only they are more numerous, and the bays and inlets would be the delight of the lover of the oar. Some of the latter are little salt rivers along which the rising or falling tide sends a current of two or three miles an hour; their shores are covered with beautiful trees, green firs, spruces, and elders, and the red-barked arbutis bending its gnarly branches among the green foliage, as smooth as if rubbed down with sand paper and as red as if painted by the brush. The wild roses grow as large as lilac bushes and often cover whole acres. The royal navy yard of Esquimaux looks as if its site had been selected as much to please the eye as for its wonderful roadstead. This roadstead resembles a beautiful lake of a couple of thousand acres, almost circular, surrounded by wooded hills and rounded trapite rocks, with an inlet of only a few hundred feet, and opening from it a few small inferior arms. It is deep enough to receive the largest iron-clad.

We were most kindly shown all of the store-rooms, the torpedo rooms—in fact every thing which can be possibly exhibited to a stranger. To Mr. Fell we were indebted for this courtesy. The dry-dock is a huge one, in which the iron-clad *Caroline* was lying to be cleaned. She filled but a small portion of the huge dock. It is built of solid masonry and shows that the home government



GIGANTIC CEDARS (53 feet in circumference) STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



does not intend, without a struggle, to abandon British America. The *Cormorant* has just come out of dock. And the sullen, dangerous-looking iron-clad *Triumph*, from which floats the admiral's pennant, lies close by. We rowed out to see this great ship. She is now a fifth-rate, but a few years ago was considered an invulnerable monster. She has in her waist a sort of fort in which are 14 huge guns, which could soon destroy any of our fortifications, and her deck has long, small, many bullet-throwing guns to rake an enemy's deck, some of them carrying a rifle-ball 3,000 yards. We were politely received and entertained in the ward-room by the captain and several lieutenants. This is the head-quarters of the Pacific squadron, and the admiral, who cruises from Alaska to Cape Horn, appreciates the variety of climates his cruising ground affords him. He winters about the equator and enjoys this glorious climate in the summer. Heads of elk, mountain sheep, goats and deer surround his cabin, and rugs of many kinds of skins, the trophies of his own hunting excursions, prove him to be a hunter of the mountains as well as of the seas, and that he is as ready to bring down the denizen of the woods as his calling makes him to destroy man.

The dock here has cost over a million, and the ships and stores of all kinds in this navy yard cost many millions. Will this ever be? Is man by his nature so pugnacious that these preparations for killing must ever exist? Here in the torpedo house was a torpedo boat, and another in the harbor, ready to destroy the unwary. Each fish-looking torpedo, of which there are many, cost about \$2,500. This is but one of the many establishments belonging to England, and every nation has its own. And all for the purpose of destroying him who we are told was made in God's image! What is, is right. Man was made by his Maker and not by the devil. There is but one God, and the only devil lives in the hearts of his creatures. He intended it, and it is right. If man did not kill his fellow-men he would so increase and multiply that he would after a while do as the fishes of the sea—eat each other. So he is permitted to kill in the name of liberty and of religion to keep him from killing for meat.

The climate of this great region is to an eastern man even more remarkable than its productions. The thermometer rarely falls much below the freezing-point at Victoria, or anywhere west of the Cascade range, and while the days are warm in summer they are never hot, and so far at night we have required at least two blankets throughout this month. Every cottage is covered with honeysuckle or some climbing plant, which in the Chicago parks have to be laid and covered in winter. And the ivy seems as flourishing as at Washington City. There it is sometimes killed by frost. Here it never is. A gentleman told me that at Seattle he had gathered out-door roses during every month of the year. The strawberry blooms early in April and the wild fruit is nearly

as large as our ordinary cultivated ones. Along the coast and up to the heights of the Cascades in Washington Territory and the Selkirks in British Columbia the air is full of humidity, except during the summer months. East of the Cascades it is generally very dry. When we were on the Columbia at the mouth of Snake River, I was amazed to find the thermometer, about 3 o'clock, over 100° in the shade. The air was so dry and free from all sultriness, that I did not feel the heat as being oppressive.

On the treeless plains, and among the wheat fields of Walla Walla, it rarely ever rains in summer, is never damp, yet, strange to tell, the people suffer greatly from rheumatism. Judge Langford, whom we met at the Green River hot springs, declared he considered his locality (Walla Walla) to be the natural home of the dread disease. The summer dryness explains, probably, why we saw no mosquitoes in Oregon or Washington Territory, while all the way from the eastern entrance to the Rockies, on the Canadian Pacific, clear down to the coast, the pests kept us fighting every evening, when the train would stop for a few moments. We are now thinking of going back upon the road to spend the time until the 25th. A gentleman who has just returned from Harrison hot springs, about 60 miles west of Vancouver, says the mosquito has been terrible. Even at Glacier House, in the Selkirks, nearly 5,000 feet above the sea and right under the huge glacier, some of our passengers were deterred from stopping overnight, because they were so bad, and there were, as yet, no bars in the house. And yet we fished in Washington Territory along several streams, some of them but a little above the sea level, and at hot springs, 1,400 feet up, and did not once see enough mosquitoes to annoy us.

It will be, or ought to be, grateful information to our good ladies who battle so hard against the little pests of the bed, and think they are the representatives of slovenliness, to learn that, in the Blue Mountains, east of Walla Walla, if one leans against a fir tree for a little while he will get the brutes on him. And this in the clear, pure air of the pine woods.

We spent two days at the hot springs on Green River, in Washington Territory. The water issues from a narrow fissure, or, rather, seam, in the rock, which is a sort of trap. The seam runs at an angle, perhaps of 25 degrees, and for several hundred feet the hot water runs out in small streams, and near the sanitarium is sufficiently large to furnish enough for 50 to 100 bathtubs, and is elevated on the right bank of the rapid river sufficiently to give a good fall to the hotel on the opposite side on a bottom stretch, which is covered by monster trees. These have been killed by fire and are now by slow degrees being cleared up. It cost \$150 per acre to clean up one of these forests to fit it for cultivation or for grass.

I said the burning of the forests absolutely burnt the soil.

This statement requires a supplemental one. The first burning only kills the trees. It is the second burning or clearing fire which consumes the roots and soil. The fir and pine, as well as the cedar, send out roots immediately under the surface. These, a year or so after being killed, burn like peat earth, and in the clearing fire the interlaced roots, and apparently the whole loamy soil is turned to ash. If the proprietors of these hot springs had capital they would soon make the place a favorite resort for those seeking health and pleasure. Hundreds of invalids now flock to it, and, I was told by themselves, to their very great benefit. We certainly enjoyed ourselves much, with the baths, the simple fare, and the trout fishing in the rapid river.

The place is a few miles below the celebrated switch-back of the Northern Pacific, which here plunges over the Cascade Mountains by a succession of switches running zig-zag back and forth at a dizzy height among the clouds.

Johnny called my attention, while going over this part of the road to the dense fog, and was quite amazed when finding we were running through a cloud, and that below it was raining. The zig-zag system of switch-road is a temporary makeshift, costing some \$300,000 to hold the land grant, while a great tunnel is being bored. When finished it will be the next longest one in America. It looks startling to see our huge locomotive—weighing, with tender, 104 tons—puffing and blowing far above us at the head of our train, while below another was tugging and pushing. In a little while this would be changed, our own engine would be pushing us, while behind the other monster would be pulling. We could but feel; God help us if one of the giants should lose either wind or muscle, for then we would soon dash down into eternity.

This is a fine pass for the tourist to go over and affords a delightful sensation. It will be lost when the safer tunnel shall pierce the mountain, and thus save this, to me, agreeable, if dangerous trip. The Green River is splendid fishing ground, and one can soon fill a basket, some of the beauties weighing several pounds. They are caught of all lengths, from four or five inches up to two feet. We were quite surprised to find these entirely different from the brook trout of the east. It is rather a small, dwarfed salmon, is flatter, and lacks the huge mouth of our trout, and also lacks the thin, transparent cartilage, which makes the mouth of those of a New England brook. A trout in the east can pretty nearly swallow a fish of its own size. Not so here. Nor have these the delicious flavor which I thought, as a young angler, made this fish the height of good living.

To-night we shall steam over to Vancouver; it takes eight hours. Thence we will take a run up the road, until the arrival of the *Parthia*, before we again start on our race with the sun.

CHAPTER V.

A RUN BACK INTO THE SELKIRKS ON A LOCOMOTIVE—GLACIERS AND AVALANCHES—SIAMESE PRINCES—SCENERY AT GLACIER HOUSE.

Vancouver, B. C., August 27, 1887.

My letters are manifold copies of my journal, made as I write my ideas, which are formed hastily in hurrying from place to place. I must not be held as to the accuracy of some of my statements, nor as to the duration of impressions made upon my mind by what I see or hear.

In my last I stated that my star had set, and I was no longer lucky, because I had lost my trip to Alaska. But I picked up my star again. On the 21st we left Victoria for this place, to find what the Canadian Pacific people would do with us until the *Parthia* should sail, and also to try to find our letters, which we were sure good friends at home had written us, but none of which had been forwarded. Letters were found, and Mr. Van Horne, the soul of this great continental road, who happened to be just arrived, gave us transportation to the heart of the Selkirks, 420 miles back, at Glacier House. We abandoned our fishing excursion to Harrison hot springs, and boarded the train for a longer visit to the great glaciers. We were handsomely entertained aboard the private car of Messrs. Edwin Walker, of Chicago, and Easton, of La Crosse, who were returning, with their families, from Alaska, and are all full of its glories. They made us full of substantial good things, while proving that Seward was his country's benefactor when he gave \$7,000,000 for the northwest corner of this continent. The mountains along the Frazer River are now absolutely shrouded in smoke, and we all congratulated ourselves that we had come down the great canyon over three weeks before, when it was not so dense. We could now scarcely see the higher part of the foothills, less than a mile away. The upper ranges were covered and unseen. But the gorges of the river were as grand as ever. We passed through the Gold range and entered well into the Selkirks before the pall was lifted.

From Rivalstoke, on the Columbia, I rode on the locomotive with jolly Billy Barnfather. May his face never be less round. A few good Havanas made him as good a fellow as ever strode an iron horse. A ride on a locomotive has to me always a fasci-

nation. But in a grand mountain country, around countless curves, over lofty trestles, upon the ragged edge of fearful precipices, and over deep gorges—such a ride is really glorious. We had to climb up 2,700 feet in about 30 miles. Our horse, with his tender, weighed nearly 100 tons. How he would puff and snort, and sometimes almost plunge, to drag after him his mighty load. One riding upon him, after a while, almost loses his own identity, and becomes a part of the huge monster. Looking forward upon the rails, merely silvery lines drawn upon the road-bed, we forget these are any thing more than marks to guide us on our way. The locomotive bends to the right or left like a drunken man as we rush along the curves, and one feels like a drunken man, who *can* walk straight if he wishes, but finds it pleasant to totter and zig-zag, so it be done not from necessity but from agreeable volition. The rails are but lines to guide, not to control. And so, on we rush, never quitting the line a hair's-breadth. Yonder is a monster barrier of rock right in our track. Who's afraid? At it we rush headlong, and bore a tunnel through the mass. See yon foaming stream, far down in a dark gorge. We rush across it on a trestle as light as gauze-work, and never tremble because of its being so fragile. How we careen and climb! We reach a little level track. We spin along it with a loud scream, and stop at a station as still as if we never knew a motion. Miners and road-workers gather about our side, and, while they admire, we are as quiet as a lamb, conscious of our power. At last we reach the presence of eternal ice. We have been three hours climbing a little over 40 miles. At Glacier House we bid adieu to our friends in the private car, and, although dead against monopoly, I cannot help feeling that it is not a bad thing to be a railroad magnate, and rather doubt if I would burn my palace on wheels if one should ever happen to be given me.

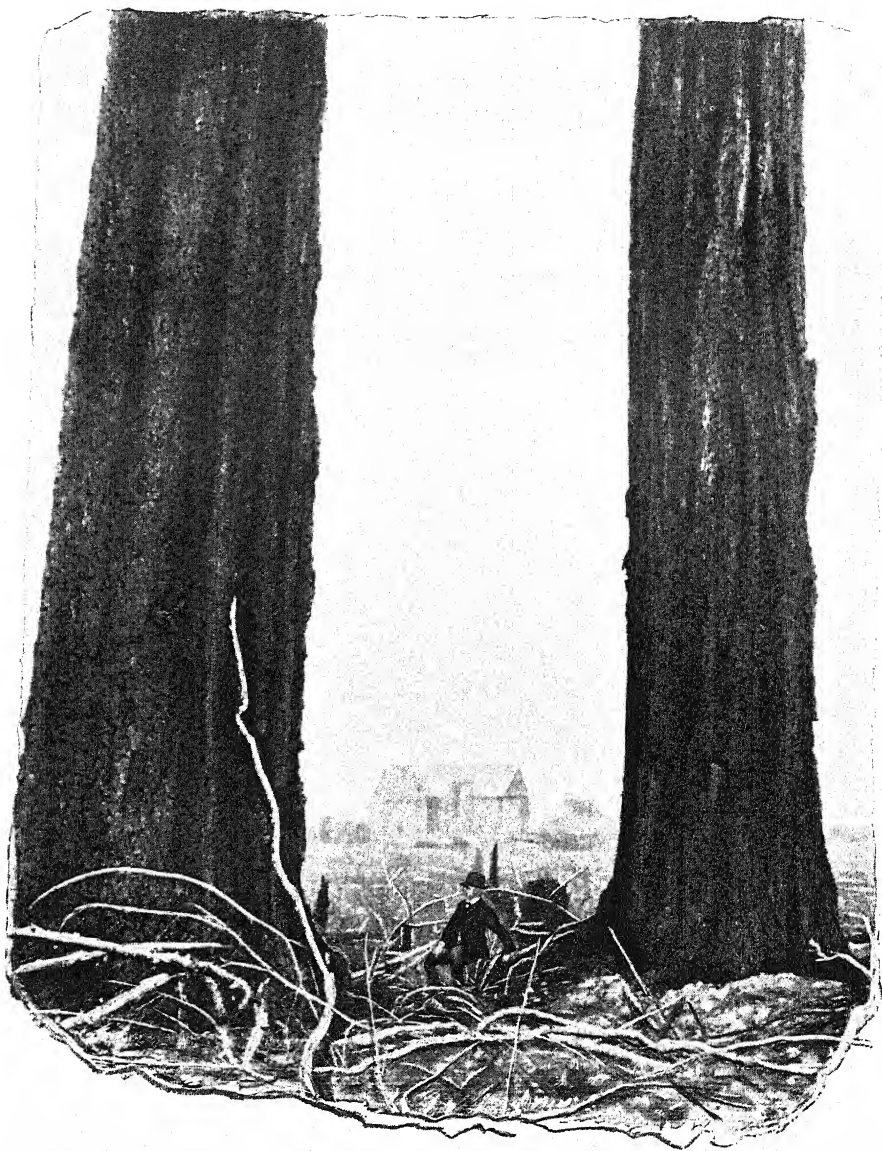
Alaska may be grand, but when sitting on the piazza of the beautiful little chalet hotel, called the Glacier House, and watching the sun climbing the mountains and rose-tinting the snows which lie like a light mantle about these lofty heights, and looking up at the great glacier with its crevices of delicate green, and the gray peaks of cold rock which pierce the blue vault of heaven, and hearing the mighty roar of the snow-white cataract, which tumbles over 1,000 feet down the precipitous foothills a few hundred yards before me; when I sit in this wonderful valley, nested down among huge mountains on every side, no outlet to be seen, the lower mountain slopes covered with eternal snows, and the gray rocks above the snows, these monster peaks so nearly covering me that I must bend back my head to look at them,—then I do not envy any one seeing other sights; these are enough for me, and I scarcely regret that our ship had not come.

It is a delightful thing to sit at Interlaken as the sun sinks and

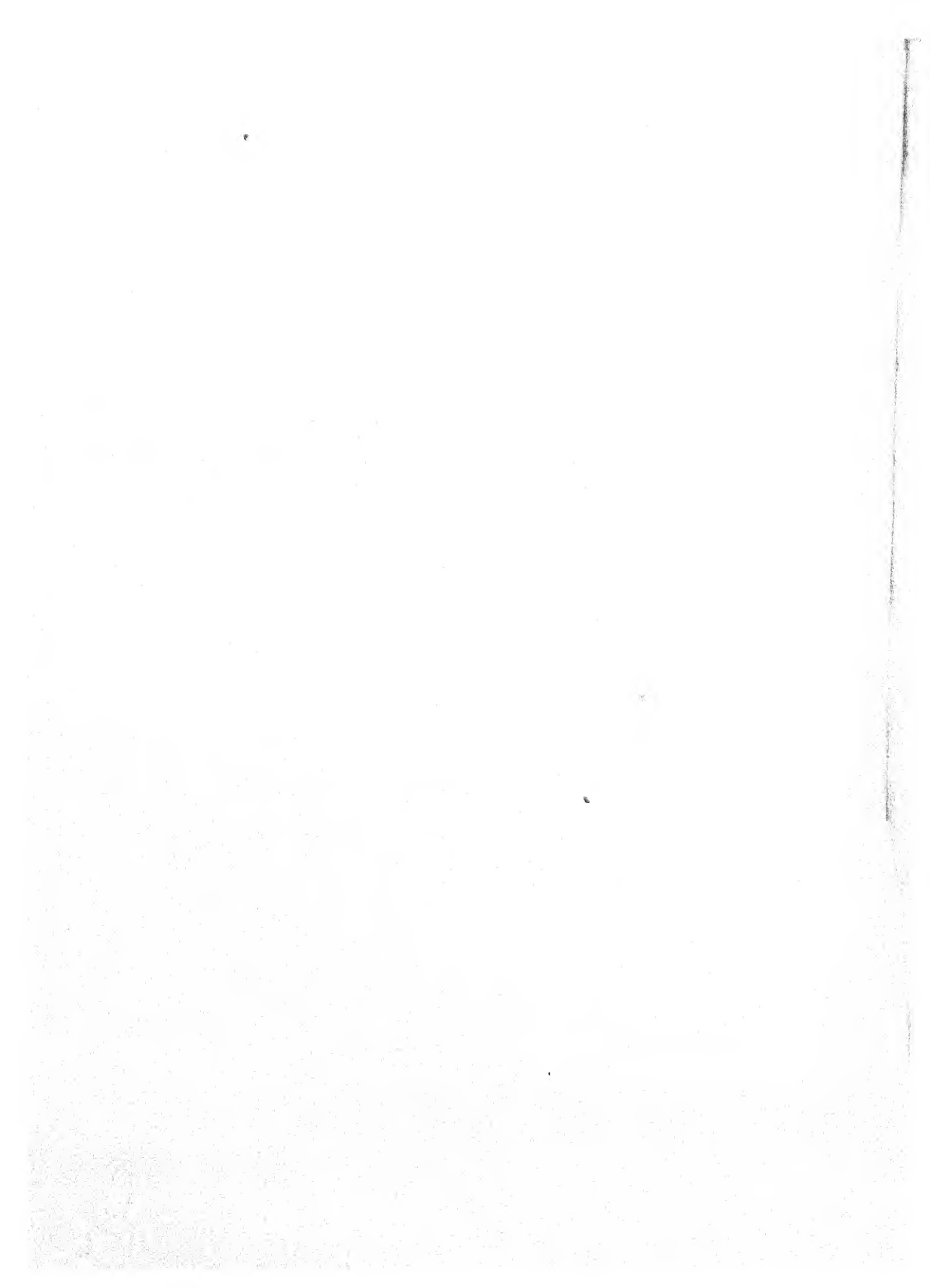
paints the pure brow of the Jungfrau—Switzerland's pride and glory. But there the Unpolluted Maiden is so far off that we cannot become familiar with her. Here the mountains are so close, that a bee-line drawn from where I sit would reach lofty peaks and ragged brows in every direction, at distances varying from two or three to perhaps six or eight miles. These mighty heights are lifted a mile to a mile and a quarter higher than the road-bed.

The train from the east, meeting ours at Glacier House, brought Prince Devawongse and his nephews, the little princelings of Siam, and their suites. After a good dinner, we were all soon in single file, and armed with improvised alpenstocks, off for the great glacier which hangs over the head of the valley, and runs down it nearly or quite a mile at a slight elevation above our hotel. The newly cut pathway through dense forests and woody debris brought down by avalanches, and over rough bridges spanning the foaming torrent, which issues from the glacier foot and flows down the valley, is more picturesque than easily trodden. The glacier, where we stood under it, was perhaps 120 feet deep. Rushing from ice caves are several torrents which we calculated were bearing down fifty odd thousand cubic feet per minute, thus showing the great size of the snow or ice field above. At one place our whole party of over 20 entered a beautiful grotto, large enough to hold twice the number. Above and around us were ceilings and walls of emerald green. The Siamese kept up such a din, that we feared their voices would cause masses of ice to tumble in upon us. In Switzerland guides forbid loud talking in such grottos. We made them finally understand this. We all cut and ate of the pure crystals, one of us remarking they may have been formed more than a century ago. No one has yet measured the speed of descent of this frozen stream. The ice we were eating may have fallen as snow before Washington cut the cherry tree, or even before Columbus made an egg stand on end. It was very pure and cold enough to be very old. The little fledgelings of Siamese royalty were wonderfully delighted, and, like boys, began to cut steps into the sloping side of the glacier to try to climb it. For this purpose one of their party had provided himself with a hatchet at the hotel. The task, however, was abandoned when, in a half-hour, they had reached only a few feet.

By the way, this is a very intelligent lot of Asiatics. The brother of the king speaks English with considerable purity, and the young princes well. They all have charming manners, and seem fond of fun. They are to sail on the *Parthia*, and we may find them not only agreeable but valuable co-voyagers in the event we should conclude to visit Siam. If the prince will promise us a genuine elephant hunt, we will do it. Willie, who is of an ambitious turn, talks of falling in love with a Siamese princess, but Johnny says "no Siamese in mine."



DOUGLASS FIRS, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Two miles up the road from the Glacier House is the summit of the road in the Selkirk range. Here, from a small snowy gorge, run the silvery streams which carry the waters to the east and to the west. The one to the west becomes the Illeciliwaet River, which, until it reaches the Columbia, is always a rapid mountain torrent, affording the sightseer constant delight by its cascades and deep canyons. The time is not far distant when tourists will seek this locality as they now do the old scenery of Switzerland. When one first sees the inclosed valley about this station, he is not as much pleased by it as he will be after several days' sojourn among its mountain fastnesses. He has entered it through so much grand scenery, and his eye has become so accustomed to nature's majestic works, that he looks upon this as simply a part of the whole. But, after sleeping a night, he looks out in the gray morning upon the cold peaks, and then watches until the sun begins to scatter delicate rose tints upon the snow-fields, and after a while to lighten up the old glacier, then he sees the surrounding objects as a unit, and takes it in as one of the rare spots to be visited and enjoyed. Walk in any direction for miles, and the roar of cataracts is never absent,—scarcely has the sound of one died out before another is heard. There are a half-dozen which give out the deep bass undertones of a great fall.

We can study in the Selkirks the workings of the avalanche better than in any other locality I have visited. The tracks of hundreds can be seen from the railroad. The fall of snow is enormous. The air coming from the ocean over the Cascades and Gold range is surcharged with moisture. Farther west it is condensed into rain. Here it becomes snow, and the fall is very great, some winters we were told, reaching 20, 30, or 40 feet. It becomes piled in vast masses upon the mountain heights. The sun in February and March pours down great heat. It is aided by the chenook winds, and loosens the snow masses in the upper gorges. Down the snow rushes in avalanche, reaching, it is calculated, at times a speed of 100 miles per hour. The largest timber is cut close to the ground or torn up by the roots. It sweeps into the valley, piling its debris of rocks and trees to a height of many feet. It sweeps to a considerable distance up the slopes across the valley; but its destruction is not confined to the space the slide covers, for the rushing wind, pushed ahead of the descending mass, strikes the trees on the hill opposite and mows them down far above the foot of the avalanche.

One can see many acres covered with upturned trees, all lying with their tops up-hill, as regularly as if they had fallen before the axe of skilled choppers. We saw one of these places stripped by the wind covering many acres, the upper limit on a very steep foothill being fully a quarter of a mile above the valley. Often the foothills have been denuded of trees for the width of a mile—not the effect of one snow-slide, but of those of many years. The young

trees and shrubs covering the stripped avalanche-tracks varying in age from one to ten or many more years. In some places the second growth has become quite fair timber. The slide cuts a swath through the forest as sharp and well-defined as the track of a mower's scythe. One sees the old forests cut down to a line as straight as if drawn to a rule. Then there may be a growth of 10 or 12 years. That has again been cut into by a later slide, and a third growth has sprung up. This, too, has been cut, and a still later growth has followed. We saw one place where we counted five different cuttings, or mowings, of this sort, the tracks covered by trees of different growths. In many places there seem to be slides every year. In these, the very soil has been carried away by the annually recurring avalanche. One sees the track of a small slide not over 50 feet wide, and yet the large trees have been cut down by it as if shaven. Sometimes the track of the slide has been from some cause deflected at a broad angle. In such places the trees had been thrown down to a considerable distance below the turn by the wind, which did not make the bend, as the snowy mass pushing behind it had done. I said I rode much of our way back to Glacier House on the locomotive. On the downward way I had a new experience. I rode on the cow-catcher from the time we struck the Thompson, through the canyons of the Frazer, and on to Vancouver. It was a delicious ride, free from dust and cinders, almost without a rough motion—as if I were sliding along at furious pace on a smooth surface, without any other motive power than that of volition. The locomotive being behind, I almost forgot his huge size, and felt I was simply skimming the road. It was by far the most glorious ride I have ever taken.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM VANCOUVER TO YOKOHAMA—AN OCEAN VOYAGE LIKENED
TO THE VOYAGE OF LIFE—THE RISKS OF THE SEA—STORMY
PASSAGE—A TYPHOON—PLUCKY JAPANESE SAILORS—OUR MIS-
HAPS AND RECOVERIES.

Steamship "Parthia," Pacific Ocean, Sept. 11, 1887.

THIS is Sunday morning, and, although yet a thousand miles from Yokohama, I begin my ship letter for several good reasons. In the first place the day commences beautifully; the sea is comparatively smooth; the ship rolls gently as she dips into or rises from the trough of a small swell coming up from the south, and by poising a table upon the top of a valise, enabling it to rise and fall with the ship's dip, I can write quite comfortably—almost the first time it could be done for some ten days. Secondly, it being Sunday, no one will drop in to propose "a little game of draw." Nor will any one pop in his head to find out if we wish to take a bet on the ship's run, or on the length of the mikado's mustache. One of our passengers is ready for a wager on any thing, from the weight of a Japanese mosquito's wing to the height of the geyser the next whale will spout. Betting, repeating poetry by the yard—doing it well, too,—and damning the fellow who named this the Pacific Ocean has been the mania of Dr. S—— for the past ten days. In short, I can have the day to myself.

But what shall I say? What can I write about the sea and the passage? Every one who has been sufficiently lacking in brains to write travellers' letters has written of the sea—the deep, darkly blue sea. But, after all, if the bulk of the world's population be idiots, why should not I join the procession? I can moralize thus: A sea voyage is a fair epitome of the voyage of life of one who has an abiding faith in a blessed immortality. The more uneventful it be, the happier. Behind, all is left. On the other side is the land of promise—the haven of rest; a desolate waste covers all the space between. If there be calms, then all is blank—nothing for the eye to rest upon; nothing on which to hinge a thought; naught but stagnation and vacancy. If storms arise and billows are piled mountain high, then there is exhilaration, excitement, and awe,—a species of wild pleasure. But with this, the bravest heart, realizing its utter powerlessness to battle against nature's forces, so lavishly demonstrated all around, cannot help feeling a somewhat painful anxiety. Quiet and a restful

sleep becomes an impossibility. But let there be an ordinary, quiet sea, with its dignified ground-swell; a breeze sufficient to break the crest of the swell into white-caps, and to cause laughing, dancing ripples between, then one can watch it hour after hour, day after day, and, though impatient of delay, never grow weary. The clouds pass from horizon to zenith and across the sky in ever changing transformation, permitting the imagination to draw pictures in infinite forms, and to weave fancies in endless variety. The ocean's swells roll toward one, ever the same, yet one cannot resist the impression that each succeeding roll will differ from the one before. The eternal motion is suggestive of life, and life with motion is never the same from one moment to another. Life and motion make change a necessity. As one watches wave chasing wave, an effort is required to keep the looker-on from expecting a variation. Let him give thought free range, and then that most beneficent of God's gifts to man—hope—will enable him to watch and dream, and, seeing no change, yet ever hoping for change, he will watch and watch with constant interest.

So the pilgrim on the voyage of life, knowing his haven of rest, his harbor of refuge, lies at the end of the unknown path he is treading, thankful for each day's blessing, pursuing the even tenor of his way, ever occupied enough to repel that absolute rest which breeds rust of the brain and stagnation of the faculties, hears sweet music in the sighing of the wind and a lullaby in the buzzing of the bee; drinks in sweet odors distilled by the morning dews and exhaled by the commonest leaf; builds castles in the clouds, and sees fiery coursers in the cloud-shadows as they chase each other across the meadows and fields; believing, hoping—his is a happy and prosperous voyage. But if his life be eventful in a race after wealth or a chase after renown in any of the walks of life; if he mingles in the world's storms, where men clash against men, and people climb over shattered fortunes or the blackened names of others,—however surely he may climb the ladder, there is ever a rung higher than the one he has reached; there is ever a rung which is beyond his grasp. However often he may win in the race, there is ever a goal which recedes as he approaches it.

Some who go down upon the sea in ships feel a vague sort of dread; but very many think themselves all safe when they lie down upon one of the great greyhounds between New York and Liverpool. Our captain told me of a thing which illustrates the dangers run even upon these well-managed monsters. One of the most famous ones was several days without an observation. On this account she was held down southward. She was thought to be south of Ireland. Officers were watching at night for stars; one of them was startled by seeing through a rift in the clouds a planet rising off the beam, whereas it should have come up over the bow. Presently he saw, what he thought, the north star;

took an observation, and, on calculation on the basis that this was the pole-star, found the ship off the Scottish coast, and near 400 miles north of where they supposed her to be. The clouds passing off proved the observation to be correct. Her course was changed, and none but the owners and officers ever knew what a wild race the greyhound had run. The ship's metallic frame and works had set the compass wild.

When we returned to Vancouver from our run back into the mountains to sail in the *Parthia* we found she could not be ready before the 29th. The hotels of the town are very poor, and the fine new house of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company will not be finished for some months. We therefore resolved to make a hotel of the ship. On going to the state-room assigned us we found it small and far aft, whereas our room on the *Batavia*, being one of the best, we were entitled to one of the best on this ship, which had been substituted for the other. We positively refused to accept the assignment, but put our baggage in one of the better rooms, which we were told was held for the Siamese princes. The shore officer, who is charged with getting the ships of this line ready for sea, was sent for. He conceded the justice of our demand, but said he could do nothing until the new captain should reach there from the east. He promised, however, if we would rest quiet he would see that we should be thoroughly satisfied. Under this assurance we each took a good room and awaited events.

On the morning of the 27th we were reading on deck when we saw a queer compound between an English farmer and a townsman coming from the railroad station, with a sailor's gait so rolling that one would think he felt the pier beneath his feet floundering in a rough sea. He looked not to the right nor to the left, but marched over the gang-plank and up to dashing Captain Brough, who was standing upon the deck he had so many months trod as its monarch, but was so soon to leave forever. The two men shook hands. They were the old and the new captains. The contrast between the two was amusing. Brough, with his magnificent physique, was dressed in an elegant business suit. He would have been the admiration of women and the envy of all dudes. His own mirror always gives him an admiring gaze. The other looked as if he had never seen a looking-glass, and did not care a — if he never saw one. His shoulders were of great width, and his chest as deep as that of a Devon bull. His body was made for a six-footer, while his legs had been sawed off for a man of five feet. His clothes had been hastily picked up at a slop-shop in Liverpool. His shoes had seen no blacking since he left the deck of the *Alaska*, and on his well-shaped head was a stove-pipe, built on a block which was unfashionable ten years ago, and which had been ironed each spring for a half-dozen years. In his hand he held a cotton umbrella. This was Captain Arnold,

the late first officer of the *Alaska*, and at one time of the *Arizona*, who has the United States and several other medals given for saving life. When he came from his cabin the day we sailed, dressed in his new captain's uniform, buttoned up so as to hide the shortness of his legs, he was an extremely handsome man, and looked every inch the captain of a great steamer. To-day there is no passenger on this ship who would not feel like taking up a cudgel for Captain Arnold.

Arnold was first officer of the *Arizona* when she ran her nose into an iceberg a few years ago, losing in the contest some 25 feet of her bow. As soon as the officers could get well upon their feet they piped up the men, and after finding them all right set to work to make repairs. All at once the whole crew was missing. Arnold found them in the cabin on their knees, where a clergyman had improvised a prayer-meeting. He went in with a stick and drove them out with an oath, telling them to get the ship right and then they might pray to their heart's content. As he was passing into the companion-way he met an old gentleman coming up with his valise in one hand and an umbrella in the other, as if seeking a hotel. A tipsy passenger who had been in the smoking-room at his cups was coming down, and seeing the old gentleman sang out in drunken humor: "Have a cab, sir?"

On the 27th Captain Webber gave us the half of the smoking-room on deck, and placed some carpenters under our control to fit the room up according to our own fancy. We rigged up three berths in a room 9 by 12, with two windows on each side, a long sofa, large mirror, and, in fact, every thing to make us comfortable for a long voyage. The partition was stained, and Japanese ornaments were hung upon the walls. My berth was run athwart ship, so as to leave the sofa free. The other room was fitted up for Prince Devawongse and the little Siamese princelings.

Thus we had a room rarely given to travellers—on deck—plenty of fresh air and fine light. We have escaped all the unpleasant odors of the regular below-deck cabins, and already begin, with a sigh, to compare our quarters with those we will probably have in the five or six sea voyages we must yet take before touching our native land. I am suspicious our fine room has gained for us the ill-will of other passengers who were not so fortunate.

We pulled out from the pier at Vancouver on the 29th at 5.30 A.M. in the rain. The fog which had covered the locality for weeks was lifted and gave us a fine view of the picturesque mountains which environ the town. We reached Victoria at 1, and at 4.30 steamed away, having taken on the bulk of our passengers and obtained the ship's clearance.

We steamed through the narrow strait of Fuca, having a tolerably fair view of the high lands of the island to the north and the snow-clad Olympians on the south, and at half past three

took off our hats and made our bow to the mighty Pacific Ocean, upon whose vast bosom we now for the first time found ourselves. Our ship at once took her course—west, 14° south—and, what will seem strange to the uninitiated, this course never varied, in a run of 1,000 miles, more than a point or two, carried us up from latitude $49^{\circ} 30'$ to 51° , within 70 miles of the Aleutian Isles, and then varying not over two points brought us, in a further run of 3,300 miles, down to Yokohama, in latitude 35° . That is, this was the course as indicated by the compass. But that mysterious variation of the needle, which no one can yet explain, indicated what was very far from the true course. Why this is so, and why the needle points at all to the magnetic pole, will some time be known to man in his wonderful march in science, unless he and his researches shall be too soon blotted out by some mighty cataclysm of nature.

During our first and second day's run we sighted the *Abyssinia* and two schooners coming down from the Aleutian Isles, possibly seal pirates, and had light-head winds but very rough seas. Before the end of the third day nearly all of the 35 cabin passengers were down with sea-sickness. The table was deserted by all except three or four of the passengers. Johnny and Willie were rueful and very pale about the gills. John soon gave in, but Willie was unwilling to confess, and tried hard to maintain the native hue of his resolution, until he heard that our old sea-dog of a captain, who had been from boyhood upon the seas, confessed to feeling "that worst of all diseases, nausea, or a pain about the lower regions of the bowels," and that the aforesaid captain laid the whole blame upon this "blasted peculiar ocean." The two boys lay in their berths wishing they had never seen salt water, and were as miserable specimens as Chicago ever sent abroad. One acknowledged he wished he were at home, the other that the Pacific were as dry as Sahara's trackless desert, and that he were on an oasis as big as Adam's fig-leaf, with no other friend than one faithful dromedary. Poor boy! He was full of pathos and bile, and would have poured out long Spenserian anathemas against sea-sickness, had he not grown "inarticulate with retching."

"He felt that chilling heaviness of heart
Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
Of us dies with them, as each fond hope ends.
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic."

After the afternoon of the second day we had constantly rough seas, even when the winds were light. They grew stronger day by day, and scarcely varied from dead ahead. The swells grew higher and higher, and our ship, though she rode the waves like a

duck, could not help poking her nose into the monsters pouring down upon her. The seas were generally from a decided southern direction forcing us to take the trough.

My berth was built athwart ship, and on the fifth night, in the midst of a decided gale, I found myself now standing on my head and then on my feet. The seas rolled in continuously from the south in mighty billows, and a cross-sea came in over the bows so that the ship now rolled until she stood almost upon her beam ends, and then plunged forward as if she intended to run her bow clear under water. She would shake her head however and send the water washing in foam clear back to the stern. Up she would ride the coming wave, and the wave she was leaving behind would wash over her stern and then roll back nearly 20 feet above us. The main swells, coming from the south, washed the decks from fore to aft. One of these dashed against our deck-house with such force that we feared we would be carried into the sea. Some passengers, who could not bear to stay below—shut in by skylights all canvassed and lashed, and hatches battened down—were constantly having to dodge behind the house or leap upon lockers.

On Tuesday, the 6th of the month, we all went to our berths tired and sore from the two days' thumping we had received. Living up to my maxim, "to make the most of the present day, and to hope for the morrow," I did hope that Wednesday, the to-morrow, would bring us bright skies and smooth seas. Alas, Tuesday had no morrow.

Wednesday never came.

It either got lost in the shuffle, or old Sol, seeing how we were handicapped in our race with his imperial highness, took pity on us, and instead of throwing Wednesday down so that it would fall upon the deck of our ship, dropped it so carelessly that it got tangled in the chain of the Aleutian Islands, which lies like a necklace upon the bosom of the northern Pacific. And there it hangs and will hang forever. A *dies non*—a lost day. When the captain took his sextant in hand and pulled the sun down upon the horizon to read his true reckoning upon his fiery face, he found that instead of Wednesday, the 7th of September, it was Thursday, the 8th; the Thursday which had no yesterday, for its day before was dead in its watery grave, in a pool a little way north, 4,000 fathoms deep. We had passed the 180th degree of longitude. We were no longer west of Greenwich, but were east of it. We had one advantage. England can no longer boast that it gets up in the morning before we do. We are wide-awake, and are now out of bed ten or eleven hours before John Bull begins to rub his lazy eyes.

Sea-sickness had disappeared for a day or two. But the terrible motion alluded to above sent some of the convalescents again to bed. The boys were free, however, and enjoyed hugely the

grandeur of our surroundings. I confess to feeling some little anxiety, especially when seeing the hatches being again battened down. I had been in a storm, or rather strong gale, on the Atlantic; had seen far stronger winds, and had heard them howling far more fiercely through the rigging; had seen the sea much whiter with storm-foam, but had never seen such monster billows; had never seen waves lifted upon the horizon till they resembled mountain peaks. I had once been in a seven-days' wind which bordered upon a gale, and had felt the ship bending and seeming to crack beneath my feet, whereas now this ship seemed to be as far from any such intention as she had when on a quiet sea. Yet when I looked upon these mighty seas coming in three huge monsters and then followed by nine attending watery warriors, I could not help feeling an awe, which intensified the appreciation of the magnificent panorama, and which forced me to feel how impotent was man, when brought into contact with nature's titanic forces.

On all oceans, waves come in regular succession—three large and then nine smaller ones. I had often tried to verify this when watching them upon the Atlantic, but had never been able to see such well-defined exhibitions as on the Pacific. The waves get far higher in a given wind, their crests are much farther apart, they roll in more regular columns, the hollows are better defined and extend for longer distances. Oftentimes one could look far to the south and then to the north, and see a hollow looking like a valley between mountain ranges. A wind arises, which we feel is a little affair, and yet in a very short time it will raise a heavy swell, and the swell will live for a long time after the wind has been lulled. The captain, who has been on ocean steamers for 25 years, says that to him, too, these characteristics were plain and emphatic. In his words: "It is wonderful how quick this ocean can get mad, and on what small provocation. The man who named it Pacific had not seen it in these high latitudes."

The rapid rising of the sea cannot be better illustrated than by stating that one night we went to bed in almost smooth water. The afternoon had been fine. Several of us had sat upon the vessel's prow to watch an exquisite sunset—a long silvery band stretched along the western horizon, tinted here and there with delicate orange. The entire horizon was perfectly marked. Fleecy clouds and beautiful cumuli were spread over the sky from zenith to horizon. The air had for the first time a balmy feeling. Every one said: "Good weather now till we get in." I think the doctor would have given heavy odds on the prospect. The next morning we were up to see a beautiful sunrise. By the way, the few sunrises and sunsets we have seen here have lacked almost entirely any redness of hue. They generally are beautifully silvery, with occasionally a little suspicion of orange. I sat down to write. The wind was rising, and the ship's roll was increasing, but

my table upon a valise so nearly counterbalanced the roll, that I was oblivious of any marked change without. Johnny was asleep on the sofa by my side. Thump! a big sea strikes the ship; water dashes upon our house, and I with difficulty escape taking a header over my table. The captain passed our window, I cried: "What do you think of this, captain?" "It beats —. They don't do this sort of thing on the Atlantic. The ocean gets mad quicker than a cook-shop can get up a sixpenny lunch." I fear I will have to lay my stylus aside, for things look bad without, and yet it is not four hours since we were in a quiet sea. I will—.

It is now the afternoon of Monday. Just as I was writing the last sentence the ship gave a fearful lurch. Johnny was shot head foremost across the room and was met by the cushions between his and Willie's berth. Willie was laid flat on the floor. Dr. S—, who was reading Byron, and I were thrown with the table and valise on top of the wash-stand on the other side of the room. It was some time more before we could recover from our confusion. And then what a wreck! The table was on the opposite top berth, sofa cushions were on top of the doctor and myself. The bed was in a mass amid the debris of an ex-mayor and a New York doctor. The water had rushed through the crevices of the door and window, and our shoes and slippers were swimming around in a surf bath; a delicious bouquet of French grapes pervaded the atmosphere, caused by the smashing of some bottles of Pontet Canet; books and camp-stools were going forward and back, beating the old-time breakdowns of plantation dances. Of course writing was over.

Soon hatches were battened down and skylights were canvased and lashed. We had fore and aft sails up to steady the ship, the foresail was torn into ribbons and the others were "brought home." The wind rose and rose. The sea was absolutely white, looking as if covered with a mighty mantle of lace; the rollers coming in were high, but not as much so as those of the 6th, for they were fully 25 feet, but these seemed more angry. At 3 o'clock the log showed a strong gale to have been blowing; at 5 the wind was down, but seas were still high, and indeed continue so even now. This ocean gets mad quick, but takes a long time to cool down. The weather cools down quickly, but the water beneath keeps up its angry heat. All night the ship, which was compelled to keep her course in the hollow of the seas, rolled and rolled, and few people had any sleep.

To-day all look wearied and sore from the 24 hours' thumping. I did not stand on my head, for on finding I could not follow the captain's joke, and tack about during the night, over a week ago we tore down my across-ship berth and got the carpenter to fix up the long sofa so as to give me a good berth on it. But to our tale. The captain and passengers have been discussing the gale, and, from the shifting of the winds as it ran, he has come to the conclusion that we were in the rim of a typhoon.

All the waiters, cooks, etc., are almond-eyed ; the sailors, except two boatswains, are Japanese. And plucky fellows they are. About dark after yesterday's storm, the line which holds taut the foremast's gaff broke in one of the heavy lurches of the ship. The gaff is the heavy timber which supports the fore-and-aft sails. This was pitching terribly, and helped to intensify the ship's roll. The captain rushed out. "What in —— is the matter with that gaff? Send some one aloft to stay it." Presently the Japanese boatswain's mate, Guru Muta (I want to remember the plucky fellow's name), went up to the masthead, ran a loose knot around the chain which holds up the gaff, and let it slide down as far as it would go. This was made fast below, and to some extent steadied it. He then took aloft another line, climbed down the chain to the end of the gaff, and securely fastened a rope to the point, and when it was made fast and taut below slid down it like a monkey. It was dark. The ship was heavily rolling, having been for the time thrown into the trough sea. The gaff was at least 50 feet above the deck, and was being jerked like a whip staff, to the right and left—now over the sea on one side and then as far over the sea on the other. The officers all agreed that sailors are rarely called upon to perform more daring feats. Two or three of us slipped into John's hand (this is his ship name) a dollar apiece when he came down. With a brave leader the officers of this ship say there is no danger into which these fellows will not go.

Sept. 13th.—We have seen very little of life on our voyage so far. One day, about the 1st, the sea was covered by myriads of Portuguese men-of-war. They were very small, none of them exceeding two inches the longest way, but, with their little sails up and in such vast numbers, they gave the sea the appearance of being covered with whitish blossoms. Frequently there were eight or ten to a square yard. Whales spouting at a distance were seen every day, and a few schools of porpoise have rolled in long lines off our beam. Night before last, after the storm was over, a flying fish about a foot long landed on deck. His wing fins measured over 20 inches from tip to tip. We had the winged adventurer fried for breakfast, and found him delicious. The flesh was very white and firm, and resembled in flavor that of the English sole. All who tasted it pronounced it fine. We thought it quite an event to breakfast on a fish which of its own accord had jumped into our frying-pan. Some large birds of the gull order, dark in color, with narrow bat-like wings measuring fully four feet from tip to tip, have been with us for many days. Their sailing motion is simply perfection. I have watched one of them for a half hour without seeing a single decided flapping motion of the wings. They bend to the right and then to the left, wheeling several hundred yards from the ship, then dropping as far behind, and, without any apparent exertion catch it, though it was running

fully 15 English miles per hour. Judging from the way they sail about us, I would say they fly from 40 to 50 miles an hour, and almost without a downward motion of the wing. Some officers say they are albatrosses, but I have looked at one when he was not over 30 feet away, and thought his bill too much pigeon-shaped. We have seen a few small albatrosses, but not close to the ship. A few sharks have been seen, and quantities of Mother Carey's chickens.

Yesterday a Japanese man-of-war passed within a couple of miles from us. Being saluted, she asked from what port we came, and slowly steamed out of sight. It made us all feel we were not entirely out of the world. It is wonderful what small things will interest people at sea. Long before the ship came near us every glass aboard was out, and conjectures innumerable were made as to what and who she was. Doctor S. said she was a Russian bear, and advised the captain to send up American colors, so as to keep him from hitting us with one of his iron paws. Our one English passenger looked as if he would like to eat a Yankee disciple of Esculapius.

When we sailed we expected to take sea baths every day during the voyage, and adhered to the resolution for several days, but found the water up near the Aleutians too cold for any beneficial effect. The temperature sank down as low as 53 Fahrenheit. On the morning of the 11th it went up to 60 degrees, and on the 13th up to 72. This rapid change was owing to our having reached the celebrated Japan stream, which pours up from Japan along the Aleutian chain to the shores of Alaska, and then down upon British Columbia. The 10th was the first day one could tread the steamer's deck in comfort without a warm overcoat. I am now, on the 13th, sitting in my shirt sleeves, and, though all the windows of our deck-room are open, I am in a decided perspiration. We are in latitude 36 degrees 57 minutes, and within 400 miles of Yokohama. We have only 35 cabin passengers and 40 or 50 Chinese in the steerage. These last are packed like sardines in a box. Their miserable looks during our roughest days were really amusing. Some of them are probably flush in funds, but they spend as little as possible in going home. Their American earnings are to last them through life. Our saloon passengers are an agreeable family, and the table is a social gathering.

The Siamese eat by themselves: not from any disposition to exclusiveness, but the table would not accommodate us all at once, and they naturally preferred being together. We find them quite good fellows. The little princes are models of boyish politeness. They have been in Scotland a year and a half at school, and are decidedly intelligent for their ages. Prince Devawongse is the brother of the king, the four young princes the King's children. The prince informed me to-day that they were all

children of different mothers, none of them being of the chief wife or queen. He and one of his aides sleep in the room adjoining ours. They all, however, spend the evenings and most of the day in his cabin when it is unpleasant to be out. Their amusement when on deck consists principally in shooting at a mark with air-guns. To the smallest, who is not over nine years old, they are proficient marksmen. The suite pay great respect to, but at the same time are thoroughly familiar with the prince, and when shooting or playing with the shuffle-board delight to beat him.

We notice, however, that at night he and the children are the principal talkers. We hear every thing said through our board partition. While all speak considerable English, yet in their intercourse they talk Siamese. The prince evidently finds no difficulty in making his jokes appreciated. Like "Souter Johnny," he "tells his queerest stories, his courtiers laugh in ready chorus." He seems very desirous of gaining information, and to-day told us if we should go to Siam he would do what he could to make our time pleasant. He is a man of considerable information, and is evidently desirous that Siam should be among the progressive nations of the East. He is what with us would be called undersized, but is well-knit and very graceful. In playing shuffle-board he shows practice in manual exercise, and with his air-gun, at the word, comes close to the bull's-eye. Altogether one would pronounce him a man of much intelligence and refinement of feeling, and a thorough gentleman in manners.

The boys are quite up to the average of boys of their age in intellect. All step like young martinets when using the pistol, but are thorough youngsters when at their sports. One day one of the little fellows and I undertook a walk of two miles on the deck. I had to acknowledge he beat me 150 yards in the course. When I told him he could have done still better, with polite refinement he assured me he had done his best, and that he had the advantage in having rubber soles to his shoes, and therefore was not entitled to the praise given him for his fine walking qualities. They all dress in good taste and know how to deport themselves in European costume. At home their dress is quite different. To-day two of them, the smaller ones, came out in sailor dress, the uniform of their father's yacht. They were jolly little tars.

Oh, the Pacific! the mighty, the changeable, and mad Pacific! It is all again white, and a strong head-wind is raising a considerable sea. It is now the morning of the 14th. To-night we will sleep in Yokohama. But I fear we will get in too late to have a fine view of Fuji, the great mountain which receives the first obeisance from travellers coming to Japan.

Last night was hot and sultry. The doctor bet a quarter there would be mosquitoes aboard before morning, even if we were over

200 miles from shore. The water in the bath was up to 82 degrees this morning, and although the wind is making it difficult for me to manage my paper, yet I find my coat disagreeable. By the way, it will probably be of interest to know the temperature of weather and water throughout our voyage. Commencing on the 29th of August and coming down to the 14th of September, the temperature of atmosphere has been day by day as follows: 70 degrees, 63, 60, 56, 60, 56, 60, 58, 55, 53, 53, 59, 63, 76, 83, 84. The water has been 60 degrees, 61, 58, 57, 55, 55, 55, 54, 54, 54, 54, 60, 60, 72, 78, 82. Although it has been generally too cold for being on deck in comfort, yet if we had to make choice of another run, as cold as ours has been, or as warm as it is to-day, we would certainly choose the cooler. One can pile on clothes to keep warm, but it is impossible to lay off one's meat and sit up in bones to keep cool.

CHAPTER VII.

BEAUTIFUL AND BIZARRE JAPAN—ITS CHEERFUL MEN AND MODEST IMMODEST WOMEN—ITS MECHANICS AND BABIES, HOUSES AND CITIES.

Yokohama, Japan, September 30, 1887.

I WOULD write of the land of the Shogun (Tycoon) that was; of the land of the Tenshi (Mikado) that is. I would write of it, but what and how? Where can one find words to pen-picture a fairy land—where colors to touch up a glowing dreamland? How shall I catch and hold forms evolved by a kaleidoscope constantly revolving—forms made of myriads of pieces all differing from any before conceived of—all colored in tints before unknown and unexpected? One comprehends descriptions of things unseen and unknown, through comparisons with things known. Here, however, every thing so differs from the same thing elsewhere, that comparisons can scarcely be made, and if attempted must assume the form of antithesis.

Japan offers to the eye a land beautiful, soft, picturesque, and dreamy. And yet there is rarely to be seen a curvilinear profile among its mountains and hills. Rarely do undulations mark the sky line. All is peaked, notched, broken, jagged, and rugged. Plains, as such, are few and of comparatively small extent. Mighty cones pierce the sky, and the valleys are nowhere sloping and wavy, gentle and soft. They are all canyons, gorges, and rough chasms. Yet, with this all true, her mountains delight and rest the eye, and her valleys invite one to quiet rambles, and make one long for a loving eye to look into, for a loving heart to sympathize with. Here nature started to make a land for the lair of hideous monsters, and ended in making a land for dancing and laughing fairies. No ocean once rolled in vasty depths over the land and, subsiding, left it in mountain and hilly ranges, or in sunny plains and mellow valleys. Nature conceived the island in one of her angriest moods, and brought it forth in agonizing labor. She rocked and reeled, shook and shrieked in maternal throes, and lined upon her offspring the marks of her woes—marks intended to terrify and to breed intensest awe. But, like all true mothers, she yearned toward the child of her sorrow, and loved it for the suffering it had caused. She cuddled it upon a mother's breast and warmed it by pulsations from a mother's heart. She cicatrized its ugly scars, and painted them in colors

distilled from rainbow hues, and then spread over every deformity a mantle of flowers and bloom. She wove garlands and hung them upon every precipice, and festooned with wreaths every mountain crag. She broke the rushing torrents into feathery foam, and sent them laughing, dancing, and singing on their short race to the surging sea.

Japan is almost entirely of volcanic origin, and as far as we have seen or heard, its every part was thrown up from the bowels of the earth in volcanic eruption. The eruptions did not cease, however, when the molten rocks and hissing lava were piled into rough and craggy hills or lifted into mighty cones—one, two, and nearly three miles high,—for then came showers of ashes of many neutral tints, tinged with orange and vermilion, purple and chocolate-brown, and covered the craggy pinnacles with earth which is pleasing to the eye even where no vegetation grows, making a soil where noble forest trees, graceful shrubs clothed in bloom, trailing and climbing vines, and flowers of many kinds and of innumerable dyes have found a congenial home. Vegetation of endless variety and of tropical luxuriance is spread over mountain and valley, hill and gorge, moulding the rough and jagged peak into rounded dome and smoothing down the frightful gorge into a smiling valley. Nature repented of her angry conception and, touching her whelp with a wand more powerful than Prospero's, reared it into a love-winning beauty.

The land abounds in gods—80,000, we are told,—hideous monsters begotten of men's fears, born of the quaking earth, and breathing volcanic fires. Besides these, there are many millions of dead fathers, now worshipped by their descendants as household gods, answering to the penates of ancient Italy. To prevent the possibility of the line of ancestral gods being broken, parents failing of sons have always had the rights of adoption, an adopted son becoming, by the act, imbued with the power of continuing the line of his adopted father. It is said that though passionately fond of their children, a parent immediately invests the new boy with all the sentimental characteristics of blood offspring. Had man never reached Japan's shores, these gods would have remained unborn, and the land would have been the home of laughing fauns and of dancing, gauzy sprites.

But man came, a long, long while ago, and erected himself into a nation, when or before David harped and danced before the ark of the Lord, and before the iron age of Rome was yet in its cradle. For 2,500 years we know that the nation has lived. Its men have been beasts of burden, and have done the labor elsewhere performed by the speechless brute and by the soulless machine. During all these long ages they have toiled from early dawn to latest twilight—toiled for their bare food,—clothes they have had none and needed not, and yet to-day these men, while cringing and fawning in their expression of politeness, are other-

wise dignified and manly in their bearing, quick and graceful in their movements, ambitious and greedy for knowledge, cheerful and light in their mood. They drudge for a pittance, and spend a part of the pittance in visiting and enjoying romantic localities, where hills and valleys speak in poetry, and streams and brooklets ripple in song. And man's other and sweeter self—woman—she who has here ever been a thing to be sold for a day, a month, a year, or for life, at her father's will, and, whether as child, hand-maid, concubine or wife, has had no will of her own—a very slave! And yet this woman, but half covered in the field or upon the road, and in the public bath as free from clothing as was Maiden Eve when she blushed in bridal purity before her Adam—this woman is smiling, sweet, coquettish, plump, and undulating, and seems ever to be veiled by an invisible mantle of modesty. Naked, she does not blush, for she is not so for lewd purposes, or for the purpose of attracting a look, and is not ashamed of the mold in which she was cast. She does not invite a gaze, and seems not to know when one is given. Clothing she wears for warmth and adornment, and not for concealment, and if she does blush, it is because she has not about her the pretty things she wears to win admiration. As wife and mother, she dotes on her baby, and is true to the man she deems her lord, whether he be her husband for a week, a month, or for years. Formerly she was often sold by her father for a longer or shorter period. Now, under a more generous law, she is free, and yet she oftentimes mortgages herself for a term of months or of years, to lighten the burden of those who brought her into the world. Often one gives herself for a day or a week for a price, and yet wears no sign or look of a wanton, and, coming out of her bondage, takes the name and place of wife, and bears the duties of mother, with no scar upon her forehead, no blush of shame upon her cheek, and no brazen smirk upon her lips. The bridal bath washes her clean, and the marriage ceremony wipes out the past. The wife is her husband's solace and sunshine. She is in many respects his head servant, serves him at his meals, and yet her smile is his sunshine, and her prattle his sweetest amusement.

Whence came these men and these women? From what stock did they spring? Of what race are they born? They are neither Malay nor Mongol. They are neither Aryan nor Semitic. Far off here, for ages cut aloof from the world, they have many of the marks of the Caucasian race mixed with Mongolian, and resembling the latter more than they do any other. But the difference is marked, and the resemblance may be the result of an origin arising from like causes. The Mongolian Chinaman, wherever placed, is a plodding, burrowing, conservative animal. The Japanese is volatile, energetic, and progressive. The one is saturnine and slow, the other is quick and ever seeking the joyous. How came they here? Is there any thing reasonable in

the general idea that God started all living things in one original pair of each? Was Adam the father of all men? I do not believe one drop of his blood flows in the veins of the heathen, cellar-burrowing Chinese. When nature was ready for man, did not God have gardens of Eden wherever he willed man should be? There is nothing unfaithful in the thought. Were not the Japanese the offspring of the foam which dashed upon their sea-girt shore? I am no scientist, I am but a dreamer. Man was made to laugh as well as to weep. He is foolish if he does not laugh a great deal more than he weeps. He was made to dream as well as to be awake. If he keeps his conscience clean, and his liver in good condition, his dreams will be rosy, even his wide-awake dreams. I am happy when I dream, and dream I will! Just now I dream of Japan—wonderful, poetic, bizarre, beautiful, grotesque, artistic, plodding, singing, weeping, laughing, sighing, smiling, gentle, and loving, undescribed and indescribable Japan.

I closed my last letter on the morning of the 14th, expecting to be in Yokohama that night. But voyagers propose, and on the Pacific, according to my observation, do very little disposing. Before noon we were in a strong wind, and dead ahead. We scarcely more than overcame the strong current which was running against us. We were all very much put out, but I did not afterwards regret it. About three o'clock the clouds began to scatter, and soon we had bright sunshine, but with a stiff wind. Toward the south heavy clouds were hanging. These took a form rarely seen; a dense mass, apparently not a quarter of a mile high, and leaden in color, moving eastward, slowly, but evidently rolling and whirling in wild frenzy on a centre. Over it all was a bright blue sky. It made a sort of horizon, so distinctly outlined was its top. Eastward and westward we could see its limits. We took it to be not over 15 or 20 miles in extent. Luckily, it did not come nearer our ship than three or four miles. It was a small typhoon, and passed partly over Yokohama, and was one of the most violent of the season. The whole storm was contained in a cloud compact, distinct, and rolling like a low bank of fog.

We lay off Yeddo bay until light the next day, and then had a beautiful sail up to the city. The bay is a very beautiful one, and was white with the sails of the early fishermen. We counted 237 sails at one time from a single point on our deck. Low mountains rose almost from the water on each shore, all green and treed. To our left was the small island Vries, with the volcano Idzu-no-Oshima, lifting from the sea 2,600 feet. About his head was wrapped a turban of smoky mist, which changed while we looked, into a conical cap, pointed high above. There was no flame visible, the smoke alone showing that the mountain was an active volcano. At times it belches forth flame

as well as vapor, and is said to be very grand. Villages were planted under the hills, along the bay, and down upon the water, and here and there picturesque houses on the brows. High in the distance, with his perfect cone piercing the sky, mighty Fuji-Yama kept watch and ward over the land.

Fuji is the name, the affix Yama being placed as a mark of distinction or honor, strictly interpreted Sir Fuji—the one grand mountain. There are many others over 10,000 feet high; this cone, rising almost from a plain, is claimed to have been thrown up when Bewa Lake was sunk, since the Japanese nation has existed, and was the act of the gods, to show that the island was completed, and that the work was well done. Half-way down his slope a belt of fleecy clouds hung like a graceful scarf thrown around a fair woman's bosom.

Immediately after our ship dropped her anchor, swarms of small, odd-looking boats, propelled by huge sculling oars and manned by boatmen in every kind of costume, from the slender clout-rag up to a coat of matting hung from the shoulders over dusky forms, crowded about the ship. There was shaking of hands among the passengers, good wishes for the future, and all of us soon found ourselves upon Japanese—not Asiatic—*terra firma*.

Passing the custom-house almost *pro forma* we were whirling along the beautiful bund for the Grand Hotel, in jinrickishas. Parenthetically, I will say that all Asiatic cities with a foreign quarter have along the water a sort of boulevard, planted with trees, broad, and well paved, the promenade of the foreign population, and called a "bund," and I will further say that the Grand Hotel would do credit to any European city. Its rooms are large and airy, its cuisine admirable, and its charges, though high for Japan, would be cheap in America or England—\$3.50 a day, Japanese money, each dollar now worth 75 cents, United States coin; included in this is good claret.

I will now speak of the jinrickisha (man-power wagon), so that the term and its use may be fully understood when used hereafter. It is a small, two-wheeled covered cart, not unlike a trotting sulky, with light shafts united in front by a cross-bar. Its body rests on two elliptical springs, with a lifting top like the American buggy. It is well cushioned and springy, and is drawn by a man between the shafts, who pushes by a hand on each, and when heavily loaded, by leaning against the bar which unites the ends of the shafts. They are ordinarily propelled by a single man, or where extra speed is desired or too much weight is imposed, by a second or even a third man. The second man pulls in front by a strap over his shoulders, and by his hand pulling a single trace; occasionally the wagon is pushed from the rear by a third one. With a single man the usual speed is about five miles an hour on good roads and with light weight. With two

men running tandem, I have made ten miles in an hour and 20 minutes. With two men to each wagon, our party ran from Nikko to Utsunomiya, 23 miles, in four hours, with two short stops. The first twelve miles, a general down grade, was made without a single halt. When we went up to Nikko, the grade being an ascending one, we took a little over five hours. Each wagon had in it a man and a heavy satchel. The charge for this run was each way \$1.26 a wagon, or ninety-five cents our money. The usual charges in cities are from eight to ten cents a run, or ten cents per hour by day, fifteen cents per hour at night or in a rain. This price is doubled if an extra man be taken. It is a charming mode of travelling, especially in a city. Your horse is told where to go, and he goes, without rein or instruction, and with never a grumble or a kick. The rider sits up in real *otium cum dignitate*. The rider calls out "hi—i," when any other vehicle is in his way, or a pedestrian does not give room. Every one moves out of the way pleasantly, and with often a joke for the man and a smile for the rider.

Politeness is the one marked virtue of this people—not a politeness of mere etiquette, though there is a great deal of that, and very studied and labored it is—but a politeness evidently coming from the heart, genuine and kindly, and extended to the laborer as well as to the gentleman. Women, children, and light-loaded men step aside with cheerful alacrity to let the poor jinrickisha man pass, which is most charming to behold. If he happens to jostle against one he is met with a joke. Not once have we yet seen a sullen or angry look from any one who was requested to give way. At home we would have been cursed or blackguarded dozens of times had we made the runs here done through densely crowded streets. When a large party is out in jinrickishas they follow each other in close proximity. If a bridge, rut, or bad place is encountered, the foremost man utters a cry, which is caught up by the next, and so on to the last, each evidently trying to lighten the labor of the others. At night each man carries a Japanese lantern. The effect of these in a long train is very bright in a dark, unlighted street, or on a suburban road bending along a hill-side. Added to this the cries of the men, the meeting of a hundred others, all rushing, bending, turning, and twisting in the tortuous lanes or narrow crowded streets, you can readily see how charming such a run must be. The men in cities wear short, tight trunks from just above the hip to the upper thigh. They start out with a sort of tunic or shirt over the shoulders; if the weather be warm they throw off the upper covering as they run. In the country, instead of the trunk, is simply a clout about the loins, narrow and full in front, running between the legs in little more than a ribbon, and caught on a band over the hip. In full garb a party will start from a village or town. As they run, one after another the men strip off

their light upper garment, and are stalwart, sweating Adams, clothed with a scanty fig-leaf. This is done, too, in the cities, by men drawing natives, or loaded vehicles, but is to a considerable extent avoided by those who run for foreigners. In Tokio and here, those about foreign localities wear the trunks and close-fitting shirt, always blue, resembling our undershirts. This garb is ordered by the authorities out of respect to foreign ideas. The natives, themselves, men or women, are not shocked by an almost naked man, and foreigners soon grow accustomed to it.

I made my fastest run with a couple of splendid fellows when going at night to call upon Viscount Yoshida, formerly Minister to America. The distance was long. The men started out clothed. When and how I did not observe, but as they ran I found them almost stark naked, and reeking in sweat. It is a novel sight to see a dozen wagons with their 24 men ahead of you, with calves of great muscularity, and legs finely formed, only a little bowed, owing to the habit of sitting on their haunches, instead of on chairs. The streets here are in many localities densely packed, and not over 12 feet wide. Lanterns hang before every store. People carry gay lanterns at night. They move about a great deal like bees about a hive. The *kuruma* (*rickisha*) men moving in and out among these add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

There are in Yokohama over 4,000 and in Tokio 27,000 of these wagons under license, and in all Japan about 175,000. Thus you can understand how important a part the *jinrickisha* plays, both in the economic and in the scenic make-up of this strange island. It is not generally known that this charming little wagon may be considered a gift directly from heaven, and that, too, through the intervention of an American. One of our missionaries at Nagasaki having a wholesome dislike of hard walking, invented the thing some 26 or more years ago. His Yankee ingenuity took hold upon Japanese fancy more quickly than did his theology. The thing is supposed to be purely Japanese, and has been to some extent adopted in all Eastern lands.

You have often as children played at housekeeping, or some other mimic and lilliputian make-believe of the doings of grown-up people. The first impression made upon me of a Japanese city was that the people were playing at running a town. In the native quarters of Yokohama and in other towns, except in the public-building quarters of Tokio, the streets are mere lanes in width. There are no sidewalks. The houses are mostly of one story, and where of two the upper story is very low, the first about 10 feet and the other not over 8. They are almost exclusively of wood, and from 10 to 14 feet in width. The first floor is flush with the street. The majority of the second stories, of pure native style, are set back from the front from 4 to 6 feet.

The first story is all open, the second closed in by lattice work. Glass is rarely seen. The shop is simply the front part of the lower story. First comes a space 4 or 5 feet wide on the ground level, then a raised platform, say from 1 to 2 feet in elevation, and running back 8, 10 or more feet. On this is the work-shop or shop for sale of goods. Behind this for living purposes is another slightly raised portion, running back a greater or less distance to meet the requirements, or in accordance with the means, of the owner. There are no partitions, yet the house can in a few moments be divided into several compartments.

The customer or visitor stops on the ground level, and leaves his clogs, sandals, or shoes, and mounts the next platform in his stockings or bare feet. These upper platforms are highly polished and partly covered with mats. All of the latter are practically three by six feet, and are the unit of measurement of floors and walls. For example, a room is so many mats large. The polished floors and mats are of scrupulous cleanliness. The shoe or sandal is not permitted to tread upon them. The dealer and his customer or visitor sit or squat upon the first platform, smoke a pipe together, and go through their negotiations or chat. The pipe, by the way, does not hold more than a half-thimbleful of tobacco, and is emptied in three to five puffs. On the inner platforms the family reside. As I said, the whole is open wide to the street. At night wooden shutters are put up, closing the first shop. These are sometimes in solid wooden panels, but more frequently of light, open lattice-work. The upper platforms are divided into smaller compartments by putting up panels like window sashes, very light and prettily varnished. On one side of this is pasted thin paper, light and translucent. These panels sit or slide in grooves. Thus a house of say 12 by 25, feet may in five minutes be made into four or five separate rooms. The shutters and papered panels are set up during the day in recesses built for the purpose in the outer walls of the house. Each recess has in front a sliding door, which closes up so as to hide it. The walls of the house are of a single thickness of board, on which light laths of bamboo are tacked, and over this a coat of plaster is spread. Among the better classes this plaster is of lime, with picked oakum in lieu of hair. In the poorer houses it is of mud and straw. The coat of plaster is so thin that the whole wall is not much over two inches thick. Every thing about a house is deliciously clean in appearance, but there is no protection for the nose. The sense of smell here seems to be proof against bad odors. All night soil is preserved and sent to the farms. Thus a traveller too often catches odors which are not by any means agreeable. A true traveller, however, who is resolved to learn and enjoy, soon finds that his olfactories rapidly become obtuse. To any who cannot school his senses and is made uncomfortable by the custom of a people visited, my advice is to pack up traps and go home, where he can be master of the situation.

The streets being so narrow, the houses so small, the absence of heavy teams and wagons, the people all engaged in what seems such light work, or in doing heavy work in such a small way; the masses moving back and forth, the swarm of men, women, and children made me feel that I was among thousands of people who were engaged in a game of make-believe playing at keeping town. There is no rush and no hurry, except among the jinrickishas. The merchant is as deliberate when one enters to make a purchase as is the city official where the modern craze for civil-service reform deceives the well-meaning mugwump. He does not seem to care an iota whether you purchase or not. If you bow low, he will return your salutation by bringing his brow almost to the floor, and then wait with an appearance of patience which would become a man who expected to rival Methuselah in longevity. If you wish to purchase a staple article, he has one price, and does not seem to care a baubee whether you purchase or not. If you be a curio hunter he will ask for his old bronze, lacquer, or ivory an exorbitant price, and is not a whit offended if you offer one third of what he asked. If you make no offer and start away he will invite you to make a bid. He will declare that the thing cost him so much, that it is 500 or 1,000 years old, and will end in taking half or a third of his first demand, and will bow to the floor in thanks for your patronage. Truthfulness is not a Japanese virtue. His Grace Archbishop Osouf assured me that it could be said the masses were great liars, and that politeness might be put down as their single virtue. Well! it is a virtue, and it tells in every-day life, and if one cannot shut lies out by lock and bolt, one can at least stuff cotton in the ears and avoid being too much offended by the vice, while enjoying the cheering effect of what appears to be genuine politeness and good-will.

The Japanese are fine mechanics, and, though slow and deliberate, do their work with great precision and with exquisite finish. They do all work just oppositely to our mode. If it were possible they would commence a house at the roof; indeed, it may be said this is often done. The ordinary house has corner stud-supports; these being erected the roof is put on, and the house is then built under and up to it. They draw the plane toward them instead of pushing it from them, and make glue-joints for the commonest purposes. They make their mortises so exact that water cannot creep between the joints. They use the saw by cutting toward the hand instead of from it. All saws are very wide and have a straight handle, and yet they will rip a plank fifteen feet long so exactly and truly that a smoothing plane will dress it down perfectly straight. Few nails are used in the erection of houses. Corner-studs are mortised in to the sills so closely that they stand as if nailed and bolted. The plates are held with equal tightness. The siding is then set into grooves cut in the studdings. When an old house is torn down its material, being

free from nails, becomes good timber for other purposes. One constantly sees a carpenter ripping up an old sill or post for new work. There are no saw-mills to speak of. Timber of the largest size is ripped by huge hand-saws worked by a single man. A contractor assured me he had seen a log five feet through thus cut. He was a Scotchman, and therefore told me the truth. I myself saw a log quite three feet through being cut into inch boards. The log was about ten feet long, and was laid on a frame at an oblique angle. The sawyer sat under it and cut it up before removing any of the boards. Timber is hewn in the woods into squares or octagons. Then it dries perfectly, and is generally cut into boards on the ground where the house is being erected. They do nice work in wood, but are slow. Their wages are about 45 cents a day. When I use the term dollar and cent I speak of the Japanese dollar and cent, one fourth less, at present value of silver, than our money. Americans here assure me they would prefer paying our wages and getting the thing done promptly, than to await the dilatory movements and slow progress of the good and cheap native workmen.

The common stonework is very fine. There is no such thing as a rough wall on a natural bed. All stones are cut and set in exact joints; not in line work, but cut to fit one upon another in all shapes. Random rubble is, I believe, the technical name for this style. Bridges, piers, canals and moat walls are thus built, and many of the stones are of great size. In Tokio there are many miles of walls, from 30 to 60 feet high, built of stones weighing from 100 pounds up to several tons, and all with joints so nice and true that no cement has been used, and none is necessary. It is a wonder how these poor down-trodden people have done such vast work with no horses and no machinery to help them. All hauling, or nearly all, is done by men. I saw a single man drawing or pushing a load of nearly 300 brick to the new palace at Tokio from the dock over a mile away. At the castle hill, which is quite 100 feet high, several men assisted. It is a common thing to see two, three, or more men pushing a load such as a heavy dray horse would draw in America. Two would be at the shaft, the others push. They step to a word all the time. The shaft man would utter something like "seough"; the others would catch it and reply together "seoughah." During the day in quarters where heavy loads are being drawn, or heavy work being done, some such cry as this is heard in every direction, though I will say, parenthetically, that one of the charms of these cities is the absence of loud and deafening noises. All great cities of Europe and America have their voices. One can almost imagine he recognizes a distinct, peculiar voice in each. In the still of the night it is marked, and never silent. A Japanese city after 12 o'clock seems to be absolutely asleep. There is no voice. It is as silent as the country, and

if one awakes in the small hours he hears no sound. All is hushed and quiet. In some localities, however, there are many trees. In these he hears the hum and song of insects; but this is the voice of the country, not of the city.

Every class of people seems engaged (I mean not the noble, but the people), and all ages do their share towards the common support, men, women, boys, and girls. Children under ten are the merriest, laughingest, busiest little bodies imaginable. One can almost pronounce this the paradise of the young. They are in a profusion I never saw elsewhere. They are as thick as flies, and flies here are as abundant as the sands on the seashore. Children are in the shops and stores where their parents are at work. Indeed, one would almost think that in the finer stores little ones are kept tricked out in their nicest to make the places attractive. In the streets they are running, skipping, and jumping everywhere. Babies are strapped to the backs of their mothers, or of sisters scarcely larger than themselves. One often sees a dozen or two boys and girls under ten at all sorts of play, one half of them having babies on their backs. Oftentimes when the little nurses are playing regular romps the little ones are sound asleep, their heads hanging down and flopping from side to side as if their little necks would break.

Here in front of the hotel, when the tide was out, I saw hundreds early one morning seeking mussels, mosses, and sea-weed. Little fellows not over ten, with babies strapped to them, were wading about gathering shell-fish. When they would stoop on hands and knees the baby would almost stand on its head. I can say I have seen hundreds and have as yet heard but three babies crying.

Little ones of two and three years sometimes have dolls strapped to them. Not once have I seen a doll in the arms. The children are nurses to a greater extent in the country and in villages than in the cities. For there the mothers are at work in the fields. In the cities, where a certain amount of education is nearly universal, children over six years old are at school. We went to a private school at Tokio. Having left our shoes at the entrance, we were kindly and, in fact, rather proudly received by the teacher and his girl assistant. In one room some 30 little ones were squatted down. The teacher had upon a black-board a translation from one of our Readers. It was the story of a little boy who did not like to go to school, but preferred to play and ride the donkey, at least that is what our guide said it was. Parenthetically, I will here say we have in our employ the cashier of a wholesale tea-house. He is a Christian, was educated at the mission school, speaks good English, and is intelligent. He desired a holiday. We pay him \$40 a month and his expenses. He is our companion as well as guide. Through his aid we get far more information than we would from an ordinary

guide, who can say but little more in our language than is necessary to make purchases, or to carry one to places of interest. We rarely look into a guide-book. But to return to our kindergarten. The teacher would read a sentence, pointing to it, the children repeating after him. He did this for a while in short sentences, and then went over the whole. In perhaps 10 or 15 minutes the little fellows all read the whole story aloud without his assistance. They read and recite it in a sort of chant. Think of it, my little friends, away off here in Japan, where 30 years ago no foreigner, except, perhaps, a Chinaman, had been for 300 years, a lot of little boys and girls, each in a gown little more than a shirt or night-robe, are learning the same lessons taught you in the public schools.

But I suspect it will interest the youthful yet more to tell how these little fellows learn to write. In one room was a writing-class. They, too, were small ones—some, I thought, under six. The order of the tenshi (mikado) is, that none younger than that age should go to school, but their parents smuggle them in to keep them out of mischief. They were all squatted in pairs at a rough board, which served for a desk. Each child had a lot of coarse paper, with a string through one end of the sheets. This is a book. They do not write with a pen, but with a small brush, like a water-color brush, only rather more pointed. With this they write, not from the left to the right and on the top of the paper, but on the right side of the paper, from top to bottom. Their letters resemble the characters seen on a tea-chest. They use some 48 Chinese characters with their own letters. These signs express not only a whole word, but now and then short sentences. It was funny to see a beginner making his letters. One little fellow covered the half of his sheet with one or two. The page looked as if a web-footed bird or a cat had stepped from the ink upon the copy. And one toddler had nearly as much ink on his face and hands as upon his paper. They do not use blotters or let the paper dry; their writing paper is porous, and sucks up the ink as fast as it is written.

After 10 or 12 years of age, the poorer children do their share of work to support themselves and their families. They work in the fields and in the shops, and help their fathers to pull and push. One sees a 12-years-old boy at an oar, doing his full share of the work of sculling, while his father or employer pushes the other. Parents are devoted to their children. Obedience and assistance are demanded of the latter to their parents. If a man dies before his son is of age, the eldest son is exempted from military service, because he must take care of his mother and younger brothers and sisters. In the evening one frequently sees a man walking with a baby in his arms. He is resting the mother, or letting her prepare the evening meal.

In this city there is a population of about 140,000; in Tokio

about 1,300,000. We have been on the go all the time, and as yet have not seen a single beggar and but one drunken man, although saki, a sort of rice brandy, is very cheap. I mentioned this fact to the archbishop. He laughed, and told me that when a Japanese got drunk he at once went to sleep. By the way, for the benefit of those who met the good bishop when he was in Chicago in 1884, I will say I called upon him and had a very pleasant evening with him and Father Magawine, who was also in Chicago. I bore to the bishop a letter from Father Roles, and was charmingly received and pleasantly entertained. The Catholic Church has baptized 2,000 within the past year. There are over 35,000 communicants in the kingdom. The bishop feels proud of, and thankful for, the success of his 65 priests. They are all Frenchmen, and are from the Academy of the Sacred Heart in Paris.

I said there were no beggars. Even the blind here support themselves. They form a guild of massage rubbers. From dark to 12 o'clock one can hear their fifes on the streets of every town. Knowing who the poor fellows are, their call has a very plaintive sound. They walk the streets all alone, are never in danger of being run over, and seem to have the good-will and assistance of all who meet them. It matters not how hurried a jinrickisha man be, he never runs against or jostles an "amma." They come, when called, into the houses, and rub down patients for 10 cents, taking from 30 to 45 minutes to do the thing. We have now used them several times, after a heavy day's work, and find them fully equal to any professional massage-operator we have tried at home. Indeed, I like them better. They are very gentle and rapid in their movements, have soft hands and quicken the circulation without bruising or irritating the surface. Their sense of touch is so keen that they seem to find the parts of the patient's body most needing manipulation. I had a slight attack of sciatica. I could not speak a word of Japanese to tell the "amma" where I wished him to do the most rubbing. Yet he found it. The sciatic trouble passed away in a day or two, leaving a tenderness in the small of the back. My next "amma" found the tender spot without a word from me. The sense of touch told them where the soreness was laid. Would it not be a good thing to teach our blind to perform such duties, thereby making them self-supporting and far happier? Nothing so conduces to happiness as a feeling of independence; as the knowledge that we can choose our own paths and fearlessly travel them, looking to God, and our own powers alone for help. While, on the other hand, a sense of helplessness depresses above all things else, and depresses all the more when the sufferer is conscious of no bodily pain. Existence then becomes a species of continuous nightmare. Thank God! man can, in time, school himself even against this dread sorrow; but, oh, the agony

of the lesson! The blind are, of all physically well men and women, the most helpless and the most to be pitied. God, in his infinite goodness, generally leavens their hearts with sweet patience, and blesses them with the best of all visual powers—the power to see the green pastures, the flowery meads, the undulating hills, and smiling valleys of the eternal world to come. But these sweet pictures of hope would be none the less charming if the poor, sightless beings were taught to earn their daily bread. This is done in heathen Japan, and should be a lesson to the Christian world. Of course, in America their fees should be in keeping with the general prices paid. I understand they are fairly patronized here, and earn a fair livelihood. I suppose it is true, for at a village I sent out for one. He came in, but was not blind, but was a hale man, and a samuri in rank, who had adopted the blind man's avocation, there being a lack of the blind in that locality. The samuri were the military and half-noble class before the tenshi (mikado) broke the power of the shogun (tycoon), and stripped the daimios of their feudal rank.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIVERS, FARMS AND FARMERS OF JAPAN—FURTHER CHARACTERISTICS OF ITS PEOPLE—ITS HOTELS, FOOD AND FLOWERS.

Hiogo, Japan, October 14, 1887.

I STATED once before that my letters home were manifold copies from my traveller's book of the impressions made upon me by things along the wayside as we run rapidly through a country. Such impressions cannot be other than crude and, to a considerable extent, ill digested. But all I aim at is to carry along the reader with me, and, if possible, to enable him to see what we see and to enjoy what we enjoy. If I make mistakes I can only say I do not aim to, and the mistakes are probably what the reader himself would have made had he been the traveller. In my former letter from this strange country, in my endeavor to enable one to take a bird's-eye view of Japan, I fear I may have misled. I stated that it was wholly of volcanic origin, and that there were but few plains, and those of small extent. For the purpose intended—*i. e.*, to make a picture—the statement was proper. On a topographical map the islands would thus appear. There are, however, in the far north and the far south stratified formations and a few in the central portion, but these latter are of metamorphic rocks, or the estuaries of great rivers. There are, too, some plains which are of considerable extent, either along the sea-coast or in the river valleys. Some of these are ten to fifteen miles across near the sea, narrowing as they run back until they are lost in the mountains. One of the striking features of the country is the great number of rivers and their size when compared to their length. The climate is so humid and the snow and rainfall in the winter and spring so great, that the number and size of the streams are wholly disproportionate to the extent of the country drained, as compared with other countries one visits. Not only is the rainfall great, but the dews are very heavy. These things make a constantly moist earth, and cause streams to abound. In May and June the volume of water brought to the sea by the rivers is very great, and occasionally causes much destruction by inundations when some of the restraining dykes give way. It may safely be said, I think, that nearly all the broad river valleys were originally swamps and morasses. But huge dykes varying from 10 to 25 feet in height, erected at enormous

cost of labor, confine the streams to moderate dimensions and give the country the bulk of its arable land, which swarms with a dense population.

We arrived at this place late this afternoon. We have now traversed in jinrickishas 500 miles of Japanese roads and about 100 miles by rail. The latter we passed over—in both directions—at a speed not greater than 18 miles per hour. In other words, we have moved slowly enough to make minute observations of every thing seen. We have been a month in the country, and all the time among its people. We have passed through 13 towns and cities, with populations of from 5,000 to 1,300,000 and through many hamlets and villages of 300 or 400 people up to 2,000 and 3,000. We have passed vast acreage of cultivated fields, and seen many thousands of people engaged in their daily avocations. We have slept in their houses and eaten of their food. We have seen them reeking in sweat, but never in filth. We have seen them in hilarious mirth, but never once in violent anger. We have seen them in their nakedness, but never once in anything like lewdness. We have seen them in toiling poverty, but have never seen a single look of sullenness or of despair. We have seen them in abject poverty; we have never seen them begging alms, except in a few instances of total blindness and decrepit age. We have seen them in every way shocking all preconceived ideas of decency and modesty, yet we have never noticed a single look or expression which would show that any one was aware things were being done which modesty would forbid. We have seen children without a stitch of clothing covering them, playing with children gotten up in their holiday finery. We have seen a man pause from his work, with only a hand's breadth of cloth about his loins, and talk with a neighbor in his richest visiting clothes, and the naked man wore as lofty a mien of dignity as his companion did in his robes. We have met women in the highway naked down to the hips, and saw no look that betokened a single thought of shame, and within a few hundred yards we would meet a beautiful, well-clothed woman whose eyes would drop in pretty modesty because we gave her a look of involuntary admiration. There is here no such thing as conventional decency or conventional modesty. With a high civilization—in many respects very high—the people still seem to be, to a certain extent, in a state of animal nature. Is the conscience seared, or has conscience never been awakened by a sense of sin? The psychologist must solve the problem and answer the query; I can not. I am still in a species of amazement among this inconsistent, this great, this little, this bright, yet grovelling and, to a western man, immoral people.

Each year, as I grow older, I find the tastes of my early years more and more strongly returning to me. Born and bred on a farm, I find myself more interested in agricultural pursuits and

productions, than in the works of great cities. I shall, in accordance with this disposition, devote some of my writing to what we have seen and shall see of farming. But as we have seen this farming not by going upon the farm, but in passing through them, it will not be amiss first to tell how we travel from day to day. For this purpose, imagine us four men seated in pretty little covered two-wheeled spring carts, each man with a satchel between his feet, and each cart drawn by two native, nearly naked, men. We approach a village or town; and having two pullers they dash through it at a tremendous pace with a cry of warning now to a pedestrian, then to a street vender, or to the drawer of another cart; every one good-naturedly gets out of the way of the foreigner and gives him a look of keen curiosity, never one of discourtesy. The children stare at the gray-bearded man, and perhaps crack a joke at his expense. The Japanese are a closely shaven people, and a full beard attracts attention and does not, I suspect, win any admiration. The pretty young girls give a look of kindly interest to the two fair young men of the party, and they both look conscious of deserving it. On we dash at not far from a ten-miles-per-hour gait. Suddenly the shafts of the cart are turned into a little court before the best hotel of the town. The place is in an immediate stir. The landlord comes forward with a bow, or rather a succession of bows. If we have one kuruma (wagon) man the landlord's hands reach to his thighs as he bows. If we have two they go below the knees, often to the ankles, as he bends low at the hips.

The landlady is on her knees on the raised platform of the house, and bows till her forehead nearly touches the floor. Just behind her are two or more pleasant-looking, and sometimes very pretty, handmaids (waiter girls), prettily dressed and with most elaborate coiffure. They bow as does the mistress. Every straggler and neighbor stops to see the strangers. We get out on the ground-floor, which is, in fact, but an extension of the street, and paved like it; our luggage is taken in, and we at once take off our shoes and leave them on this floor. In our stocking feet, or half-slippers, made of hairy deerskin, we mount the raised platform of the house, which is, say, two and a half feet in elevation, and is beautifully polished, as smooth as any rosewood piano. These floors are generally black and highly lacquered. A shoe, sandal, or clog is never allowed to scratch or mar them.

One of the waitresses at once brings a lacquered tray, on which is a small teapot and four tiny teacups, not much larger than an egg-holder. We each drink down a cup of tea. It is very weak; hot water, not boiling, has been poured over the tea and is at once poured into the cups. It has at least the merit of being hot, and, though weak, gives forth a delicate and delicious aroma.

The whole lower floor of the hotel is open to the street, resembling an inhabited shed rather than a house or system of rooms,

the kitchens fully visible, and the cooking apparatus all exposed. This last is not very elaborate in small inns, consisting of a stone- or earth-covered hearth, with small pits, over which are two, three, or four tripods, or suspended from the ceiling are chains, on which are hung the pots. The fire is of a few sticks of wood, or of charcoal covered over with ashes when not used, and quickly brought to a flame by a few small sticks or splinters; such quickening of the fire immediately follows the arrival of a traveller. In the larger hotels there are several oven-like stoves. There is no chimney, the smoke going out by a funnel-like apparatus through an aperture above.

We are then conducted up a very steep stairway of perfectly polished boards. We pass along a sort of upper porch or long gallery, and are shown our rooms, or, rather, room, with a sort of partition above hanging down one or more feet. Between this hanging partition and grooves in the floor, light, paper-covered panels can, in a couple of minutes, be inserted, so as to divide the one big room into two, three, or more smaller rooms, as the exigency may demand. The floors of rooms are all covered with white, immaculately-clean matting. There are no tables, chairs, or beds. Two waiter-girls bring in four cushions. We are four, our guide travelling with us as our equal. He is intelligent and a Christian, educated by Dr. Hepburn, the Japanese scholar. A small lacquer platter, with a little brazier, is set before us. It contains what would seem to be a smooth mass of fine ashes. Hidden in the ashes are a few pieces of burning charcoal for us to light our pipes from. Then a fresh pot of tea is served. Shaw (our guide) goes to the kitchen to show them how to boil an egg and to fry a fish. Very soon our supper is ready, and our two pretty waitresses bring in four trays with two covered bowls, a couple of boiled eggs, and pieces of fish on each tray. In one bowl is a sort of vegetable soup: it is made of tarro, mushrooms, a piece of radish, and a half-dozen other odd ingredients, which a Japanese can enjoy, but which an American swallows only to ward off grim starvation. The natives cook almost exclusively by boiling. In the other bowl is a soup, the main ingredient of which is a half-cooked piece of fish. One girl has a large, covered, lacquer box, holding about a peck. This is filled with hot rice. She squats beside it, and replenishes our bowls as fast as they are emptied. We eat our boiled eggs. Even a native Japanese cook has not yet found how to get any odd-tasting thing inside of an unbroken egg-shell. We eat our fish, and do justice to the rice. Perhaps we have brought with us a loaf of bread and a can of butter. This helps out amazingly. We politely pretend to swallow a bowl of soup; Shaw helps to get away with one or two, besides his own. He declares it delicious. Only sovereign-reigning grace can wipe out the sin of such a fib. Our supper is ended. Every thing is cleared away. If either of us has dropped a grain

of rice on the mat one of the girls picks it up with the daintiest of fingers.

Then comes in a man with a huge pile of "futons," a sort of thick wadded comforter. These are doubled and spread upon the floor, one in each compartment, formed by the separating grooves in the floor. Sometimes they bring sheets, but very rarely. A Japanese robe, fresh and clean, is served, however, for each guest. We cannot sleep on wooden pillows, so a comforter is folded across the head of the bed for a pillow. By the way, the Jap uses a small rounded pillow of wood, about ten inches long and five to six inches high, with a depression into which the back of the head and the nape of the neck fits and rests. This prevents the necessity of re-dressing the hair each day. Women now, and men formerly did, get up a very elaborate coiffure, which lasts for several days, if not weeks. It takes several hours to get into perfect form the heavy tresses of the women. Travellers frequently get into romps with the hotel girls. The care with which the latter guard their heads is amusing.

Then the girls tell us the bath is ready. We each undress and put on a robe. A girl to each of us shows us to the bath-rooms. These are down-stairs, and have only an open Japanese screen to shut off the gaze of the habitués of the house. The tub is a round wooden vat, about four feet deep. You put your foot in to try the temperature. You nearly shriek. The girl laughs, and empties a pail of cold water in. You then wait for her to go out. She does not budge. You can't, to save you, think of Japanese enough to tell her to go. Finally, by a lot of awkward signs, you get her beyond the screen, but not an inch farther. There she stands and waits, as innocently as did good old Eve when Adam poured into her willing ears his first declaration of undying affection. There are things as well as times that try men's souls, and call for heroic courage. One can scale the bristling wall, can march into the mouth of a hot-throated cannon, can mount the scaffold with the shining axe glistening in the sun, can tell the girl he loves how he would win and wear her, can make a maiden speech in the House of Representatives, but these are easy tasks compared to that of getting into a hot bath with a pretty Japanese girl looking at you through a rattan screen—looking at you, too, with as much *sang froid* as if she were seeing a three-months-old baby stripped of its little flannel shirt. Finally patience gives out, you drop your robe and jump in. Good heavens! the pail of cold water did cool the thing, but the furnace at the bottom of the tub is still adding caloric. You feel much as did the poor Japanese martyrs when, a few hundred years ago, the heathen wretches boiled them into grease. You forget the girl and every thing else, and jump out thoroughly clothed. *i. e.*, in scarlet skin. The pretty girl's musical laugh rings in your ears, and her soft mellow eyes take in the

hue of your half-boiled carcass. Ah, these are things which try men's souls!

After the bath, partitions are drawn between the several compartments, and we lie down to sleep. The partitions are a sort of very light sash, fitting into the grooves above and below. In lieu of glass, these sashes are glazed with translucent, thin paper, and are so easily adjusted that the girls make four rooms in as many minutes. We get into a doze. Then we hear a noise as if two or three freight trains were being switched on the floor. The outside wooden screens which close the house are being put in around the balcony. I said the house is open on all sides, but at bedtime it is all shut up by means of sliding screens, which during the day are hidden in niches in the wall. By this time we begin to itch. They say fleas abound in Japan. I have not seen a single one. But, when wakeful, imagination or reality has made them crawl about me in reckless redundancy. At last we get to sleep, and early the next morning take our breakfast,—about the same thing as the supper, with the addition of large bowls of tea prepared, under Shaw's supervision, in European style. We pay our bill, and here comes in a singular feature in Japanese hotel science. One night our bill will be three yen, the next night, in exactly the same sort of house, the same accommodations will cost us six or seven. I suppose the size of our bills vary with the elasticity of conscience possessed by the several landlords. All, however, are cheap compared with American charges, never as much as a dollar and three quarters for two meals and lodging. Our jinrickishas are ready, for we engaged them the night before. The men who brought us return over the road, and rarely ever continue with us the second day. We dash out of town to new experiences as we hurry along.

I said that the people in cities seem to be playing at running a town. One feels the same way about the farmers. Every thing is on such a small scale, and is carried on with such wonderful niceness, that one can scarcely realize that farming here is not for amusement, but is the business of life, and a very earnest and hard business at that. There are no such things as farm-houses; all live in villages or towns. There are no such things as barns or out-houses in which to store crops. Many farms are of one acre in size, and very few of ten.

On one of these little holdings the farmer will have his rice field and a dozen other crops. Every thing is grown by irrigation. Although it rains so much, no one relies on natural waterings. Everywhere there are irrigating ditches. The little fields are each perfectly level. A farm of two or three acres will have a half-dozen levels. In the flat valleys they all appear nearly the same, but in the upper valleys, and on rolling ground, or on the hill or mountain sides, each field is a terrace to itself. In the latter they are of all shapes, often only a half-dozen feet wide, zig-zag, round-

ing, and in every imaginable shape to suit the configuration of the land, so that each is perfectly level, and will hold water. The water irrigating one field drops down to irrigate those below.

The farms all look like small market gardens near our cities. The plow is used only in a few localities, and then not for loosening the soil, but to throw up beds. We have so far not seen a half dozen, and only near Kobe. All ground is dug and perfectly prepared. The spade and fork are unknown, but spade-like and fork-like hoes are wielded, as with us one uses the ordinary hoe. Not a weed is ever seen, and not a foot of ground is wasted. Between the rice patches the little ridges which confine the flooding waters are planted with peas or some other crop. The land is all double cropped. In May the wheat and barley is harvested. Immediately follows rice, corn, millet, or root crops. One sees rice, sweet potatoes, egg-plant, millet of several varieties, turnips, carrots, taro, beans, cotton, lilies, squash, sesamum, maize or Indian corn, buckwheat, hemp, flax for white cordage, sugar cane, dishrag plant, tea plant, indigo, mulberry, pear trees, and many other varieties of food crops side by side in little tiny fields and in all stages of maturity, and all of these on farms of from one to ten acres. In the large low-lying river valleys the rice fields are apparently of considerable extent, but on close observation one sees that even here few fields are much over one eighth of an acre in size, but all being on a common level present the appearance of one or a few large fields. In one locality we saw tea plantations of several acres, the possessions of a single man, but these are exceptional. We saw rice being harvested near Tokio a month ago, and yet even in this locality, where it is warmer, the bulk of the crop is not yet ready for the sickle. October is the regular harvest month for this staple. It is *the* crop of the country. Formerly all rents and all taxes were paid in rice. A rich man's income was spoken of as so many sacks of rice. All lands belong to the government. Under the new and better system of government all rents and taxes are now paid in money. Formerly a comparatively few Daimios held the entire country in fief, paying to the government so many sacks of rice. They let the lands to the tenants, tithing every thing, and virtually owned the masses. The Daimios are now a thing of the past, and tenants pay fixed rents to persons who rent from the government tracts of greater or less size. The farmer now, although he is bowed down in abject poverty, neither feels like nor has the air of a slave.

Lands are fertilized to some extent by applications of solid manures, but the great dependence is upon a liquid form. Every thing is saved that can be made to enrich the crop; all night soil is carefully preserved. Conveniences are erected along the highways and byways, so as to prevent any waste. Coarse grass and refuse straw is burnt, and the ashes mixed in the vats. Deep holes are sometimes simply dug in the ground, but more gener-

ally pits, walled with stone or wood, are sunken near every field. Into this the manure in liquid form is deposited to ripen and perfect itself. Men, boys, and women then carry it in pails on the two ends of a bearing pole to the fields, and with it water the growing crops. When one meets one of these liquid manure carriers on the road it is safe to hold one's nose until the windward has been gained. Women and men on their knees weed the fields as at home we weed a tiny flower-bed.

As one crop begins to ripen some other crop is planted between the rows, so as to get a good start before the outgoing one has been removed. Even the tea plantations, when consisting of small plants, have turnips, carrots, and other crops planted between the rows as soon as the July picking is finished. The people seem to be wonderfully educated as to the rotation of the crops, and land which has been in cultivation for many centuries yet produces marvellously large crop returns. This year the people will be well off. The rice crop is said to be almost unprecedented in the yield. This is the one great food crop for the Japanese. Rice, fish, and roots, they live on; meat they rarely ever taste. They eat the roots of several of the lilies which, in America, are grown for ornamentation. The water-lily and the lotus is cultivated to a great extent, where the lands are low, and cannot be drained, not for the flower, but for food. The population of Japan is about 37,000,000 and is supported on 11,258,000 acres of cultivated lands, or about 12 per cent. of the whole area of the empire, and exported, last year, of the products of these acres, \$21,000,000 of silk, \$18,000,000 of teas, and nearly \$3,500,000 of rice. The export of the last is almost, if not entirely, to China. Of her teas exported, nearly \$18,000,000 went to the United States.

Rice is all transplanted by hand in rows from five to ten inches apart, and in exact checks. The people certainly deserve much for their wonderful industry, and nature has been very lavish in her favors. The waters have a boundless supply of fish. Fish and rice may be said to be the food of the people, and yet the bountiful ocean not only supplies her share of the food, but supplies also a large amount of the manure which enriches the soil to produce so abundantly. Fish for this purpose are carried to quite long distances into the interior.

The forests of the mountains, too, are very bountiful of nuts. The chestnut is abundant and of great size. In all books I have read of this country the area of the islands composing the empire has been fixed at nearly 170,000 square miles. In a book of statistics published May, 1887, by the government, the area of all the islands having an area of one vi—there are 112 of these—is fixed at 24,794 vi. This would give an area of from 144,000 to 155,000 square miles, or in the neighborhood of 90,000,000 acres, or two and two third times the area of Illinois. About

80,000,000 of these acres are waste or forest, and do not even graze cattle of any kind. Buddhism has discouraged the eating of animal food. The acorns of the forest would feed millions of hogs and yet no hogs are grown. The grasses on many of the hills would feed millions of cattle, yet there are not 2,000,000 of horned cattle in the whole empire. The ordinary native grass is a sort of bamboo grass, with a sharp, hard, serrated edge, and which, it is said, cut the entrails of horses and sheep.

When one considers all of these things,—this wonderfully redundant population of poor and overtaxed, yet happy, bright people, supported on 11,000,000 acres, or less than an eighth of the area of their country,—can one wonder that a reflecting man is in a sort of daze while here?

There are no starvelings in Japan. The children are as fat and jolly as curly-tailed pigs; the young lads and girls give no evidence of not having enough to eat. They are all rounded in form and lithe in action, and the men and boys are capable of enduring active labor and fatigue as few others can. They are possibly not as muscular as our meat-eating men, but not a day passes that I do not see some man whose muscular development is a source of admiration, and others whose powers of endurance are simply marvellous. Two men on a fair road will pull a heavy man 40 miles in eight hours. A gentleman assured me that a single pair had drawn him 46. He weighed fully 175 pounds. It is true the road was on a rather downward grade. The most of these men are born upon and reared on farms. I will touch upon one more characteristic of the farmers. I refer to his use of flowers. Although he lives in a hovel which is house, barn, workshop, and chicken-house all combined, yet one will find close by the door of his dirt-floored hut marvels of flowers. Such coxcombs, foliage plants, marguerites, asters and chrysanthemums are never seen in America, except when grown by a professional florist. He has no regular flower-garden, he is too poor for that, and grain grows almost up to the threshold of his door. But he will have a few plants stuck in odd places, always perfect in form, large in size, and of marvellous colorings.

Here permit me to add a special line as to the chrysanthemum, the national flower and forming the crest of the mikado. There are many varieties. The largest they keep down to one bloom to the stalk. I measured one six and one-quarter inches in diameter, of perfect form, and exquisitely pure and white, this, too, though the chrysanthemum season had not begun by nearly a month. This was the favorite flower of my mother, and has, therefore, attracted my attention. Others not as large as our old silver ten-cent piece, are grown on rounded bushes of considerable size, covering the bush almost solidly. They are now just coming into season, and are displayed about the commonest houses.

CHAPTER IX.

SPECULATIONS UPON JAPAN—GREAT DYKES AND WALLS—LILIPUTIAN TREES—FEMALE EDUCATION.

Hiogo, Japan, October 15, 1887.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago last April I met Bayard Taylor in Cairo. We were both on our way to Jerusalem, he expecting to go on to Moussoul and Ararat; and I to cross Asia Minor to Constantinople. He abandoned his trip and joined me. We were nearly of the same age and conceived a liking for each other. We spent months together in tent life in the land of the Saracen, and crossed by land from Aleppo to Brousa. In a caique we were rowed at night toward the Bosphorus, and saw the morning's sun gilding the domes and minarets of Stamboul. We anticipated some months more of pleasant journeyings together in Turkey, Greece, and Albania. But on reaching, in July, the sultan's capital, he found letters from the *New York Tribune*, commanding a halt, and informing him that Commodore Perry was about to be sent on an expedition to Japan, and that the paper would endeavor to get him a position on the commodore's ship. We discussed the future and talked of the strange, locked-up country he was about to visit,—a land we regarded almost as belonging to another world,—a people we supposed to be of different mold from that in which other men were cast. He did join the expedition, and caught a glimpse of the shogun's hosts. What he wrote on the subject showed that the sight of the land and of its people had not dispelled the illusions we were under when in the city of the Turk. Bayard Taylor has gone from among men, but his name lives in poetry, and is enrolled among the immortals. Here, in the land he helped to open to the world, I do homage to his memory, and count it among my good fortunes that I knew him and could call him friend.

A glamour surrounded the word "Japan" when my friend and I talked of it far into the night a third of a century ago; a glamour still hangs over it as I sit here in this delicious climate and think of its long past and speculate upon its future. Taylor and I thought of it as a land of terrors, and of its men as barbarian monsters. The islands were a *terra incognita*, and the American fleet was going to them bearing discoverers; and with true Yankee impudence, our people actually did give names which

yet rule, under the right of discovery, to points of land and islands which were peopled and civilized when England was inhabited by a lot of ignorant savages, and America had been seen only by telescopic observers on some distant planet. We thought of America opening a savage land to European and American commerce, so that the universal Yankee could turn a penny and make a mighty dollar.

I sit here, however, and look back over the past. The land is covered by a weird haze—a haze through which I see this people existing as a people when Nebuchadnezzar was grazing among the beasts of the field, and when “Mene, tekem, upharsin” was blazing in frightful glow upon the Babylonian wall. I see this people coming down through the long ages, doing mighty works,—works which will endure until the rocking earth alone shall sink them into dusty ruin,—works not piled up in pyramidal stone to commemorate the legends of forgotten masters, but mingled with and made a part of the very soil to enable it to wave in corn and blossom into flowers and to bear fruits to feed innumerable peoples,—works to bridle rushing rivers and foaming mountain torrents, to restrain them, in their wild fury, from carrying destruction and death, and turning them into handmaids of man, helping the dews of heaven to cause the earth to blossom as a rose. Huge dykes run up and down great river banks, and back and forth across innumerable valleys, confining mighty floods, and making them the support and helpers of the people, instead of being their destroyer; their broad summits turned into smooth and level roads, and their sloping sides clothed with forest trees. Oftentimes for miles on the crests of transverse dykes are cut deep channels, along which flow large pellucid streams, fresh from mountain heights, irrigating innumerable fields, and sending pure water through stony gutters along the single streets of numberless villages and hamlets.

I ride for miles and miles through fields of rice so rich that the stalks bend under the heavy grain; through fields of millet, whose heads droop like ostrich feathers; through fields of cotton, white with the bursting bolls; through fields of buckwheat, blossoming like a flower-bed; fields of turnips and other roots, of emerald green; through fields of taro, whose broad leaves flap like elephantine ears; of sugar-cane, so thick upon the ground that one wonders how the roots can possibly find nutriment; through plantations of tea, almost black in glossy greenness. I see that crop follows crop so quickly that the soil knows no rest, and then I remember that this thing has been going on for centuries, and that to every acre of land under cultivation there are three people and over to be supported. That these people not only support themselves, but export \$48,000,000 worth of produce for the luxury of other lands, and that they do not import a single mouthful of food from those lands. Then I remember that all

the houses in the land are of wood, and are burned down on an average of once every ten years. In other words, that there is not and cannot be any hoarded wealth; that the people eat, drink, and are merry, with no thought of a remote to-morrow; that they eat of the produce of each day, and lay up nothing for the next. And then I remember that this has been their habit and their nature for ages. Then, again, I recall the fact that, up to a few years ago, these millions had no rights which their daimio masters and sumarai retainers were bound to respect. That the nobleman fleshed his maiden sword upon the limbs and backs of his slaves on the streets and highways as freely as a boy would cut off thistle-heads with a cane. With all of this the fact, yet one sees a hard-working poor man in his half-clothing, naked up to the thigh, carrying his head as erect and well poised upon his shoulders as ever did a Roman senator; that the children are fat, ruddy, saucy, and jolly as ever were seen in a schoolhouse playground in America.

Five years ago an educated woman was a rare thing in the land, while to-day every city has its large girl-schools, in which are hundreds of the rising mothers of the land getting as good an education as an average woman at home obtains. We were in a private mission-school a day or two since, in which were 300 well-clothed girls and 90 boarders. There we heard one of our own Chicago girls, daughter of our learned bibliographer, Mr. Poole, late of the public library, hearing a class of young ladies recite—and right well, too—exercises in English grammar, and another class recite, with decided intelligence, a lesson in physiology to the bright and earnest principal, Miss Dauthaday. I recall the fact that this wonderful progress is of the growth of five years; that fathers who, up to ten years ago, thought woman was intended to be the slave, or, at best, but the agreeable upper servant, of her father, brother, or husband, are now straining every nerve to give their daughters a liberal education, and particularly desire them to be able to read English literature, while even husbands are sending their young wives to school.

Aiding in all of this is the progressive Empress, who, knowing that things cannot be well done by halves, utters the decree that women, to be received at court, must wear European costumes. And this is not done for vanity's sake, or to encourage some pet dressmaker, but to change woman's status absolutely, and from the very bottom. Last year, when she and the Mikado visited Ozaka, she let it be known that no rank could enter into her august presence except in European dress, and, knowing how this would entail hardship upon many, with kind generosity sent presents of costly stuff to many ladies to enable them to be present at her reception.

By the way, I commend the Empress for her good intentions, but I lament that she had not called a congress of wise women

together to advise and invent some better costume than the miserable, unhealthy, and not over-decent style of dress now worn by civilized women. Our women are frightfully shocked by the exposure permitted by the Japanese costume, but forget that they themselves do nearly as bad. They make a well-shaped dress, and then stuff in artificial filling when nature has been niggardly in her gifts. Conventionalism makes the thing modest and decent, and habit and fashion make us think it pretty. But there is absolutely nothing in the style of the day which is artistic, graceful, healthy, or naturally attractive. I wish I could have had the ear of the Empress before she made her fiat. I would have begged her to get up a new style, modified upon a Chinese model. It is a really pretty, convenient, and sensible dress. This costume we saw, in great beauty, on the wife of the Chinese minister and on ladies of her suite at a temple in Tokio, when they came for their regular monthly devotions. Without any apparent curiosity, we were able to watch and examine them for nearly a half-hour. Their dress was exceedingly becoming, thoroughly modest, and very artistic and graceful, and yet of such form that it could be adapted to every change of temperature. Our women are intelligent, modest, and full of æsthetic refinement, and yet they have become so thoroughly slaves to conventional ideas that they deform themselves and believe themselves well dressed because they are in the fashion, and imagine themselves modestly attired because custom has ratified the mode. I would like to build a wall around China out of which no almond-eyed Celestial could escape, but it would delight me if the costume of their ladies could be introduced among Western nations. We would then have our better halves dressed to please an artistic eye, without the present waste of female health and strength. Japan needs, and is rapidly adopting Western ideas, but when her women import annual pattern plates from Paris, and live up to the changing fashions of that giddy capital, they will have lost much of what they gain by other improvements.

One cannot realize the enormous strides in progress this people has made since Perry calmly sailed up Yeddo Bay, except by reading the intelligent observations of European and American writers who were here 20 or 30 years ago, and then by comparing their descriptions of things as they then were with what the most careless traveller can now see. The common remark made by foreign residents here is that the Japanese are moving forward too rapidly. When asked why, they can give no intelligent answer. They simply think the thing cannot last. The most intelligent lady we have met here made this remark to me. I replied by asking my usual question: "Why?" She naively answered: "Five years ago we began thoroughly to introduce our system of female education among the people. It was up-hill work. We were met by every kind of native opposi-

tion. Now they have not only been keeping pace with us, step by step, but are actually outstripping us, and we cannot keep up with them."

Is it to be wondered at, then, that a close student of human nature finds himself constantly asking the question: "What is to be the future of this people?" One fact makes this question the more pertinent, and that is that the people themselves do not seem to be aware of the rapidity of their own advancement. They are so greedy for knowledge, and so apt in its acquirement, that they seem to take their progress as a thing of course—a perfectly natural corollary of their determination to make progress. They are not simply imitators, as are the Chinese, but they catch Western ideas, and these ideas become their own, and not infrequently are improved upon. Their farmers, without the knowledge of a single scientific fact, are yet the most scientific of agriculturists. Without the knowledge of a single principle to guide them, they dig and sow, manure and reap as if replete with all the results of past scientific research. They seem to think that, in every walk of life, they will imbibe knowledge and skill as a sponge drinks up moisture. And I ask myself the question: "Will they not?"

In the kindred branches of agriculture—floriculture and arboriculture—they are as skilled as in the first. One sees beautifully developed flowers constantly, up against the mud wall of a smoky hovel, in hamlets, and in mountain valleys; they are frequently seen in patches, the size of a bath-towel, stolen from the very macadam road; on ledges of rocks where a hatful of soil will lie, dahlias of great variety and perfect in form, coxcombs of exquisite hues, of huge size, and formed like beautiful pears; marguerites as large as a silver dollar, and in great masses upon the bush; a purple iron-weed, a sort of coreopsis nearly as large as the marguerite, and equally thickly covering the head; coleas and other foliage plants so brilliant in dyes that they appear to have been dipped in blood and then fringed with burning sunbeams; mari-golds and other kindred flowers nearly as large as the dahlias. These seem to be the favorites of the peasant or coolie population.

The skill of these people in tree culture is even more surprising than that shown in floriculture. The latter is not so novel to the average American. He has seen at home the little wild rose worked up into the huge and perfect jacquemint. He has enjoyed the delicious odor of the peony transformed from the rank-smelling old-fashioned plant, and is ready to comprehend any monstrous metamorphosis among flowers. But when he sees here an old pine tree with gnarled and bent branches, its whole appearance the exact counterpart of the ancient monarch of the mountain-side; when he sees this old-looking, perfectly healthy and thrifty fir, 100, 200, and even 300, and 400 years old, growing

in a flower-pot two or three feet deep, he hardly knows whether he be more interested in the skill evinced or amused by the grotesqueness of the idea which suggested it. Such a tree as this I have seen. Its whole height was not five feet, and its gnarled branches did not cover an area of eight feet. I asked its age, and was answered, 450 years. Near by were dozens of smaller ones, three feet high, in pottery vases, perfect in form, some round and bright as the denizens of the rich bottom-land. Others, queer-looking, odd old liliputians, making one think he was viewing an ancestor of centuries ago hanging from a rocky crag, and that he was looking at it through the reversed lenses of a powerful field-glass. I ask:

"How old is that?"

"It was planted by my father 52 years ago."

"And that?"

"My grandfather put it in the pot 70 years back."

"And this other here that looks as if it had been watered from the fresh-water tank in Noah's ark?"

"Ah! that is a beauty, and is the pride of my garden. It was transplanted when no taller than my little finger by my great-great-great-grandfather, nearly 200 years ago. He spat upon its roots. He is a good god now, and his soul sits among its green branches every day and blesses his children." And the good man folded his hands and looked as if he felt that the spirit of his ancestor, now one of his household gods, heard his pious utterances.

These old little trees are in gardens, and adorn niches for ornaments in the houses of the well-to-do. They are grown on either side of the central incense burners before the inner shrines—the holy of holies,—where abide the living souls of the gods in the great temples, both Shinto and Buddhist. One looks upon them very much as you look into the meek eyes of a baby elephant—so cute, so quaint, so knowing, and so like its monster mother, when it stretches forth its flexible trunk to take a peanut from your hand.

Then, too, there are monster trees, claimed to be a thousand, or nearly a thousand years old, whose branches have been trained into every conceivable, abnormal shape, and are venerated, if not absolutely worshipped. We visited one at Karasaki, on Lake Biwa. It is about six feet in diameter just above the spread of the roots, but a little higher up, where its three great branches spring out, it takes a 39-foot line to girdle it. At some 20 feet altitude the many limbs coming out of the three great branches have been trained nearly horizontally, and cover a space of 180 feet from out to out. One branch, up to a few years since, lifted to a height of 90 odd feet. A typhoon took it off. The broken place is cemented over, and a little god house is perched over the cemented fracture. A small temple lies in its shade,

and the soul of a god lives and sings among its needles. The attendant priest told me it was 1,000 years old. I believed him. Why should I doubt? Thomas doubted. I never do, especially now that I travel for rest and wish to live in a half-dream.

These people have had no horses to speak of, no beasts of burden, no complicated machinery. They themselves have been beasts of burden for so many thousands of years that the moon was young and had not worn its harvest phase when they became people and commenced to earn their food by the sweat of their faces. With their naked hands they have chiselled rocks of monster size and erected them into mighty walls, 40, 50, 90, and 100 feet high, about the castles of the great capitals. Some of these walls are miles in length, and are built of stones brought from great distances and weighing from 100 and 200 pounds up to very many tons. In the castle at Ozaka, high up on the wall, are granite stones 30 feet long, eight feet high, and nearly as many feet deep. These I examined on either side of the gate-way. But within were stones so huge that they looked like rocky precipices erected by nature upon a mountain-side. I could not go in to measure them—I had no permit, and the guard, after politely permitting us to look for a minute or two, motioned us to pass on.

But we had time to see two monster stones, which seemed to us to be over 40 feet long, 15 to 20 feet high, and how deep we could only guess, for they were a part of the great inner wall. These mighty walls were not erected, as was Cheops pyramid, by captive nations worked to destroy them, but by a cheerful and politically enslaved people, but still the people of the land; people who can chase a piece of bronze with a delicacy of touch and a lightness of finish few European people can reach; can carve a bird and have done so for centuries, and did so when these massive works were erected; can and have carved from wood, birds so natural that one can almost see them pick the rice they appear to be feeding upon, and can see the ruffling of the feathers as they fly.

“What will be the future of this wonderful people?”

CHAPTER X.

HONOR TO PERRY—THE MIKADO FORMERLY A GOD ; NOW A WISE
RULER—RAPID PROGRESS—GOOD POLICE—GOOD ROADS—
A THOUGHT OF MOTHER—FARM HOUSES.

Kobe, Japan, October 16, 1887.

AMERICA delights in doing honor to the memory of her great dead, and her people never weary in recounting their heroic deeds. One of her great men, however, has not yet received the honors due him, and his noblest act is appreciated only by a few. When Commodore Perry conceived the idea of drawing back the bolts which for centuries had locked this country against foreigners and then calmly and bravely carried out his design, he showed the brain of a great statesman, and did one of the boldest acts recounted on the page of history. The bristling guns of his fleet did much to bring about the wonderful success of the undertaking, but not so much as did the calm, dignified, and patient bearing of its commander. The reticent diplomacy of the statesman did as much as did the bold demeanor of the sailor. Other nations have taken greater advantage of the results of the expedition than we have done. Let us at least do all honor to the man to whom belongs the glory of the idea and of the act.

At that time Japan had an anointed ruler, who reigned in seclusion as a god, who was worshipped and venerated as such, and was feared because he was the son of the sun, and was supposed to have daily intercourse and communion with the great Author of all things. She had, however, another ruler, who governed in the name of the hidden one and was feared as a master, whose sword was never sheathed. For ages the mikado had never been seen by his subjects. He gave audiences to the princes, nobles, and great priests of the realm, but he spoke from behind a veil—an impenetrable screen—and those who pleaded before him did so with their foreheads bowed down upon the ground. They would not have dared, even if they could, to turn their eyes upon the brightness of his dazzling face. To have looked upon such effulgence would have been an impiety, punishable by the offended gods.

Through the kindness of our excellent Minister, ex-Governor Hubbard of Texas, we had a permit from the Minister of Home Affairs to visit the mikado's palace at Kioto. We saw the pavilion on which the descendant of the sun-goddess formerly sat when

giving audience, and lifted the heavy silk curtains which once screened the mighty one. It was less than 20 years ago that the great crowned but unsceptred monarch—the 121st ruler of his line—lived in this great palace and reigned over, but did not rule, his people. For hundreds of years his ancestors had lived and reigned as he did, while the shogun (tycoon) governed for him from Yeddo, and ruled the people in his name with despotic sway. Perry opened Japan to the gaze of the world, and western civilization soon opened the palace of the mikado and showed his face to his people. The last of the shoguns is now a pensioned civilian. The tyrannical daimios are simply influential nobles, and the noble class, the samurai, are trying to earn an honest living by filling government posts or plying the lusty limb in honest toil, instead of hewing peasants down for a pastime, or debauching their wives and daughters for recreation.

The Mikado has moved from his celestial palace in the sacred city of Kioto, and now lives in the palace of the tycoon at Yeddo (now Tokio); rides in an open carriage before the people; visits the great cities of his empire; governs by a species of responsible ministry, responsible at least to public opinion, and in two years his 37,000,000 of people are to have representation in the councils of the nation. Colleges and universities are crowded with intelligent seekers after knowledge, and the professors' chairs are filled by well-paid, educated men, summoned from all lands. Women are being educated fully and completely, concubinage is forbidden, or at least is no longer protected by law. Railroads are being built all over the land. Great ships and huge steamers of all nations ply in her waters and lie in her harbors by the dozens, and the people recognize the fact that they owe all this to America. All hail to the memory of brave Perry! Paradoxical as it may sound, it was well for this people that they were governed by despotic sway when the country was opened. The force of despotism alone could have broken down the prejudices engendered by centuries of seclusion and bigotry. For ages the people had possessed no will of their own. They were told to march forward, and with implicit obedience they started on their march, and are still marching to a quickstep, which dazzles not only the outward world but the old rulers, who are, and will be, compelled to keep in line to the quickened time.

To all outward appearances the country is well governed. It is certainly the safest country to travel in I have ever known. We have wandered in highways and byways; we have been in crowded cities where the people swarmed as bees swarm about hives; in dark mountain gorges and on lonely mountain sides; being foreigners and travellers, we were known to carry valuables and to possess funds; we have walked and ridden through dark streets and lonely roads by night; we have slept in hotels in

small villages and in large towns, with no locks upon our doors and no walls about us thicker than a panel of strong tissue paper; we leave our rooms with open valises, and valuables on open shelves. We have lived thus for five weeks, travelling over 500 miles, and have lost nothing, except through our own forgetfulness.

We have seen hundreds of thousands of people, and have not seen a really drunken man, nor a single quarrelsome or boisterous one. We have seen hundreds of well dressed, quiet policemen: we have never seen one gossiping with the people, or two talking together. We have seen crowds collected by curiosity or other cause, and have seen them at once and good-naturedly disperse on a low order from a patrolman. We have never seen a street blockade for a minute, although we have often seen them thickly crowded. We have driven through towns when holiday processions were moving through the streets, but have never been compelled to stop, a way being always opened for our passage.

The rulers may be tyrants, and the people over-taxed, but the tyrants evidently rule wisely, and the people pay the taxes without a murmur. In England the lower classes—the hardworkers—look sullen and ill-tempered. In France they wear an air of gay recklessness. In Austria the peasants always make me sad, so tired and hard-worked do they look. Here there is an appearance of absolutely bright cheerfulness on all faces, even when the arms and legs are doing the work which beasts alone should perform. Why is it? Is it because they are but merry, speaking animals, and do not know that they suffer? If so, it proves that it were folly to be wise.

In March, 1886, Tokio's population was, in round numbers, 1,300,000. It had 3,748 policemen, divided as follows: One chief, 26 captains, 26 lieutenants, 341 sergeants, 3,441 patrolmen, 8 mounted men, and 141 detectives. During the year 1885 the whole number of arrests were 6,414; during January and February, 1886, 808. We have been in five cities with populations of over 150,000 each; in eight with populations from 5,000 to 50,000; in at least 50 villages and towns with from 500 to 2,000. Policemen are all over the country in every village, all wearing a common uniform. We have not seen a single one with a prisoner or in any altercation with a citizen.

The streets and public roads are beautifully paved, nearly all with gravel, shell, or fine macadam, and all well crowned, thoroughly rolled, and kept in constant repair. A stone roller about four feet in diameter, drawn by a dozen or more men, is used to pack the gravel down. The streets in towns are as clean as if swept. It must be borne in mind, however, that there are comparatively no horses to make a street or road filthy, except in Tokio, and no heavy wagons to cut into a road-bed. The light, loaded vehicles simply keep them well packed. In Tokio the

cavalry soldiers and gentlemen's carriages employ quite a number of horses, but all droppings are at once swept up.

There are four great national highways leading from Tokio and running in different directions to the extreme limits of the land. These are well graded and are kept in thorough repair by the central government. Branch roads lead from these great highways in every direction. Many of them may, too, be maintained by the government. This I had not the means of fully learning. The most of them, however, I did learn, are built and supported by the several prefectures or by the villages traversed. There being such an abundance of rivers and streams, there results naturally a necessity for a vast number of bridges. Many of them would seem at first blush unnecessary, but this idea is removed by the reflection that in the spring and rainy season floods are greater here than elsewhere, and the people would be cut off from locomotion by streams which, though small rivulets to-day, at times become fierce torrents.

Many bridges on the public highways have been built over the large rivers by contiguous villages. These are toll bridges. The tolls for a jinrickisha ranges from one to two and a half cents. We did not see a toll-gate or bridge presided over by a single toll-taker. All seemed to have three reverend fellows, who were squatted within the toll-house with the inevitable charcoal brazier for lighting a pipe and another for making tea. Are they thus placed in threes to watch each other? I wished to halt and advise them not to have 15. Chicago experience has proven that to be a fatal number. Majorities of 8 and 19 are not healthy for the people.

The width of the great roads depends much on the lay of the land. I found the average to be, in road-bed, from 12 to 13½ feet. Outside of this is a ditch on either side, sometimes rock lined, but generally in the simple soil. Along these ditches, in all mountainous or hilly, and therefore well watered, localities, run streams oftentimes full and clear enough to be fine trout brooks. They are either feeders to or drains from the irrigating ditches and canals which supply the fields with their indispensable fluid. These roadside brooks are frequently deliciously laughing and babbling. The branch roads and small byways are very narrow, in mountains, barely wide enough for the jinrickisha, or for a pack-pony, with turnout places here and there, for the convenience of those which may meet. By the way, the little man-carriages are 34 inches from tread to tread, when made for single persons; 48 inches when intended for two passengers.

Outside of the ditches on the great roads are rows of trees, often doubled. These leave the width of the whole road from 20 to 25 feet. Many of the trees are of great age and size. Between Utsonomiyaya and Nikko, on either side of the road, are old cryptomerias, a species of cedar, none of them under two and a

half feet in diameter, running up in many to five, and extending to a height of not far from 200 feet. They are planted so close together that frequently the trunks near the ground are incorporated one with another as a great solid wall. The old road has been worn down through ages until it is four to six feet below the original level. The roots of the great trees seeking the moist soil near the ditches, after the manner of cedars, have become so interlaced, and have grown to such a size, that they form an absolute wall of woody roots from four to eight or ten feet high, for, like other cedars, the flanges of the roots lift considerably above the soil. The branches of these lofty trees unite overhead and form a perfect Gothic arch. Looking through one of these great woody arches, the effect is very weird and picturesque. The trunks of the trees, running one into the other in the perspective view, resemble a mighty basaltic wall. High above springs the green arch, through which the sunlight at noonday barely penetrates, and toward late evening makes one feel he is moving between rows of spectral monsters. Rows of trees are on all the great roads, not always of cryptomerias, being sometimes yellow pine and other species. When of yellow pine the effect is very grotesque. The trees throw out no branches until at a considerable height, and then these are so gnarled, bent, and yellow, as they lean towards each other over the road, that the effect is more artistic than with the other arrow-like, straight monarchs of the forest.

In some of the mountain passes the public roads are for miles paved with basaltic stones laid flat. These have become polished by the wear of centuries. Over them the traveller has to walk, and hard and ugly work it is. One slips and flounders as he goes uphill until his knees and thighs ache to the bone. One slips and flounders as he goes down hill until the calves of the legs feel like monster boils; at least mine did. When I sit on a nice seat and look at a beautiful scene, I am but thirty-two and the rise, and "all my skies are rosy bright, laughing in triumph at yesternight." I am young and full of to-morrow, and live in the present and glory in the future. But when I climb a mountain I am full sixty-two years old, and I feel there is no morrow until the to-morrow of eternal rest shall come. This is a beautiful world, and made beautiful for man, or it is a beautiful world and man, springing from its soil, is so fashioned that he revels in the beauties showered upon the lap of his mother earth. Man's sins and wrong-doings scar and mar the picturesque earth, and if he commits no sin, the decrepitude of age dims the eye and numbs the senses until all is sere and in the yellow leaf.

We are now in the latter half of the middle fall month. It is, to all intents, glorious summer. I look out of my window. Light, fleecy clouds chase each other athwart the clear blue sky. I lay down my pencil and am lost in revery. How blue would

be yonder sky! How light the floating clouds, if she who was my sunshine were but by my side to enjoy and drink in the beauty about me! How far off in yonder blue is her pure spirit floating? Or is it hovering near me now? Does it join me, and is it journeying with me as I make my "race with the sun?" I envy the Japanese their absolute faith in the living presence of their dead ancestors. But their fathers and forefathers alone live about them. No thought of the dead mother. One look of love, one sweet whisper—"My darling child!"—from her who bore me, who nursed me upon her lap, and bade the fever go when she laid her cool hand upon my baby brow—these would be worth to me more than a thousand blessings from all the fathers through whose loins I came, from Adam down. One look of undying devotion from the dark eyes, which were deeper than fathomless wells; one touch of the soft hand, which a few months ago could cause every drop of blood to dance and sing through my veins; one earnest "I love you" from those lips which a year ago made my life a song of living joy—Ah! Fathers may be revered and honored, but dead mothers and wives are for worship, as living mothers and wives are for devotion.

I said all the great roads were lined by rows of fine trees. These rows are broken by many villages lying along the highways. One is rarely out of sight, three or four miles being a long interval. These villages are the homes of the farmers. They dwell along the road, it being to them the one street. The farmer's house is rather a hut, and would deserve the name of hovel were it not for the cleanliness of the living part of it. In more farm villages they stand back a little from the road, the space in front being generally planted as a field, even where such space is not over 20 feet.

I will describe a house which may be taken as typical, for these people are thoroughly homogeneous, and, though their dialects in different localities differ one from the other, yet the houses, dress, manners, and customs are everywhere the same. Imagine a house of 30 feet front and about the same depth, now and then considerably deeper. It consists of a sill on a loose stone foundation. Upright studs are set at the corners and every three feet between. To these studs are lashed, with coarse grass thongs, bamboo lath. On both sides of this is a smooth coat of plaster, composed of mud and straw. The story is, say, nine feet high. Above this springs a steep, hipped roof of thatch. The roof is, rather, half-hipped, for a ridge runs, say, ten feet along the centre. The thatch is a foot to 20 inches thick, very compact and tight. The ridge rises a foot above the comb, and is planted with flag or grass, and is always green. This is to keep the wind from tearing it off. Sometimes the whole roof is green with the little succulent plant vulgarly, called "hens and chickens." The eaves of the roof overhang two, three, and sometimes four feet. The main

story has no ceilings, but above what should be the ceiling there is a partial one. This, and under the hanging eaves of the house, is the farmer's barn, where he stores his utensils and all of his crop which is not immediately sold. Barns as such are not needed. The Japanese live from hand to mouth. Crops are sold as soon as harvested. Only enough is stored for home consumption and for seed. The front of the house is open by day, but closed by night. About ten feet of one side of the main floor is of dirt. Here all rough under-cover work is done, and wood, straw, and materials for manufacture are kept. Raised above this is a platform two and a half feet high, covering the remainder of the main floor or house. On this is a sunken hearth, four feet square, where is built the only fire the house ever has. Over it hangs a chain from the roof; it is the pot-rack. To it hang one or two pots, the bulk of the cooking utensils. At night the front of the house is closed in by sliding wooden shutters, and within, the raised platform is subdivided at bedtime into as many compartments as the family needs or can afford. The floor is more or less polished, and is covered by mats. There is no chimney; the smoke goes out at the opening in the ridge or quite as often escapes by the door or rear windows, which frequently are so black as to look untidy. When one reflects that there is never a fire which would fill a half-bushel measure, that the Japanese wear no woollen garments, and only sandals or clogs on their feet, that the winters are cold enough to make ice two or three inches thick, and that the ground is often white with snow, one wonders how they live. There seems to be something peculiar in their physical make-up, as well as in their plants, which enables them to endure safely great cold. I am told that plants which, in America are killed by autumn frosts, here live and bloom in the midst of snow, and when the thermometer has gone much below the freezing-point. Certainly the people have wonderful powers of endurance, if their sensations are such as ours.

Every Japanese, high or low, takes his hot bath every night. He jumps into a vat of water heated from 115 to 120 degrees, and enjoys the boil, and yet when necessary stands for hours up to his waist in cold mountain torrents, and it is said will break the ice in winter and work up to his neck in immersion, seeming to feel no ill effect from it. He is certainly a wonderful animal, and ethnological data must yet be furnished to convince me that he be not indigenous to the soil he lives on.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPLES AND GODS—TOKIO; ITS CASTLE AND DENSE POPULATION
—EASY-GOING TRADESMEN—BEAUTY OF THE YOUNG AND
UGLINESS OF OLD WOMEN—PROSTITUTION—FISH.

Kobe, Japan, October 17, 1887.

JAPAN has five great cities: Tokio, with its population of over 1,250,000; Kioto and Ozaka, each with a population of over 250,000; Nagoya, with some 200,000; and Yokohama, with 150,000. Tokio, Kioto, and Ozaka are the most interesting of these. They are great hives of people, and bewilder one who rides or walks through them. Each has its castle or central palace, each has great temples, and densely populated, narrow streets. I will not attempt accurately to describe the temples. It could not be done, except at the expense of great prolixity, without the aid of pictures and drawings. They are all of wood, with huge, bending, massively thick roofs, and large pillars; and are either elaborately and beautifully lacquered in various tints, vermilion predominating, or, being unpainted entirely, have their natural woods mellowed by time. The great majority of the temples are mausoleums of some great man who has become a demi-god and is worshipped.

There are two religions in the land—Shintoism, the old national religion, and Buddhism. The foundation of Shintoism was a worship of the sun, or the sun-goddess, the original creator of all things. Following her are thousands of gods, monsters of the imagination, the denizens of mighty forests and lofty mountains, or horrible caverns and caves, and of belching volcanoes. The majority of them were probably men in far distant ages, who awakened men's fears by their deeds of bloodshed and rapine, or awakened their affections by charity and acts of love. Their human character has been forgotten in the long lapse of ages, and they are now regarded as never having been other than supernatural. The great bulk of the gods, however, are recognized as men who, after death, were deified. The ancestors of every man are to him household gods, and he chooses the one he will worship as such.

The shogun or tycoon rulers of the past are all worshipped as gods. When a ruler died his successor erected to him a great mausoleum and buried his body in a tomb at its rear. The mausoleum at once became a temple, and the soul of the dead man

lives in the inner shrine and is worshipped by the masses. Some of these temples are of great beauty in their architecture, and their adornments are wonderfully elaborate and rich. The two richest temples in the empire are at Nikko, the mausoleums of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, the founders of the late family of shoguns, 200 and odd years ago. They are models of temple beauty. Here it is that one sees the wonderful lacquer work for which Japan is so famous. As beautiful as it is, however, I was more delighted with the wood carvings which surpassed any thing I had ever seen. The flowers and vines cut from wood seem to be growing and the birds to be breathing and flying. I counted in a frieze in a sort of wall or fence around one of the temples 227 birds of life-size, in alto-relievo so wonderfully wrought and exquisitely painted, that I almost imagined I could see them pant and flutter.

The roofs of the temples are many feet thick, and made up of richest cornice-work, the several members all painted in charming neutral tints. But I dare not attempt to describe them, for without the technical terms I could not possibly enable one to see them with me. The Japanese have a saying: "See 'Nikko' before you say 'kekko'"—"See Nikko before you utter the word 'Splendid.'" I will say, see Nikko before you attempt to read of its splendors. The temples of Tokio are very beautiful, and are also the burying-place of shoguns. All of the successors of Iyemitsu were buried here, except the last, who was expelled in 1868, and is still alive but will probably never be deified.

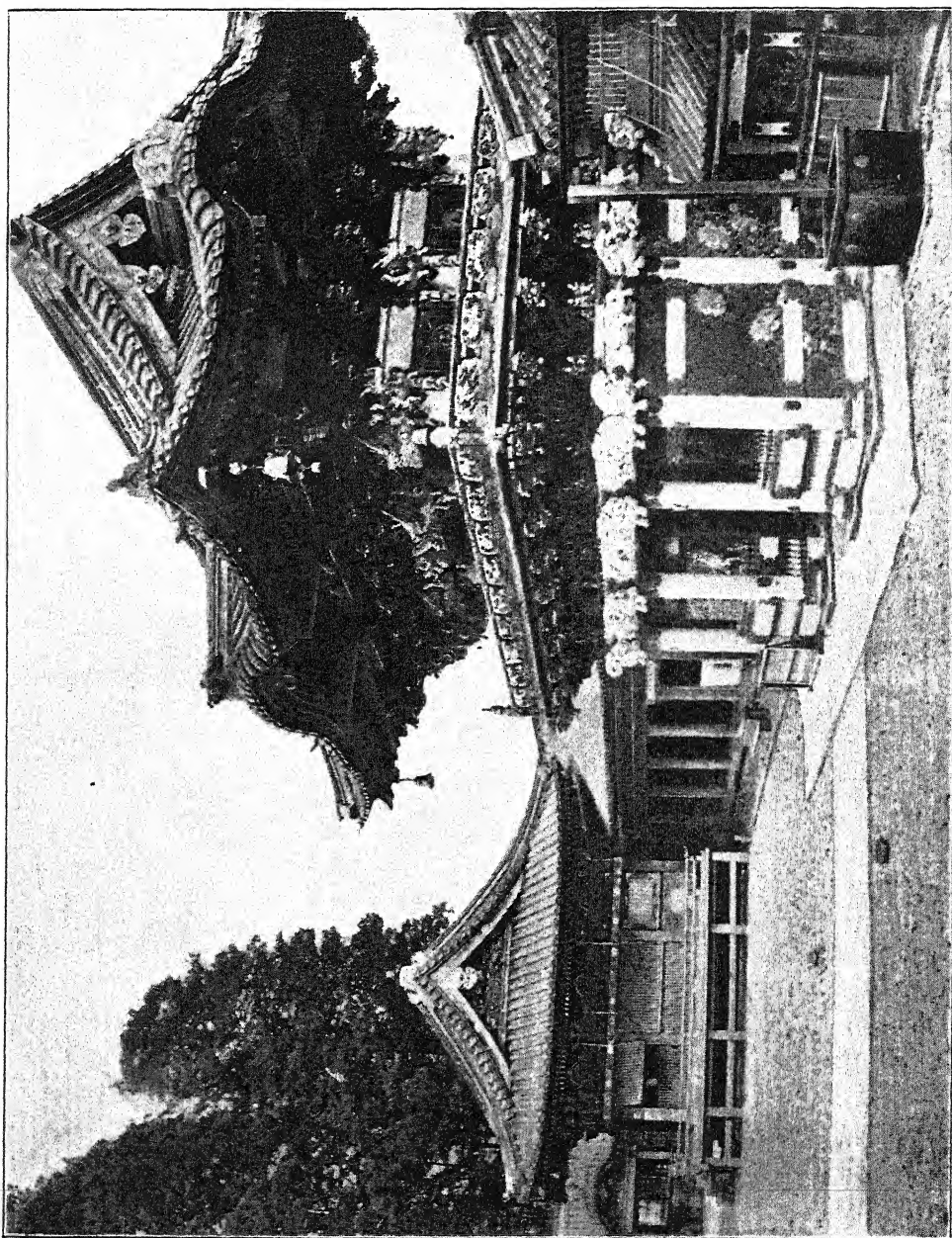
It is said that Tokio covers nearly if not quite as much territory as does London. It is certainly of vast dimensions. The central portion—the castle, as it is called—covers a space several miles in circumference. This comprises the first, second, and third castles, the one surrounding the other, and between each a great moat 100 to 150 feet wide. Each inner castle and moat is on a higher level than the next outer one. The inner side of each moat is bordered by a great wall from 60 to 90 feet high, built of huge stone and of massive strength. Each of these inner castles, or divisions of the castle, is on a level with the top of the next outer wall. Such walls and moats are zigzag or serpentine in line. These so-called castles are not such according to our ideas. They are simply enclosed spaces, and could be successfully defended in case of an attack. The outer one being taken, the next became a strong fortification. The inner castle of all, which covers several hundred acres, was the home of the shoguns. The mikado is now erecting a magnificent palace in place of the old one, which was burned down, as every thing is sooner or later in Japan. This inner castle is a garden or park covered with magnificent trees, and is beautifully laid out so as to represent a thoroughly rural locality, with lakes, streams, meadows, woods,

and thickets. We had a permit to go through the grounds and found them very picturesque, with running streams, rocky waterfalls, thickets of bamboo of great height, dense jungles, and beautiful gardens. The two outer castles are occupied by government buildings and some of the city residences of the nobles. This portion of the city, however, has but a thin population. Outside the outer moat is the main city, stretching for miles from this imperial centre. The houses are of one and two stories in height, except the public buildings. These latter are all European in form and architecture.

Formerly the daimios were compelled to spend a part of each year at the shogun's capital, and large spaces of ground were allotted them in the outer castle, on which they erected great quadrangular buildings resembling barracks, each covering many acres, for themselves and their numerous retainers. In this way the shogun forced them to expend a large part of their vast revenues, wrung from the poor serfs, to adorn his capital, and was at the same time enabled to keep his eye upon them and to prevent them from becoming too powerful in their great baronies. It is said that many of these daimios had revenues running into many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and had at their command men enough to form large armies. During the past two and a half centuries, while the foreigner was absolutely locked out of Japan, the nation was one of spies. No man dared speak, for the very walls had ears, and no man of rank knew when he might receive a secret command to commit *hari-kari*. This espionage went into the very nature of men of all ranks, and was the source of the worst of this people's rather national characteristics—suspiciousness. Even in the little time we have been here, I have seen this disposition cropping out among all with whom we have had dealings. They are ready to be suspicious of every one with whom they come in contact. Time may undo this blot, but it will take a long time of fair dealing. If the present march of improvement and its consequent large expenditure of money should end in a collapse, I much fear that the suspiciousness of the people may cause them to lay it to the foreign ideas which are so cultivated, and cause them to take a reactionary step which will require years to undo.

While I write I hear a bagpiper's dulcet tones upon the street and the loud voice of some jolly Scot in wild hurrah. I look at my watch and find the night has reached the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." To bed I go, but not immediately to sleep. The hurrah is kept up; the bagpipes screech and wheeze in wildest slogan. Dozens of voices yell out, "Fall in—march!" and there are none to fall in but those who give the orders. Each fellow sees just fourscore kilted Highlandmen in line, for he has put a glass before his eyes this night.

I find on getting up this morning that there was a regatta yes-



terday, and a club feast. The whole "concession" seemed to be jolly, if one judged by the hurrah I heard last night; and all were apparently Scotch. It is wonderful how quickly the bagpipe and the juice of Scotch rye will manufacture true sons of Scotia, or will multiply a few into an uproarious host, ready

"Wi' tippeny, to fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae to face the devil."

But I was speaking of the daimio residences in Tokio. All of these have been turned into manufacturing establishments, or have been torn down. The daimios claim great credit for the part they played when the shogunate was abolished and their own vast feudal rights and possessions were abandoned. The claim may be somewhat just, but it is rather too much to believe that the doings of '68 and '69 were noble acts of self-abnegation. It is easier to think that they had the wit to comprehend the inevitable, and the courage to face the music. How much more commendable and manly than the miserable egotism and grimace the French *Noblesse* paraded before the world during the first half of the century just ending. The samurai made, I believe, no pretense of patriotic self-immolation. They had been lording it over the land, and were so used to the carrying of arms at all times that they did not quit with grace, but resisted *à l'outrance* and only surrendered when the inevitable was upon them with crushing weight. It may have been imagination, but I have a great many times, in the streets and roads, met men whose heads seemed more proudly lifted upon their shoulders than was natural, and whose curled lips and haughty, fierce eyes seemed to tell me how the owner hated the foreigner and detested his ways.

I was about, however, to tell you of the great city of Tokio, outside of the outer moat. The streets, as are nearly all streets in the land, are very narrow, the majority being of the width of our narrow alleys. There are no sidewalks. The ground-floor—the genuine *rez de chaussée* of the houses—runs into the street pavement. Each little house is shop, workshop, and residence of the occupant. If there be a second story, it is not over eight feet high. One at once asks, how do all these people live in these little coops? He goes to the rear of these small buildings, and finds there are no back yards and gardens such as we are accustomed to. The whole square or block is filled with houses, one behind another, packed together as honeycombs are packed in beehives, and the people move in and out among each other and over each other as bees do in reaching their cells. The streets, narrow and crooked lanes, running in all directions, twisting, turning, zigzagging, and winding, are crowded with people, all engaged, all busy, but apparently busy in doing little things. All, while busy, do what they have to do with an air of nonchalant uncon-

cern, which is odd and strange to an American, accustomed to see men work as if to-morrow they had to die, and do they must and must do to-day. Is ours the better mode? *J'en doute*.

The inevitable charcoal brazier and teapot is close beside every dealer and every worker. The dealer takes two or three whiffs at his little half-thimble-sized pipe, inhales the smoke, blows it from his nose in a white cloud, and closes his bargain. The carpenter draws his plane or drives his chisel, then takes two or three whiffs from his pipe, knocks out the ashes, and goes on with his work, or stops to finish the game of checkers with his fellow-workmen, or perhaps with his employer. Every one works as if there was no limit to his time and no necessity for hurry, and yet the work is done, for they labor from the very dawn far into night. It is no uncommon thing to hear the hammer or heavy rice-beater pounding long after the outer shutters are put up, and the house looks as if there was no living thing within, or that all were wrapped in night. Houses in which are forges cannot be so closed up at night, so that one sees the glow of the fire and sees Vulcans hammering by the light of their little furnaces as late as ten and eleven o'clock. But all is done easily and leisurely. As a gentleman of colored persuasion, formerly of Philadelphia, whom I met on a holiday excursion, with his Japanese wife and semi-pickaninnies, told me, "They never strain tharselves, sah!"

The streets are crooked and twisted. When one takes a "kumura" or jinrickisha for a run to a distant part of the town, more or less beyond the castle centre, he is amazed at the tortuous doubling his man makes to reach it, and wonders how he can find his way; the streets have such innumerable windings, and all look as much alike as the faces in a flock of sheep. But the man will pull you at a dashing pace by day, or even by night when all is dark, with only a paper lantern here and there, no names on street corners, and each street resembling another as a row of corn resembles its neighbor. He seems to find his way by instinct, and is never at a loss.

The Japanese are thoroughly homogeneous. While there may be said to be different types among them, they all have certain characteristics in common, and as far as I have seen, some never failing ones. The eyes are not almond-shaped, like the Chinese, but generally set slanting inward. The upper lid, however, never fails to be somewhat drawn at the inner curve, as if the skin of this lid was somewhat thick and inflexible and too short. This seems to be absolutely universal. All have enormous heads of crow-black straight hair, except now and then one sees a brownish tint among children under eight or ten, as if sun-burnt. This, however, cannot be the cause, for few grown people wear any head-covering, except working in the sun when high. Then they put on, among the cooly class, straw hats. These are of several varieties, but generally resemble a large inverted water-bowl

in form. The rich or better-to-do, are bare-headed everywhere, and carry umbrellas when the sun is hot. In rainy weather the working-classes wear a sort of rain-hat about two feet in diameter, shaped like a straight-ribbed parasol. This is set on top of the head and held by a straw thong tied under the chin. In addition to this, they wear a rain-coat, or mantle, made of coarse grass. Some of these resemble a simple mat thrown over the shoulders. The real national rain-coat, however, is a mass of dry grass, woven together, about the neck and hanging in grassy fringe nearly to the knees. This costume is decidedly picturesque, especially when the water is dripping from the fringe. The heads of the grass hang towards the bottom. It takes a heavy rain to wet the wearer.

In and through the city (as such) of Tokio runs a considerable river and many canals. They carry commerce of a heavy character to distant parts, which would be excessively laborious to a people who have no horses. But I have wandered from the subject I was talking of—the physiological characteristics of the Japanese. I think I have discovered another peculiarity. When waited upon by the girls in the hotels I was struck by the delicacy and beauty of their hands. Their finger-nails would be the admiration of a manicure. I also thought I saw a peculiar shortness of the little finger, as compared to the third. I have thought this peculiarity common to all. I have watched, but not having language to excuse a desired scrutiny, and being modest in the extreme, I have only seen from casual observation. There is very great difference in the complexion of the people. One sees many girls and boys as fair as the Caucasian—beautiful, clear, white complexions, with more of the cream under-tint than the starchy white of the English blonde. The masses, however, are dark. The young have a higher average of good looks than any other people I know, particularly those from ten to twenty years. The very young children are not so nice to look at. A cold in the head seems universal among them, and the nose seems never to know a handkerchief. They appear to enjoy the dripping, as a bull-dog delights to have ropes of slaver hanging from his under-jaw. But one sees a great many handsome boys and pretty girls, from ten years up, many of them of rare beauty. I believe I have seen far more beautiful young women in the past six weeks than I ever did before in as many years. I do not mean the high, refined beauty of one of our really beautiful women, but lithe and rounded forms, undulating motions, which the awkward clog-gait cannot wholly overcome; well turned and finely chiselled features; rosy, budding mouths; dark, soft, and expressive eyes; massy crowns of black hair, always perfectly coiffured; and with-all a thoroughly womanly, modest expression of face, and beautiful complexions, running up from the nut-brown to the pure, creamy white. Such as these, are to be seen every-

where as one runs through the land. The fair complexion does not seem to belong to the upper classes, as I had been led to suppose. One sees a perfect complexion on a waiter-girl in a hotel, and I have seen many such on young women picking cotton near the roadway; while among officials at Tokio, and indeed, everywhere, we find very swarthy people. Count Itto, the real head of the nation at this time, and the commanding general who entertained us at the old castle at Nagoya, are both of dark, copper-colored, chestnut hue, and the Countess Itto looked to me, in a hurried passing, as dark as one of our octoroons, but without the yellow tinge. This dark tint among officials is owing to the fact that they belong to the bold soldier caste, and came originally from Kinshiu and Shikokou, the great islands beyond the inland sea. There the people are dark, and more brave and hardy than those of Hondo and Nippon, the main island.

While the young girls and young women are pretty, I can say but little in praise of the old ones. When married they color the teeth to a glossy black, shave the eyebrows, and pluck the lashes. This is said to be done to prove that henceforth they do not desire the admiration of any but their husbands. Poor fools, they do not know that some of the brightest men of the century have gravely asked the question if the tinkling of the marriage-bell does not toll the funeral knell of love, even in lands where marriage is really the commencement of female adornment. But aside from this custom, the women here do not wear their good looks long. They toil, bear babies, and rapidly grow old. One superadding cause of this I suspect to be the habit of nursing their children at their breast until four and five years of age. We have frequently seen children playing and romping with their mates in the streets, then suddenly stop, rush to their mothers, and draw from the breasts their own lunches and the very life of the poor women. They never wean a child until another comes to take its place, and it is no unusual thing for the two to divide the produce of the dairy, if it be a plentiful one. It is said this custom is so prevalent because there are no cows which give milk to speak of, and no food other than mother's milk to bring the youngster through the teething season. In spite of this, however, the mortality, as shown by statistics, among children is simply frightful. This is hard to understand, for the children are in great numbers everywhere. They are tumbling and playing in the streets; they make the welkin ring in the hamlets and villages, and when we have been on the road as early as seven in the morning, we would meet or pass them by the hundreds on the country highways, on their way to school, all with little baskets for their books and luncheon, and with their droll counting-tables strapped to their backs. Education is compulsory, with certain exceptions I have not been enabled to learn.

Will the extension of education put a stop to one of the

strangest of all this country's institutions—its public prostitution? Large sections of every city are set aside for this purpose. In Tokio it is a suburb, but in many places the establishments are in the most frequented localities and close to the temples. Every house in such localities is devoted to the demi-monde. Some of them are of palatial splendor—two, three, and now and then four stories in height. At night these are a blaze of light. The first story has in front a light wicker screen, not unlike the bars of a cage in a menagerie, only being of wood. Behind these sit the girls, dressed in their finest toggery, eating confections, drinking tea, and looking their best. In some of these show-rooms one will see, according to the size of the house, all the way from a dozen to 30 or 40. They are so whitened by cosmetics that their faces assume an unnatural and almost ghastly look. They are all mortgaged to the keeper by their parents, or by themselves, for a longer or shorter period. Music abounds in these streets. One sees in Tokio several thousand of these girls, all sitting with perfect decorum, nothing being done that is unseemly in outward appearance. The streets are crowded with men of all ages; and frequently there will be seen a father, with his wife and children, walking up and down and looking at the show. Among these children, with their parents, are females. Now and then a girl is called to the bars and talks with a friend, a lover, or a passing admirer. One by one the girls drop out to entertain a friend or lover. And in such places men often find wives, and not a few of them are now in good society in the nation's capital. With these exhibitions it is not to be wondered at that the good wife of a missionary said that the Japanese were the most immoral people on earth. I had to confess that the immorality was more patent than anywhere else. But, after all, does the ostrich destroy its enemy when it sticks its own head beneath the sand? Let wise men look the evil straight in the face and do their earnest best to undo it as far as is compatible with humanity; but do not let the love of morality—true soul morality—degenerate into sickly sentimentality, or into pharisaical outward form. It is a sad thing to see this horrible depravity here, stalking openly in the blaze of light, but sadder far to think that in Christian America and Europe the same exists, only under cover, and that thousands sink into wretched graves from the unholy life, and that countless thousands of our good people pay no attention to the leprosy, except to demand that it be kept out of sight, and that their nerves be not shocked by its open view. The Japanese seem never to have wakened to the thought that this sin is one of the most hideous of all; or, indeed, that it is a sin at all; otherwise parents surely would not take their young children, both boys and girls, to look upon it.

They do not take them to be shocked by its deformity, for no

deformity is seen—all is decorous, and, to the eye, pretty. No ribald jest is heard or permitted, either within the bars, by the girls, or without, by the crowds who look upon them. Police are ever on the watch. There is no look of shame or sadness on the faces of the poor creatures thus put up for sale. They are beautifully dressed and seem amused at the interest they awaken, and their eyes dance when an admirer beckons them to the rail for a chat. It is known that when they go out of their bondage its scars are not left upon limb or forehead. There is nothing to say to the young: "Look, tremble, and beware!" It is a strange phase of the strange civilization of this strange people.

There is a great inland commerce constantly going on among these people. Nothing is so small as to have no value. One sees bushels of fish no larger than a baby's little finger on the stalls, and sea-cockles smaller than our little snails, while near by will be wiggling eels three feet long, the peeled head and arms of great devil fish, and the fins and steaks of monster sharks. With all the anomalous productiveness of the soil, producing for centuries, year after year, great double crops; yet the land is not more bountiful than is the water. It is said there are several millions of people actually engaged in taking fish from the sea, and this has been going on from time immemorial, and still the sea never tires of its generosity. Fishes spawned in icy regions are caught in the same waters here with those which ordinarily are found only within the tropics, all in boundless quantities, and many of them of finest flavor. The supply does not seem diminished by the catch. This is true of lake fish as well as of those of the sea.

Gov. Hubbard did us the honor to give us an elegant lunch. The "tai" upon his table was superior to any red snapper I have eaten, and good fries are to be had in every hotel. The inland waters, too, are almost as prolific as the sea. Every stream and lake has its fish. There are on Lake Biwa quite good-sized towns, the bulk of whose people are fishermen upon its waters. The salmon trout, and two or three kinds of speckled trout are in the cold lakes and mountain streams in abundance. The people all fish, from little fellows of six and eight years up. One sees little toddlers catching crabs as large as the crown of a hat in small irrigating streams, and others on the salt bays fishing with a line and hook for shrimps and tiny minnows. Parents never seem to think it possible their children should drown. Little troops are seen along rushing torrents and climbing on the rocky walls of deep canals with such apparent recklessness that a stranger trembles for their safety. They seem to have an instinct of self-protection, as little animals have.

CHAPTER XII.

BEAUTY OF JAPANESE SCENERY—TERRACED FARMS—THE INLAND
SEA AND NAGASAKI—MISSIONARIES—CHEERFULNESS OF NATIVE
WORKERS—SWEET BUT SAD THOUGHTS ON QUITTING JAPAN.

Steamship "Port Augusta," October 26, 1887.

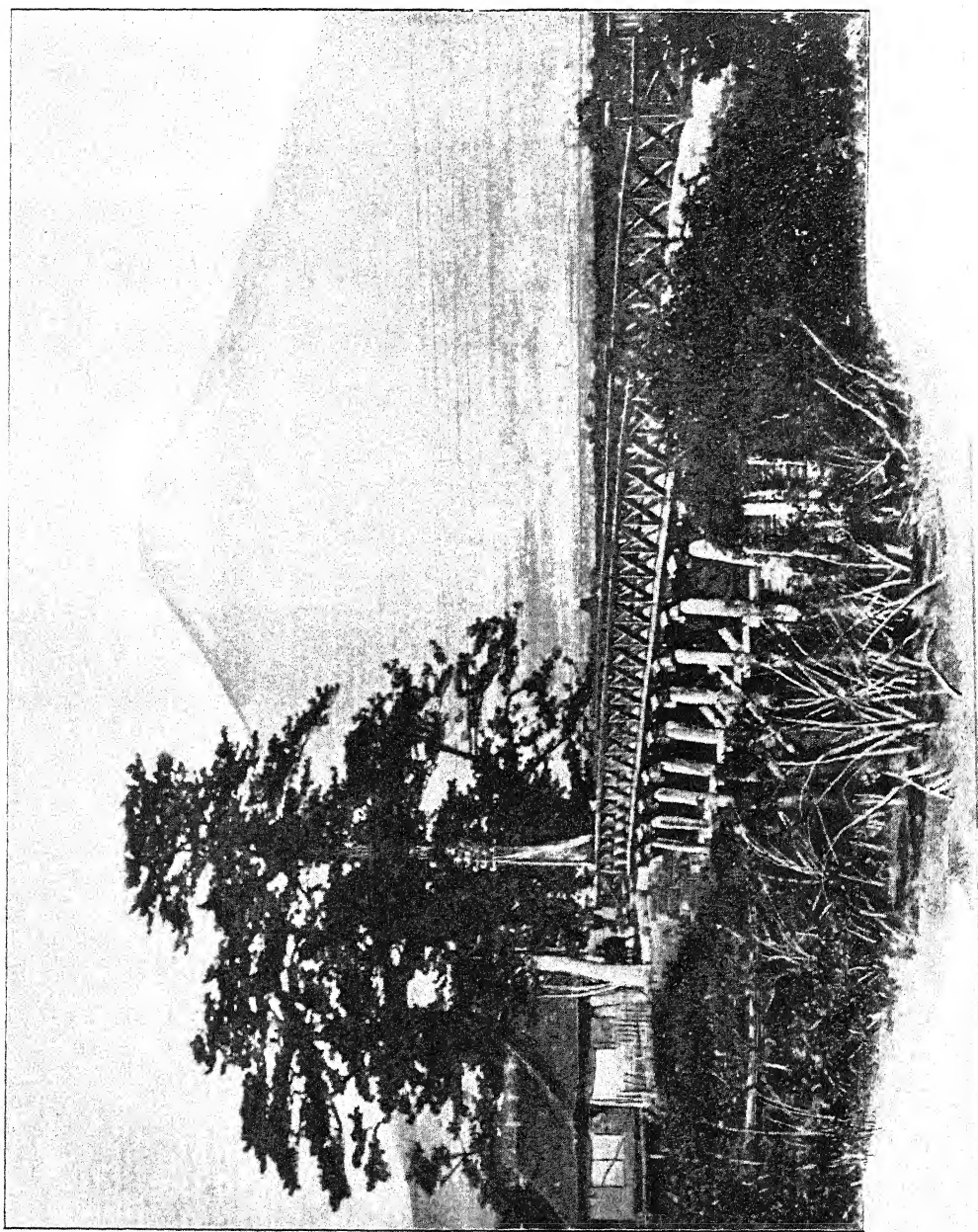
OUR tour through Japan has been one of pleasure, but at the same time one of no little toil. We had so little time at our disposal, and there was so much to be seen, that we have been forced to be up early and generally to bed late. We have had no easy coaches in which to ride and look, and to rest as we rode and as we looked. The jinrickisha, although in many respects a most delightful conveyance, is yet one that causes great fatigue when constantly employed, and for such long stretches as we have used it. The tread is so narrow that the slightest inequality on the road brings sidelong jolts, which cannot be resisted. A run of 50 to 60 miles a day in one of these little man-sulkies is followed by a somewhat racking pain in the small of the back, and causes the traveller to feel very stiff when he ends his course. It is then that the blind massage-rubber comes delightfully into play.

We were anxious to see and study the country as much as possible, without any attempt or pretence of diving deep into any subject or of solving national problems, but rather to place ourselves in a position which would enable us to study and understand what we may read and hear when we shall have leisure. My letters are intended to enable others to see somewhat the things I may see, so that they can more intelligently study the country we pass through, in the writings of others who may claim to know more than we know and to understand what we simply observe on the surface. But while we have employed our time in such way as to make it as practically useful as possible, we have endeavored to enjoy the novelty of our position and the beauties of our surroundings. In other words, to be tourists as well as students. The Americans are to-day the greatest tourists of the world. To these I shall devote this—my last Japanese letter, and shall try to show them how, when they have done up the European continent, and fully enjoyed the vast field of beauty afforded by our own land and by the Canadian dominion, this old-new empire will offer them a great deal which will be entirely novel among men, their manner and works, and at the same time

a mass of varied and beautiful scenery, unsurpassed, if not unequaled, anywhere else they may have been.

We have been forced to forego visiting many localities said to be of great beauty, but have visited enough to get samples of each and every kind of scenery. We were too late to climb Fuji, from whose lofty cone the panorama is said to be equal to any in the world. But we have had fine views from considerable heights. We saw no snow-clad pinnacles piercing the sky as in the Alps, nor yet the home-like landscapes one sees in England. There are no homes nestled down in copses of wood, or mansions surrounded by lordly parks. The music of no distant church-bell reaches and lulls us, nor do the carol of the mountain herdsman, the *chants des vaches*, come in wavy deliciousness from any distant lofty pasturage. But in place of these, one looks upon mountains cutting the sky with lofty cones, green to the very summit, and clothed in a wealth of forests far up their sloping sides—ranges of hills from 1,000 to 5,000 feet high, not stretching in fatiguing sameness, but notched, broken, bent in short curves, then lifting into sharp points, never the same in any direction, and never hurting the eye by rocky coldness or sandy or brown barrenness. Few peaks exist in the land so lofty as to reach beyond the line of vegetation. When the tree-line is passed there comes grassy verdure so luxuriant that the tall heights seem clothed in emerald velvet. One looks far up narrow valleys, which elsewhere would be wild gorges, and sees them terraced far into their depths and variegated with various crops in all stages of maturity, from those but lately planted and freshly green, to others golden and ready for the sickle. Every mountain slope, every mountain gorge, is thus terraced as far up as streams offer the opportunity for irrigation.

In other lands fields on level flats only are supposed to be capable of artificial watering, but here one sees even rice fields 2,000 and upward feet above the sea on mountain slopes which anywhere I have heretofore been would have been entirely abandoned to pasturage. The climate is so humid that brooks have their sources very near the summits of ranges. These brooks are caught and made to flood little fields, frequently only a few feet wide. The overflow covers another range of fields a little lower down, then runs into the stream to water farms on yet lower grounds and in the valleys. In some of the mountain ranges, which are composed of disintegrated granite, there are no springs. In such, the winter and early rains are caught and held in ponds and lakelets, some only a few feet across, others larger, till one sees some of them pretty little artificial lakes of from a quarter of an acre in size up to one or more acres. The embankments holding these waters are often 20 to 40 feet high, and the ponds are stocked with fine fish. These artificial reservoirs enable fields to wave in green where otherwise all would be desolation, and



help to make pretty landscapes where, but for them, all would be barren and unsightly. In some of these upper farm-lands, the tourist is charmed by the quaint sight of rice, after harvest, hung to dry on the gnarled branches of the umbrella pine and other spreading trees. Often rice is thus hung on branches 30 and 40 feet above the ground, and at nightfall reminds one of the moss-grown trees of Louisiana, only the rice hangs in thicker masses than ever the mosses grow. Rice, by the way, here is nearly always hung to dry when harvested. Rain is so frequent and dews so heavy that it cannot be dried except along road-edges or on poles or trees.

The system of terracing mountain sides for general farm purposes is, as far as I know, peculiar to Japan. On the Rhine and in France and Italy steep slopes are thus managed, to make them the homes of the grape, but the localities are few and the extent so small that one can refer to them only to enable you to know how millions here obtain their entire farming land by thus wresting it from worthlessness. This system of terrace-farming is one of the great sources of beauty in Japanese scenery. In many lands farms on plains are pretty when viewed from heights. In Belgium and parts of Germany it is a pleasing sight to look down on the long, narrow fields in different crops, looking like old-fashioned carpets woven in rows of different colors; but here the fields are so small and so irregular in shape, being cut into every form to enable the level to be preserved, that one looks down upon a patchwork, a genuine crazy quilt, of a dozen different colorings. Then, too, here trees on all plains are more or less abundant—little fields are grown in mulberry, others in bamboo, still others in orchards of low, trained pears and plums. Persimmons, golden with their beautiful fruits, some larger than hens' eggs and shaped like them, are about every village, and trees skirt every large irrigating ditch or canal, so that the flattest river estuaries are variegated and pretty. The Japanese persimmon is a very fine fruit, and when dried is a good substitute for the fig. Villages are so plentiful that no plain is without several in view. From the old feudal castle at Nagoya we counted 70 odd villages in sight to the naked eye—villages of all sizes, those of 30 or 40 houses up to others of 500.

In the mountains many of the villages and little towns are exceedingly picturesque, hanging on the sides of the gorges; houses perched on projecting rocks overlooking feathery cascades; houses so close together that the little streets are almost roofed by the jutting eaves. Above such villages on the mountain sides are the gnarled and grotesque umbrella pines, with their yellow trunks and branches and spreading boughs. Dense thickets of feathery bamboo and of camellias and other waxy evergreen shrubs enclose the lanes and roads. These adjuncts add to the romantic picturesqueness of many mountain villages.

In some mountain localities beautiful little jinrickisha roads, as smooth and well paved as one of our boulevards, climb up the valleys by a grade so easy and well engineered that they could be used for a railway track but for the shortness of the curves. These pretty roads mount on one side of the narrow valleys, climbing higher and higher, the torrent getting farther and farther below, till one looks down 1,000 feet upon the foaming water, while beautiful slopes lift high above, and perhaps are wrapped in a soft veil of cloud. Perched high up the gorge, the traveller will, after the climb of a few miles, find himself in a pretty hamlet, and enjoy his evening or his mid-day lunch in a hotel deliciously clean, and as cool as could be wished. Nearly all travellers content themselves by a voyage by steamer from Yokohama to Kobe, at the beginning of the inland sea. One should go from one to the other of these points either by the great Tokaido road through fine scenery and a dense population, or by the Nakasendo through the heart of the country and fine mountain scenery. Indeed, one should take both of these trips. But, as I said, most travellers content themselves with the sea voyage between these points. They see in the locality of Hiogo, Ozaka, and Kioto, several ranges of mountains, composed of the detritus of granite rocks. These ranges have a somewhat sterile appearance, with deep gorges of yellow or gray sand; dunes of sand left everywhere, and not more than half relieved by the forests climbing the mountain sides. I am unable to comprehend the causes which brought about the disintegration of this hard stone. There must have been, at some period of the past, a peculiar chemical composition of the atmosphere to have enabled it to melt down the mountains and turn them into granitic sand. Water alone will destroy mountains of sandstone, but something else was needed to change these granite hills. People who have travelled here as the majority do, will think my pictures of Japanese scenery overdrawn; but these localities are exceptions rather than the rule.

I spoke of the Japanese saying: "See Nikko before you say kekko" (splendid). This referred more to the temples in that sacred locality than to the scenery. The genuine tourist, however, who is not afraid of a good and heavy tramp, or who can mount a Japanese pony, will find the temples afford less than half the delights to be found about the sacred town. In every direction are fine excursions, some of them of almost unequalled charms. One I shall always delight to recall—that of some 20 miles, to Chusenji Lake and Umato sulphur springs. Fearful that we would be unequal to the walk, we had one pony between us. And what a pony! The horse here is said to be indigenous to the soil. He is a sort of doubly enlarged Shetland pony, shaggy mane, and foretop as heavy as a Jap's head of hair. He carries his head very low, and seems as ugly and determined

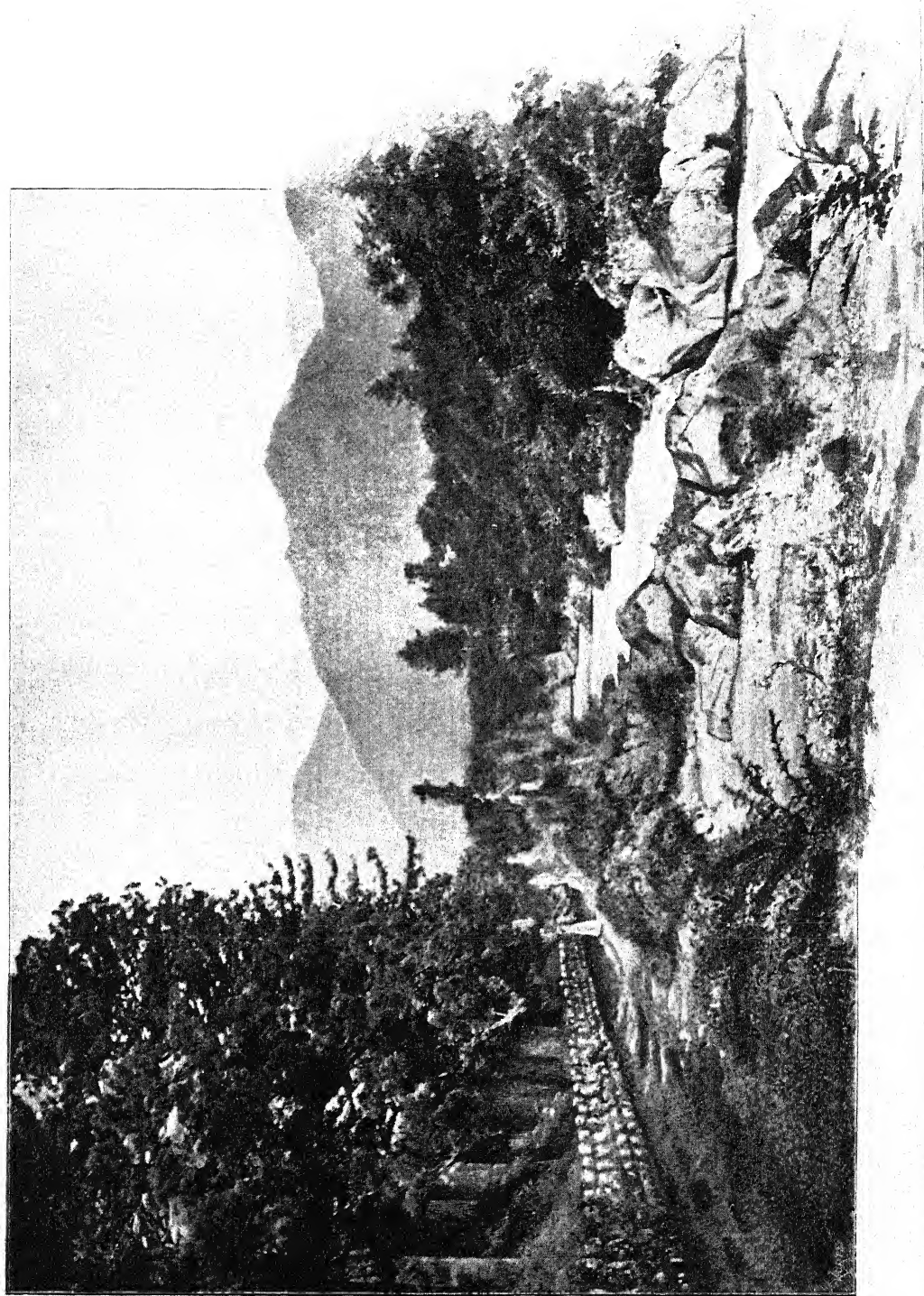
in his disposition as his master is cheerful and easy-going. The horses are entire, and are used for riding and for the army, while the mares are employed in raising colts and carrying packs. The saddle-horses go when they please and stop when they will. They are the most gallant brutes on earth, and every lady-horse we met called forth all the chivalry of my steed, and once or twice got me into a scrape which gave me trouble to get out of. One advantage, however, accrued to me—the boys dared not ride; and, while we theoretically rode in turn, I was generally in the saddle. Our road was up a river of a crystalline clearness I had never conceived of. The perfectly white clear water rushed over rocks in every imaginable way, now cataract, then rapid, crossed every half mile by odd bridges, some of them springing from rock to rock, through which went tumbling the rushing torrents in wildest fury. The road-way of these bridges is never over four feet wide, and without any guard on the sides, the floors being fagots lashed down with grass ropes. My steed, who never failed to cry halt when he met a pack-animal, to find whether he were meeting one of his sweethearts or not, displayed the most discreet care when crossing these frail structures, never once lifting his nose a foot above the floor. By the way, horses for the saddle are shod with iron; all others, as well as the pack-cows and bulls have their feet protected by shoes of straw, and very excellent shoes they are. The straw sandal for a man costs about a cent and a half of our money. I doubt if a full set of horse-shoes cost any more. In some parts of the roads we have travelled we could almost say the roads were paved with worn-out horse- and men-sandals. Whenever the wearer finds his foot protection too much worn he discards it and dons another, of which he usually has an extra pair. Every tea-house along the roads, and there are many, have good supplies of these cheap foot protectors.

But I was speaking of the excursion from Nikko to Umato. The road is along the river, between beautifully forested mountains, of most picturesque forms, one of them having an elevation of over 8,000 feet. The vegetation is of great luxuriance, lofty pines and cedars, beech of large size, birch, elm, and many other trees, such as are the denizens of temperate climates, standing side by side with those one is accustomed to suppose the products of the tropics alone. It is one of the peculiarities of this land, that not only does nearly every kind of tropical vegetation grow in great luxuriance, but mixed up with these are the growths of the temperate zones, in equal sturdiness. Along our road were thickets of rhododendrons and tree-hydrangeas, the latter 10 to 20 feet high; thickets of bamboo and of birch trees, glossy-leaved evergreen oaks, interlacing their boughs with those of beech and gnarled deciduous oaks; monkey-slipper trees, with crooked branches, looking as hard and smooth as if made of

bronze, and bronze in color, twisting their tortuous limbs among those of the maple and elm.

In this one day's walk we saw four beautiful cascades, tumbling down into the wildest gorges from heights varying from 50 to 230 feet, and two singular falls—I scarcely know whether to call them cascades or not—one having a fall of over 200 feet down a smooth incline of 40 degrees, the water rushing down with a width of about 25 feet in a mass of foam, over a bed of tufa as black as polished ebony. The other, on the same stream, tumbles in a succession of such falls from a much greater height. One of the cascades leaps from a jutting ledge so far over the gulf below that the pious natives have placed a life-sized statue of one of the gods high up under the sheet, and a picturesque temple on a lofty ledge, attainable only by the climbing path under the falling sheet of water. Two of the cascades and two of the cataracts are very unique and very beautiful, and many of the whirls and rushing rapids along the river for miles would in England be of sufficient beauty to attract tourists from a distance. At an elevation of some 4,300 feet we came to Lake Chusenji, a sheet of crystal, seven miles long by a mile in width, 400 feet deep, nestled down among forest-clad heights from 1,000 to 4,000 feet above the surface.

A lunch of delicious salmon trout on a piazza of polished floors jutting over the water prepared us for a further walk of eight miles, now along the tumbling stream, then in thickets of flowering shrubs, over a beautiful prairie of about 8,000 acres, along the shores of two other lakes of say 30 to 300 acres extent, at a height of 5,500 feet, which brought us to the hot sulphur baths of Umato. Thousands of pilgrims visit Nikko each year, and after paying their devotions in the temples, climb to this spot to wash out any further impurities of the body and soul. Men and women bathe promiscuously, without shame, and without any sense of immodesty. If I be correctly informed, the Japanese have no conception of any past sins. No forbidden fruit ever tempted their forefathers to entail sin and death upon them. In praying they never ask to have a sin forgiven. They pray for a pure heart and a spotless soul, for blessings of a temporal character to be showered upon them and theirs. A clean body, in their estimation, conduces to a clean character. They take their hot baths nightly, and, when able to do so, crowd the natural thermal baths in which the country greatly abounds. They are pronounced immoral because they bathe men and women together. But they certainly have no feeling that there is any immorality in it. We had a striking illustration of this at the thermal bath of Arima, a few miles back of Kobe. We three were in the high-priced tank—two cents each. Beyond a screen was a cent tank, about eight feet square. Around it were 13 men and women, hanging by their hands to the edges like frogs to a floating log. In the half-cent



tank, much larger, were dozens of laborers and coolies. Presently a man and woman passed us, and finding the next tank rather full, slid into ours. They were man and wife, and in nature's own dishabille. They thought us Japs, and were disposed to be talkative, but as soon as they found we were foreigners the woman became confused, and blushed. She knew we, being of a different civilization, might regard her as immodest. But going into the bath with her husband showed she did not regard it as improper to enter it with strangers and other men. It is their custom, and is not much stranger than that I once saw in Asia Minor, where we met a dozen or more women fording a stream nearly waist-deep. They did not wet their garments, but would have considered themselves disgraced had we seen their faces. After all, the more I see and learn the more fully I concede the truth of England's motto—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The next best excursion we took for scenery was in passing over Hakone pass on the overland trip from Yokohama to Kioto. In the Nikko neighborhood our pleasure was principally in looking upward. Here we looked downward. Fuji is to all central Japan the one great landmark, and is, in many of the finest views, the great attraction. From every direction he is seen a perfect cone, with apparently easy slopes. When we passed nearest him, about the 5th of October, snow had already fallen about his summit, and ran down more or less in lines some 2,000 or 3,000 feet. It looked as if he had on a lace mantle, or, rather, collar, which showed his dark neck through its meshes and points.

We expected to sail by the Japanese mail-boat for Shanghai on the 20th from Kobe, but found her so crowded that we could get no rooms. We then found that the *Port Augusta* was to sail to-day. We took tickets on her, and are the only passengers. She was at Vancouver when we arrived there, the 1st of August, in the employ, for one trip, of the Canadian Pacific Company. She had a perfectly smooth sea over, while, a month later, ours was an unusually rough passage. She now goes to China to get a cargo for New York. We were somewhat disappointed in the great inland sea. There are a vast number of islands, some mere grotesque rocks, others forest-clad and green, many of them quite lofty, and not a few lifting from the water in perfect cones. They were so close together that oftentimes we seemed to be thoroughly land-locked. But there was not the terrace-farming we had been led by enthusiastic book-makers to expect. Comparatively few of the islands were terraced, and none to any considerable height. Its extravagant praise comes from those who have not seen the interior of the country, with which its beauty cannot compare. The sea was filled by day with little fishing sampans, so plentiful that one is willing to believe that there are, as claimed, several millions of people, more or less, directly engaged in, or connected with, fish-

ing. In more than half of the boats seen on this and other trips there would be a small boy, from ten to fifteen years old, and a man. These little fellows work an oar as steadily as do the men, and seem to be expert boatmen and fishermen almost from their cradle. Sometimes a little girl was in the place of the boy, the gods not having blessed her parents with one of the stronger sex. Women are not exempt from work in Japan, and although treated with kindness and tender affection, they do their share of the hard work of the land. The western inlet to the inland sea at Shimonosaki is about 250 miles from Kobe, and is deserving all the praise so lavishly heaped upon the whole sea. The passage here is narrow. The hills and mountains are lofty, all very green, and frequently terraced high up the sides. As we rushed through with a tide flowing six knots an hour we had a feeling of great regret that we were so soon past the beautiful spot. For the balance of the day we were among many fine islands in the Korean Strait. While somewhat disappointed, we yet feel that we have nowhere else had any water trip near so fine as this of nearly 400 miles, and regret we could not have laid off so as to have it all by daylight.

When, however, we waked up on the 22d and looked out upon the little bay of Nagasaki all the balance was forgotten. This is beyond any thing we can say of the beautiful. Imagine a bay whose mouth is less than a third of a mile wide, running with a width of less than one, some seven or eight miles through mountains from 500 to 1,400 feet high. The mountains come down to the water in rapid slopes, with narrow valleys and deep gorges intervening. On one side the city lies upon a narrow shore, running back into the valleys and deep gorges. The hill-sides are more or less clothed in trees, half-hidden among which are many handsome bungalows and terraced and hedged gardens. High above the town, which has a population of over 100,000, the entire hills are terraced and green with turnips and other root crops, or white with buckwheat. In the harbor lay at anchor seven men-of-war and a dozen steamships, and a vast number of sailing and rowing sampans. The sampan is not rowed but sculled by one or more oars set in the side, and worked like the fin of a fish. We took lunch aboard the flag-ship *Brooklyn*, Rear-Admiral Chandler, and had a pleasant time in her ward-room. The *Brooklyn* is an old wooden ship of pretty model, but would have a sorry time in an engagement with any of the first-class vessels which lie near her. There were the iron-clad *Turenne*, of the French, the iron-clad *Constance*, of England, and an iron-clad Russian. But we felt with pride that the *personnel* of our officers surpassed that of any of those we saw while in the city. Most Americans seem to feel a sort of shame when they see our poor show of a navy in these waters side by side with the powerful steamers of England, France, Russia, Japan, and other nations. I must say

that I do not have any such feeling, any more than I feel mortified when I look at a Grecian or Roman ruin, and reflect that we have none, or when I admire a royal palace and know it has no counterpart in my own land. America's strength is in the iron-hearted men who tread her ships, and not in the iron-clad ships which carry privileged classes. I believe in being prepared in times of peace for war, but not in having too many ships to strut around the world for show and glitter. We had as much pride when treading the deck of the *Brooklyn* and seeing the Stars and Stripes floating over a sturdy body of American tars, as we would have had if she had been a solid ram, and much more than if she had been a splendid ship like the Russian near by, and her sailors reeling in stupid drunkenness, as so many of the Muscovite crew were Sunday evening. Nagasaki is said to be the worst city in Japan. The Christian nations have set it a bad example, and for the first time since our arrival we saw absolutely intoxicated Japanese swearing like mad in rugged English. They have no native oaths. Their worst epithet for a man is: "You fool," "You beast." But we heard one fellow swearing like a London hackman in pretty good Saxon. I hope the good missionaries will keep the "cuss words" out of the island. A round oath when a man is really mad I can stand, but the oaths uttered by so many of our people merely as expletives are very disgusting.

The missionaries of Japan ought to do their level best to show their thankfulness to the Lord, for He has certainly cast their lines in pleasant places. In every city where there are concessions these are the best part of the town, and the houses and grounds of the missionaries are among the most charming. The prettiest bungalows are those of the missionaries. The hedges and flowers of the missionaries are the greenest and the brightest, and the tidiest children and the best-drilled servants are theirs. In the summer they all go to the mountains, where, in tent life, they spend a beautiful two months. Altogether, commend me to the life of a missionary in Japan. I have no doubt they do their duty. I have not too much faith in the direct conversions they make, but, indirectly, they do great good. They inaugurate education, especially among the women. Christianity will follow in the wake. It will be an intelligent Christianity, even if men turn Christians for the sake of trade. I do not know that this is worse than people among us who attach themselves to a particular church for the sake of social position. When men become Christians in the broad sense for policy, they will have a better chance of becoming Christians in the narrow sense from conviction.

While in Nagasaki we had an opportunity of studying the people very advantageously. We took on 1,200 to 1,500 tons of coal. This was done by men, women, and children working with little straw baskets. At 7 o'clock in the morning, after we got out of dock, in which our ship was cleaned, a couple of dozen

large coal-boats and dozens of little sampans filled with people came around us. Soon the decks were crowded—men shouting, boys romping, girls laughing. Such a bedlam I never heard. On the ship and about it were nearly 1,000 people. Soon the hatches were opened, and 14 small platform scales were put up. To each scale was a tub, to hold 112 pounds. The coal is sold by the long ton. Ladders were erected from the sampan coal-boats below to the deck of the ship. Women, girls, and boys then formed a line from the boats below, up these ladders, and along the decks to the hatchways. These lines held from 30 to 35 people, in some cases considerably more, so as to reach a boat which was outside of those next the ship. Then the work commenced, the baskets, holding from 12 to 15 pounds each, being started from the boat and run from hand to hand to the tub at the hatch. As soon as this was filled a man would empty it over into the hold. The baskets came up so fast and in such regular order that they seemed to be imbued with life, and simply sliding along the uplifted hands. As the baskets would mount they took a somewhat rotary motion. So rapidly did they move that a tub would be filled in very few minutes. Among the workers were women and girls from about 13 years up. To each gang there were three or four men, one to empty the tub, one to empty the basket, and one at a heavy point near. So rapid were the motions that they seemed often the work of machinery. From morning till night these people worked, stopping only at noon for an hour for their two ounces of rice and their lacquer boxes of fish and vegetables. Not an angry word was ever heard. All were jolly, laughing, and talking. Now and then some woman would say something to her neighbor at the expense of us three who were watching from the quarter-deck—then one by one looked and laughed. A brighter, happier set of people I have never seen at a pic-nic—indeed, none as bright, for at a pic-nic there is always a sort of listless appearance of having nothing to do. Here all were busy, and willingly busy; all were working, and working with a heart. Other ships were coaling near by. In other words, these people were not at a pic-nic, but this thing goes on more or less through the whole year, the great Japanese coal-fields being close by. They were all clean and tidy. Many of the girls had their hair done up in elaborate style. Over every head was a blue kerchief tied under the chin to keep out the dust. Many of the gowns were patched, and some had holes in them, but not a single one had the slightest appearance of untidiness. All were clean, all looked cheerful, all were ready to laugh, and all seemed happy. Yet the men who did the heavy work received only 15 and 20 cents a day, the women ten and twelve, and the children five and seven; add to this two ounces of rice for their lunch.

These people were the wives and children of fishermen and farmers in the near neighborhood, who do this sort of work

when the crops are laid by and when their husbands and fathers are out at sea. We noticed many of the young women and children with delicate, well-cut features and sweet expressions of face. They evidently do not regard work as a hardship. What right have they thus to toil and be happy? In civilized Christian lands men are being taught that work is a penalty, and many go at it as if they had a grudge against their employers. Here these people work for a pittance, and then seem to feel kindly toward the man who pays it.

As I have said in my other letters, they are a strange people. I have studied them as best I could. Heretofore, in travelling in other lands, I have been able to hold some intercourse with the people, whereby we could interchange ideas. But I have not attempted to talk with these, even through an interpreter. I have studied them as I study the crows flying at eventide to their roosts; as I study the ants climbing over the tiny hill and valley, mountain and gorge, in their ceaseless toils; as I study the spider spinning gossamer threads and with them making upon the air geometrical figures; as I study the bees in musical hum toiling for sweets. I have studied these people and leave them with keen regret that I had not more time to give to the study. If any should be induced by what I write to make a tour of Japan I envy them, for their pleasure is in the future, and not, like mine, all in the past. When we weighed anchor, I had for the last time trod upon the mikado's soil.

We sailed out of Nagasaki's beautiful harbor, close under rocky Paffenburg, where so many Christians were hurled to their death. We watched the land as it receded, and then I sat down to my work and have worked hard all day. And now, late at night, I close this letter and thus end my visit to the Land of the Rising Sun. Three months ago to-day we left Chicago to commence our race with old Sol. It was with expectations of pleasure to be enjoyed, but yet with no small misgivings at thus parting with those we loved. Six weeks ago to-day, late in the afternoon, the typhoon had gone to the eastward, its angry centre, fortunately for us, having passed some miles to the south, and many of us were on deck looking to the west, hoping to be able ere nightfall to cry "Land ho!" The sun was struggling to drive away the clouds lying between him and the earth, and by fits and starts shot down his pale-gray rays. The low clouds were racing wildly along, chasing each other like mad coursers. Within a few degrees of the western horizon there were no clouds, but the air was so full of spray that the sun sank downward red as a ball of blood. We kept our eyes fixed upon his bloodshot face, for the captain told us we would probably see land just as he would dip below the horizon. He dipped lower and lower, when our skipper quietly said: "See, there 's land!" And lo! across the sun's lower disk there was drawn a zigzag

line of a broken mountain range, and close to the left was lifted the clear-cut cone of mighty Fuji, 72 miles away. It was thus we first saw Japan—to us the land of the setting sun. For six weeks we have journeyed in and about that land, among its light-hearted, its strange and incongruous people; its cheerful and happy, its bright and generous, loving and modest people; its down-trodden and toiling, its suspicious and immoral, revengeful and innocent people; for they seem to possess all of these contradictory characteristics. We have wandered among and have studied them as best we could. In spite of their glaring faults we like them, almost love them. And this morning, as the sun was gilding the heights about Nagasaki harbor, we came out from among them and cried out as we passed Paffenburg's bloody rocks, "Farewell, good Japanese, good-bye!" For six weeks we have wandered among the mountains and valleys of the land; its dark gorges and terraced slopes, its forest-clad heights and grain-covered plains. We have wondered and admired. We have been happy, where birds are without note and insects make nights musical; where wild flowers deck mountain and valley, forest and prairie, flowers of every form and of every hue, but none of them endowed with fragrance, or ever inviting the bee to sip from their cups; a land where frowning crags and dark gorges were made to strike terror to, and wring awe from, the bravest heart, yet clothed in trees and shrubs and mantled in garlands, bid the youthful swain and gentle maid to wander in dreams and to sigh for rosy love. We have been happy, yet the happiness of one of us was all the time tinged with sadness.

Thirty-six years ago he had wandered afoot and alone over Alpine heights and through Alpine valleys. Before him then there was life and its gilded hopes. He looked upward and was filled with gladness, for he could sing—

"The bravest and brightest that ever was sung,
Shall be, and must be, the lot of the young."

He was alone, and yet never alone. By his side was one of his fancy's creation—gentle, loving, dark-eyed, and caressing, who would yet look with him upon all he now so much enjoyed. His every look was then upward. His sun was always climbing and gilding the lofty pinnacles. There, clothed in garments woven of sunbeams, was the being who was to make his years years of brightness. He was alone and yet never alone, and never sad, for there was always the reflection in his heart of a glorious to-morrow. But here in Japan, in the midst of the beautiful, there came through the pine needles a gentle dirge and a sweet, sad song of the past. There was, and could be, no loving eye to look upon and revel in the dreamland around. There was not, and never could be again, a loving heart, real or in fancy, to beat in tune to his own pulsations. There was not, and never could

be again, a gentle voice in loving tones to whisper : " Hope and live, live and hope, for there will yet be in this world a bright and rosy to-morrow."

This afternoon we three, the only passengers of our good ship, stood upon the deck, and as the sun hurried down to the west, looked earnestly to the east for one more, one last sight of the land we left. The captain told us we would see no more land until the Chinese islands should lift up from the sea. But we looked, and far off there rose a point—a mere point. It was a mountain cone on the westernmost of the mikado's islands. We looked, and as the last ray of the setting sun gilded its far-off height one of us sighed : " Farewell, Nippon, land of the rising sun ! Farewell, Japan, land of dreams ! Good-bye !"

CHAPTER XIII.

YANG-TSE-KIANG—CHINESE FARMING—FISH AND MODES OF CATCHING—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—MISSIONARIES, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

*Steamer "Kiang-Foo," on the Yang-Tse-Kiang, China,
November 8, 1887.*

A LONG while ago, so long that I cannot fix the date as having been within any given five or six years, when I was a big boy, a flood in the lower Mississippi dug a crevasse in front of the town of Lake Providence, La., and carried away some eighty or more acres of its land. The local newspapers alluded to the fact in this terse phrase: "Where our office stood yesterday now rolls the mighty Mississippi; out of respect for the father of waters we moved out and he moved in." Whenever in my journeyings this great river has come into view I have recalled this epigram, and involuntarily have taken off my hat with a feeling of awe, and then would swell with American pride that ours was not only the longest, but the greatest and grandest of fresh-water streams. But now, after having spent over seven days on the Yang-tse-Kiang (Celestial for "Broad River"); after steaming so many hundred miles over its mighty floods, floods which move with a current as swift as that of our own great river, yet so broad and of such depth that oftentimes the movement is scarcely more apparent than are those of the tides in an open sea; after looking over the thousands of square miles made by its droppings throughout countless ages; after sailing over a great yellow sea, dyed by its red waters; after looking down day after day upon its placid bosom—placid in its broad reaches, yet, when occasionally contracted to a mile in width, rushing in angry, whirling swirls of waters red and thick with the washings of 450,000,000 acres of territory, washings not of coarse and sterile sands, but of soil of almost impalpable fineness; red and thick, yet teeming with innumerable fishes in great variety, furnishing food to millions of people;—after seeing and learning these things I am forced to lower my national pride and acknowledge that while we have the longest, we have not the grandest, of rivers. Hereafter I will touch my hat to the "father of waters," but I uncover to this, and hail it "mother of waters."

The Mississippi is a moving, active symbol of resistless force, of uncontrolled and uncontrollable power, and of inexorable energy.

The Yang-tse-Kiang is the very embodiment of lofty dignity, of conscious might, and of calm, unbending majesty. Catching its first cup 3,630 odd miles from the sea, in the great table-land, the heart of Asia, where is claimed to be the pillar of the world and the cradle of man, for 20 odd hundred miles it washes the feet of vast mountain ranges with lofty peaks and slopes, said to be of marvellous fertility and clothed in almost tropical exuberance and therefore of considerable humidity, draining great valleys, peopled with dense populations, cutting, in canyons from 1,000 to 3,000 feet deep, through mighty rock barriers, it rushes down gorges in fearful rapids, but so deep that steamers are now being built to navigate them, and spreads itself, about 1,000 miles from its mouth, into a broad, dignified stream one and two miles wide, and deep enough to float the largest ocean steamers.

At Hankow, where tea-ships load, 600 odd miles from the sea, it spreads out two to three miles in width and in the summer months has a depth of 60 feet in the channel. Here congregate the huge ocean steamers during the tea season, and, loaded with the fragrant leaf, steam for the sea, with nearly the speed which they maintain on the ocean, to the great western cities. A hundred and thirty miles from the river's mouth it becomes still broader, and maintains to the sea a width ranging from five to eight miles, and when we went up it was as smooth and glassy as a lake. It is now, on our homeward run, somewhat white-capped. So great is the volume of the river that, although the tide rises at the mouth of the Wunsung, 18 miles up which the city of Shanghai is situated, to a height of 12 feet, yet the water is not even brackish, and even the water-supply for the city is taken from the river at high tide. Indeed, far below this to the very mouth it is fresh enough to drink. Forty miles from the mouth, near the Wunsung, the great island 'Tsung-wung' begins, dividing the river into two great channels on to the sea. A hundred years ago this island had no existence. It is the river's offspring during a century's labor, and now supports a population of 1,000,000 people. When we sailed toward the Chinese shore 12 days ago, when yet 20 miles out at sea, the whole surface was quite muddy, and the captain said we were in the Yang-tse.

Stretching along the eastern coast of China is a low, and to a great extent, absolutely flat plain, over 1,000 miles north and south, running back, the books of travellers assert, over 500 miles. From my own observation on this journey, and from what I can learn from some intelligent missionaries, I am led to think this is a mistake. Broken, short ridges of low mountains are seen from the steamer after ascending the river 100 miles. These at much less than 200 miles, are constantly in view on one or the other shore line, now close to the river

and then 10 to 15 miles or more away. After passing Chinkiang, 180 miles inland, these ridges are constant and seem piled up one behind the other as far as the glass will enable one to see through openings and gaps. Indeed, one gentleman assured me that, so far from plains being up here a rule, they are the exception. The bulk of the country is made up of low, broken mountains, with valleys and plains interspersed. The mountains quite frequently run down to the river in bold headlands and rocky bluffs several hundred feet high, and many of them very picturesque. Lofty rocks now and then lift from the bed of the river, covering an area of a half acre or more. These are precipitous cliffs marked in the charts from 150 to 300 feet in height. A small portion of each is a steep, broken slope, growing small trees and surmounted with bushes. Somewhere on each is perched an old picturesque temple. The rocky cliffs are almost black with thousands of cormorants perched on every projection large enough to hold a bird. At the points where these headlands approached the water's edge the river is narrowed to near a mile. Through these narrows it rushes madly and makes what the boatmen term bad "chow-chow" water. These headlands and the mountains are sufficiently numerous to relieve the voyage of too much sameness and monotony. Indeed, in several localities, the scenery is quite fine, but is hardly sufficient of itself to attract the tourist in search of, and loving the beautiful. But the noble river, its vast surface generally so calm, its great depth and mighty performances, render the trip up it very interesting, and the scenery is sufficiently varied and fine to make it a voyage of pleasure. I found the return trip nearly as interesting as the upward one. This is somewhat more so than it would otherwise be, from the fact that the locality we passed at night going up, we see by day coming down.

And now, while I write, my letter is and will be less connected, because of the constant temptation to go to the door and use my glass. The great plain mentioned as lying over 1,000 miles along the seacoast, is apparently alluvial, and has been made by the deposit from this river and from the turbulent Hoang-Ho, which aided in its mighty work in the northern part of the empire. That river, from what I can learn, is much like the Mississippi and its great branch, the Missouri. Where its dykes are laid, the river constantly elevates its bed, and has frequently burst its confinement, cutting new channels to the sea, carrying destruction of a great amount of property, and killing millions of people. Its disposition to break over the artificial barriers is a source of constant dread to the people, who never know when the monster may shake his tawny mane and sweep them and their property into the ocean. Its mouth is to-day several hundred miles away from the exit of not many years ago. Like the Mississippi, it cannot be bridled, and is impatient even of the slightest restraint. Had

our Southern planters been content to turn sweat into upland cotton instead of trying to confine the Father of Waters between miserable earth-works, the floods of the Mississippi valley would have carried the washings of countless millions of plowed fields down to the lower swamps, and would have made millions of acres of splendid lands the homes of a healthy people, instead of leaving them, as they now are, under the imperial sway of the mosquito and the ague. This is what the Lord intended, and had He been permitted to work out nature's designs, cotton would never have attempted to usurp a throne, secession would have been a thing unborn, and the democratic party, instead of spending years to undo mistakes, would have made America the home of 100,000,000 of contented, happy people, all enjoying a comparative equality of moderate fortune; and the monopolist and the anarchist would never—at least for ages—have become naturalized exotics. But I am growing politically sentimental. Sentimental I am willing to be in my old age; political—kind fortune guard me! and protect me!

The Hoang-Ho is throughout the most of the year utterly unnavigable. But during the summer floods it rises to a great height, and is often so destructive that it has been called the "Chinese Sorrow." The Yang-tse, though subject to great rises, is so calm and grand that it shows no disposition to demonstrate its power. Low dykes easily hold it to its bed. It feeds canals and irrigating ditches, bearing blessings instead of sorrow to the millions who are the denizens of the lands which stretch for hundreds of miles along its shores. The immediate river banks are so low that from the steamer's deck one can look over the dykes and study, not only the country, but, with a good glass, even the habits, homes, and industries of the people. Travelling by land here is so disagreeable to the foreigner, and subject to so many annoyances, not to say possible dangers, that few, except missionaries, attempt it, and these latter only after acquiring considerable knowledge of the language. Even then it is found that a Chinese costume, a shaven head, and a regulation queue, with the ability to sleep in filthy abodes, and to eat native, nasty food without a wry face, are almost indispensable. The Catholic missionaries, barring the complexion, look thoroughly to the manner born. Like St. Paul, they are "all things to all men," and 500,000 Chinese communicants attest the wisdom of their system. Not only do they pray, preach, and teach, but directly, or through their agents, do a large business, and have acquired to the Church large and valuable properties. The Zickaway institution, near Shanghai, belonging to the Society of Jesus, is a noble foundation. Possessing some of the finest instruments in the world, some of the brotherhood are devoted to science, and furnish to the government meteorological observations and data; furnish meridional time to the mariner, and foretell storms and note their track and

nature. They are "Old Probs." to these people. They print scientific, religious writings and newspapers, and quietly exercise a great influence. They are not, like most Protestant missionary societies, impatient of slow progress, and ever striving to show returns of souls snatched from the burning. They feel the Church to be eternal, and that sooner or later good returns will come. They educate a heathen in useful branches and in mechanics, and do not try to knock salvation into him, but patiently work and pray, trusting that the educated soul will ultimately become an inquiring one. They have schools in which not only Christian, but even pagan young men study and prepare themselves for the annual competitive examinations, without which no one can be a candidate for official position in the empire.

By the way, few people know in Christendom that there is no caste in China. The lowest as well as the highest can compete for all positions, and none, except in times of trouble, can reach them without first receiving a diploma from the board of literary examiners. These examinations are said to be so carefully guarded that favoritism is reduced to the minimum. Promotion is entirely according to rigid rules. But, unfortunately, the holding and continuance in office is dependent wholly upon the will of the emperor, who is absolute and a master. All others acknowledge themselves as his slaves, and so call themselves when addressing the throne. The emperor owns every foot of land in his dominions, and fixes taxes, rents, and imposts as he, from year to year, may deem fit—that is as nominally he deems fit, but in reality as the several governors of provinces so deem. His subjects obey without questioning his motive or wisdom, and are generally quiet and easily satisfied. Occasionally, however, they awake from their lethargy, and then are the most determined and dangerous rebels in the world.

The Taiping rebellion, which lasted from 1851 to 1865, proved the persistence and ferocity of those people when once aroused. It ravaged more than half of the eighteen provinces. It ended only after having destroyed millions of people; in fact, after depopulating the richest of the agricultural districts. I heard the numbers destroyed put at 10,000,000 to 15,000,000, but Mr. Hart, the very intelligent superintendent of the Methodist mission on the Yang-tse, told me he thought the number was between 20,000,000 and 50,000,000, not destroyed by being absolutely killed, though millions so came to their end, but by being starved or carried off by diseases which resulted from poverty and want, superinduced by the rebellion. He has been here 20 years, speaks the language fluently, and has travelled over nearly all of the revolted districts. Seeing no evidence of a very dense population along the Yang-tse, in fact, just the opposite, I asked him his opinion on this matter. He thought that the population of China had been greatly over-estimated, and that there need be no

anxiety in the outer world lest this land, being overcrowded, may be dangerous to other lands; that it can support a greatly increased number of people. I should call the Yang-tse plains along the river rather sparsely peopled; judging from what I saw in Japan, not half full. It is true, this was the line of the great rebellion, but that rebellion ended considerably over 20 years ago, and a Chinaman can erect a house nearly as quickly as an Arab can set his tent.

But to return to Zickaway. The institution has a large orphan establishment. The little heathen look happy and well fed. We saw 150; some at play, others at work in the shops, where they learn good trades, while still others, swaying back and forth, were chanting their lessons. Every thing looked Chinese—Chinese tools, Chinese postures, and Chinese manners. As the good young father, who kindly showed us every thing, said, their aim is to make as few innovations upon fixed habits and ideas as they can consistently with the great ends and aims—Christianity and education. Thus they prepare their scholars to go into the Chinese world, to battle first for their bread, and afterwards for the *right*. The Protestant missionaries are awakening to the wisdom of the Romish system, and now one occasionally sees on the steamer one of the “interior missionaries” in the native part of the boat, in every thing, except the yellow skin, a thorough Chinaman. One of the good men—in answer to my assertion that a great mistake made by christianizers of pagan lands was that they persisted in preaching Christ crucified to a people enslaved by ignorance and superstition, when, even in our own enlightened country, more than 50 per cent. of the people were unwilling to bear the cross—sighed, and replied: “Yes! but we can only live and work by the aid of the home churches, and they insist upon receiving, as a dividend, and seeing a balance sheet, showing souls saved.”

It took many hundred years to christianize Europe, and then it was a slow process until the rulers were themselves converted. Missionaries can do great good in these far-off countries. But their work can be made still more efficient by first making education the handmaid to and forerunner of religion. Teach the child to read and think, and when it becomes a man or woman it will see the folly of the old superstitions. The ground will then be prepared for the true seed. But these heathen find it hard to understand how our different sects so dispute with each other after 1,800 years of Christian rule. Buddhism amalgamated with the older superstitions and won; and our Saviour himself says, He came to build up, not to destroy.

Not being able to go among the farmers, I have been constantly on deck with the glass in my hand, and in going up and returning I have seen nearly every house and hamlet, town and city, along the shore, and much of it from close view. Looking upon the

lowlands as they lie upon a level with the eye, they seem at first almost wooded, but on closer inspection the trees are found to be about the houses and hamlets and along the canals. The foliage of one tree appears to run into that of another, which may be far behind it. Canals or bayous run into the river every few miles. These intersect each other back in the country—so much so that the whole country for 1,200 or 1,300 miles north and south, and from 200 to 300 or more miles east and west, when not interrupted by the mountain ranges, is a perfect network of waterways. The masts of junks are occasionally seen miles back over the tops of the low trees. The canals carry commerce and irrigating water. The banks of the rivers and of the artificial and natural canals are all dyked. Sometimes on the river the dykes run quite far back, 100, 200, and even more feet from the banks. The land in front of them is overflowed from June to September or October. As soon as the water recedes this is sown in wheat, which will be harvested in May, before the summer floods come down. It is surprising how wet the land is plowed. I have seen it worked when wet enough to make stiff mortar. This soil makes good sun-dried brick, yet seems friable after the crop is put in. The plowing is done with a single-handed plow, drawn by a buffalo or cow, generally the former, which are sturdy-looking brutes and very strong. When not working they graze, each in charge of a boy. Frequently they are seen lying in the edge of the river, with barely the head out, and do not get up when the wave from the boat goes quite over the head; they simply lift the nose higher. The grain is generally sown broadcast, a little being drilled. About half of the fields now are up and green, and what speaks badly for the farmer, are very often being grazed by the buffalo and cows and by hogs, a thing never permitted by one of our good farmers. By the way, the buffalo is by no means like our wild bison; it is the bubolo, or water-ox.

The land is evidently cultivated in small holdings, narrow, long fields, as in Belgium and parts of Germany. One little field, however, so runs into another that on an island we saw many thousands of acres nearly all green, and to the naked eye looking like a single large farm. There are a great many low islands in the river, varying in size from 100 to 200 acres up to a great many miles in length, most of them in cultivation. The farming does not strike me as being good. It may be better off the overflowed land. But near Shanghai, where I rode several miles into the country, I was struck by the great inferiority of the Chinese farming to that of the Japanese. Every thing, except rice and vegetables, is broad-casted—even the cotton,—and cannot be worked as it is in the Land of the Rising Sun, where every thing is in drills, and thoroughly cultivated. The result is, these people raise no such crops as do the others. This judgment is not wholly drawn from what we saw from the steamers, but at cities

I ascended elevations from which I could overlook and examine with my glass large areas of cultivated lands. Nor do the fields often make the bright landscape presented by the farms of Japan. There the varied crops, the great variety of root crops particularly, make the whole country look like the elaborate vegetable gardens about an English or American city. Here vegetables are grown in small truck patches, instead of being a regular farm product.

I expected, from what I had read, to find that the farmers live in villages; several travellers so stating positively. It is not so along this great valley. Farm-houses are abundant, not isolated as with us, in the middle of good-sized farms, but on the ridges—artificial generally,—and stand 50, 100, and sometimes several hundred yards apart. It is true little hamlets are often seen, where three or four farmers' houses are thrown around courts or farm-yards. Now and then a farm-house of hard brick with tile roof is seen. But most of them are of sun-dried brick or of light frame with reeds interwoven, and then mud-plastered—in other words, miserable huts or hovels designed simply for shelter, with no attempt whatever at any sort of ornamentation. The trees about them are evidently for shade, and not arranged to please the eye; no flowers and no adjuncts for beauty. The same ill-cut and badly arranged thatched roof covers the dwelling-house, and continues over that part devoted to the buffalo and cow. The pig, the cow, the chickens, and the dog stand about the house door, where sit the women and the children, and before which, after sun-down, the man would be seen strutting with his hands locked behind him. The Chinese man, in city and on farm, delights to saunter in a sort of strut when his work is done. One sees this in cities only with the comparatively well-to-do merchant, for the cooly or the mechanic has no time to strut. His work is never done while it is light enough to do any thing. He works by day and by lamp-light. When not working he is eating, gambling, sleeping, or looking for a job. The farmers, however, saunter along the river bank. They are frequently alone, or with a little boy or two, never with their wives. These and the little girls rarely promenade with the lords of creation. A boy baby is a man's blessing; a girl he despises, and leaves to be the companion of the drudging mother. The farmer's domestic animal is as thoroughly domestic and a part of the family as the dog or cat. They do not eat cats and dogs in northern China. And here I will add, the people I have seen so far are good-sized, and a far superior lot to those who go to America. Our Celestial emigrants come from the Hong Kong district, speak a different dialect, or pronounce very differently from those in the northern half of the empire, and are very much despised by them. Though not knowing a word of Chinese, I can tell when I hear a man talk if he be from northern China or from Hong Kong. These latter are

met with as sailors and waiters on the steamers, and are said to do better as servants and coolies than those from the north.

The hogs are the scavengers of the cities, and up here are all black, have very long flap-ears, and a snout and face-front singularly wrinkled, utterly different from what is known as the China pig in our country. They are the demurest-looking brutes one can imagine.

The farmers seem to be also fishermen. This is a vast business on the Yang-tse. For 1,000 miles a huge dip-net is to be seen every 100 or so yards on either bank. It is from 20 to 30 feet square, is attached to a long pole inserted in the banks, and lifted by pulleys. The fisherman invariably lifted his net as we passed, intending probably to have it up before the steamer's swell should drive the fish out. A large fish caught is taken out by a scoop-net. The smaller ones drop through a throat in the centre of the net into a bag, where they remain until the fisherman is ready to quit. Thousands of fishing boats are to be seen, and in swarms early in the morning and late in the evening; some with dip-nets ingeniously rigged out at the stern and also lifted by the pulleys, others with drag nets. This muddy river is full of fish in great variety, and some of them of large size. In the spring vast quantities of "samlai," a species of shad, are caught. They are said to be fine. I have myself seen many varieties of fish, some very beautiful, and have eaten several kinds which are equal to any fresh-water fish I know.

As with the Japanese, fish seems to be the flesh food of the average Chinese. Pork is his delight, but fish is his regular flesh diet. It is everywhere to be seen for sale, and is carried dried in great quantities to the far interior. It is very cheap, the very best costing only two or three cents a pound. Many singular modes of catching fish are practised. Boys and men dive down from the piers in the cities and bring up good-sized ones. They catch them in their hiding-places. But still more amusing is to see a boat go out, with a bamboo pole across its bow, having a dozen or so trained cormorants perched upon it. Reaching the fishing-grounds a cord is tied about a bird's neck, and he is sent down to fish. He rarely fails to bring one up. He cannot swallow it on account of the cord on his "guzzle," so he brings it to his master, who rewards him with a small fish, and sends down another. And so on till he fills his boat. Some of the birds are so trained that throttling is not necessary. This mode of fishing is used more on the small lakes or ponds, left when the river falls, than in the river itself. Vast numbers of such lakes are left when the floods go down, and these are simply alive with the finny tribes.

I saw no evidence of dense population in the plain or valley, but quite the contrary. All of this alluvial country is of great fertility, and it is apparent that the hills have many of them at some time or other been considerably terraced. Now the plains

are not a third full, and the mountains, as far as I could see back among them, furnish but little support for man. They are barren of trees, and look almost as brown as the ranges of Nevada, and remind me, in some localities, very much of them. Now and then one sees trees about temples perched high up, and a few sparsely scattered along the gorges and crests of lofty hills, thus showing that they could grow in forests if properly protected. But these people suffer greatly during the cold winters, which are not infrequent. Their houses are miserable hovels with no chimneys, and their clothing is composed entirely of cotton stuff. They not only cut the young trees and shrubs, but actually grub up the roots for fuel. Straw, cotton stalks, bushes, bulrushes, and the leaves of the trees are gathered and baled for winter use. On some of the overflowed lands, too wet for wheat, a sort of coarse, reedy rush grows in great luxuriance, and to a height of 10 to 15 feet. This is now all being cut, and is used for mats, screens, and for the woven sides of hovels. We saw women raking up the leaves of these rushes, and carefully tying them into bundles for fuel. It is now nearly the middle of November, and yet many of the vegetable crops in the truck patches about the farm-houses are but half matured. A frost to hurt does not come until about Christmas, but after that there is weather cold enough to form considerable ice. It is said, however, that, as in Japan, the frost does not kill, as with us in America.

After returning to Shanghai I paid a farewell visit to the public garden to get one more look at the chrysanthemums, which are now in full bloom. We in America have no conception of the beauty of this flower when perfected. I measured one flower, a perfect ball, every petal placed just where it should be, and as white nearly as snow, and found it was 20 inches around, without stretching out its petals, when measured horizontally, and 18 inches measured vertically. Spreading its petals out it was over eight inches in diameter. On one little plat, three feet by eight, I counted 42 perfect flowers, from four to seven inches in diameter. One smaller variety resembled a beautifully formed aster. I had to examine the leaf before I could satisfy myself that it was not of that family. Another was the size, form, and compactness of a fine dahlia. There are many varieties, some fringed, some quilled, and some compact, with petals resembling a mass of bent gourd seed. These latter are as solid and compact as a ball of candied pop-corn. To see this collection is worth a long voyage.

I am now finishing this letter on board the *Kut Sang*, a few miles south of Amoy, on the Eastern Sea of China. We have passed a great many bold mountain islands. They resemble the mountain ridges lying from 100 to 350 miles west of Shanghai, and suggest the idea that those were once out in the ocean, and that the Yang-tse-Kiang has filled a part of the sea and left the

mountains as islands in the plain. The enormous wash from the Hoang-Ho and Yang-tse-Kiang is said to be filling the sea very rapidly.

Last night we witnessed an extraordinary exhibition of phosphorescent lights. The officers of the ship say they have never seen it surpassed, and hope not to see it often repeated, for it made the surface of the sea so light and so dazzling that though the stars were out yet the sky seemed intensely black, and some island headlands, which ought to have been landmarks to navigate by, were not visible. There was a brisk, monsoon wind coming down from the north, covering the sea with white-caps. These were all aflame, and as they rose and fell, resembled a wild dance of fairies robed in light. Here and there a wave would lift higher than the rest, and would whirl and pirouette in mad glee. The horizon looked like a thin band of pale electric light, as if made by an arc burner reflected upon gauze. At times the whole sea was ablaze, and one could almost feel certain of seeing gentle lightning flashes from above when the blaze would die out, and there seemed to be millions of twinkling stars darting about in the dark waters. At times for a mile or so there would be no great mass of light near us, but only these twinkling ones, or the flaming foam made by the prow of the ship catching and rolling it back. The ship was lying apparently in a blazing pool, not much larger than itself, which moved along with us and carried us along, instead of our moving in it. Where the screw churned the sea under the stern, the mass seemed to be a cold, molten metal, so bright that it cast a shadow. I held my watch over it. The face shone bright enough to enable me to see the hands and read the dial. It was a fascinating scene, and with regret I turned in considerably after midnight. I have often watched these displays on the Atlantic, and thought them fine, but compared with this they were as flashings from fireflies.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHINESE CITIES, HOUSES, TEMPLES, AND WORKSHOPS—CAT AND
DOG ROASTS—FLOATING POPULATION OF CANTON—
FLOWER BOATS—WOMEN BOATMEN—SUSAN.

Steamship "Mongkut," November 24, 1887.

IT is now high twelve, and Captain Anderson has just announced that we are in latitude $8^{\circ} 29'$ north, longitude $104^{\circ} 38'$ east. We sailed from Hong Kong the 20th at 4.30 P.M. for Bangkok. We are out of the China Sea, and have entered into the Gulf of Siam. We have been upon a pale yellow, pea-green sea all day. It will get blue later. It is shoaly all about Cape Cambodia and for a long distance out. Yesterday we looked down upon a sea of emerald, broken into light, feathery, prostrate, foamy plumes; the day before we seemed to be plowing through a vat of indigo dye, so deeply blue was the world of waters about us.

When we weighed anchor at Hong Kong, Johnny, Willie, and I lay down upon easy-chairs on the quarter-deck to enjoy a genuine rest. The air was deliciously balmy. We were the only passengers, as we also were from Kobe to Shanghai and from Shanghai to Swatow and Hong Kong, and could feel the ship was our own. About us was the busy harbor, with its 24 steamers, its many sailing ships and junks, and its hundreds of sampans, crossing each other's tracks in every direction, like flies in a summer room. The beautiful harbor, from a mile to two and a half miles wide, lay land-locked by lofty heights in every direction, and resembled a crooked lake in a mountain land. To the north, upon the water's edge, were pretty, white buildings, hospitals, dry docks, and their necessary houses, and at farther points dingy-looking Chinese villages; to the south, stretching along the inner cord of a crescent for two or three miles, near the centre, were the three-story hong's or merchant houses, with factories and manufactories toward either end of the bow. Tier after tier, one behind the other, came houses piled one upon the other, on long, bending terraces, climbing 400, 500, and 600 feet upon the steep mountain sides. All buildings, except the churches and factories, were fronted and flanked by deep colonnades and verandas for each story. Here and there, more ambitious than the mass, isolated bungalows

mount above the regular terraces, and are nestled down in the dark green of tropical trees and shrubbery. Everywhere, except on the water front, and for one or two streets back, long lines of fine trees in glossy dark green mark the windings of the terraced roadways. High overhead, nearly 2,000 feet above us, lifted Victoria Peak with its lookout tower. About its summit, and for a few hundred feet below, and along the crest of the adjoining mountain, 100 feet perhaps lower than the peak, were bright, white colonnaded bungalow houses, the homes during the summer of the wealthy Hong Kongese and the summer palace of the colonial governor. Between these upper clusters of houses and those climbing the heights below, for 1,000 or more feet, lay the steep mountain sides partially planted in young pine, but generally wearing the brownish green of autumnal grass. Across this intermediate steep slope ran zigzag beautifully engineered roads, white among the shrubs, climbing in different directions the loftiest heights, while crossing them from the western end of the town, by an easy and gradual rise, ran the beautiful viaduct road, it being also an aqueduct over bridges and arched ways, sometimes consisting of 20 odd lofty arches. To the west the sun was rapidly seeking its couch in a flood of yellow-red light.

We steamed around the picturesque island, once famous as the birthplace of the deadly Hong Kong fever, but now having as low a death-rate as most European cities, and lower than any, if only the foreign population be counted. They, however, go off, I suspect, to their far-off homes when disease sets its stamp upon them. They certainly ought to die fast, all of these Europeans in the East; they eat too much and far too often, and drink like fish. I do not think any of them have any bowels of compassion for the natives, but every one is thoroughly conscious of having a liver. I may be rather hard upon them as to their lack of feeling for the natives, but if so it is their own fault. They certainly rarely speak of them with half as much kindness as they do of their ponies (when they have any). For example: the steamer which followed us to Canton was burned up, and 400 to 600 Chinese passengers were burned or drowned. Several times this disaster was the subject of conversation among Europeans in my presence. They always spoke with great satisfaction of the foreign officers being all saved, and passed by the other terrible loss with a shrug of the shoulders, and some remark, such as, "There's plenty more to fill their places." It is said the present healthiness of Victoria or Hong Kong is owing to the island having been so well planted in young pines, etc.

I can, by the way, hardly help but shudder when I think of this burning steamer. We went from Hong Kong to Canton by the morning boat. While at breakfast, just before starting from our hotel, a friend who had reached the place some days before us,

joined us at table and advised us to take the evening boat, and thereby save a day and not lose any scenery. We would probably have taken his advice but for the fact that when we went from the breakfast-room our luggage was already down, and our room assigned to others. This little thing alone kept us off the evening boat, which burned, and with it from 500 to 600 passengers. This was our only narrow escape up to date.

Just at nightfall we passed the Ladrone Islands. I well remember, when I used to read the "Pirates' Own Book" and other kindred works, these names were always connected in my mind with the homes of the human sharks of the sea.

The 21st and 22d our little ship of only 800 tons rolled heavily and rocked in the cradle of the deep. The northeast monsoon, which commenced its steady course nearly two months ago, brought down heavy seas upon our quarter, nearly upon our beam, so that we rolled and heaved in the deep sea-trough very badly. We lashed easy-chairs upon the centre line of the quarter-deck, and to a considerable extent passed a pleasant time. We lay all day drinking in the balmy tropical air, watching the deep sea, as blue as a mighty vat of indigo dye, and building castles in the light, fleecy, cumuli clouds piled up all around us. Yesterday we bent more to the westward, throwing the seas directly aft, and the ship only swayed gently, but I could hardly force myself to write. It was so pleasant to lie on deck and dream and dream. To our right were the high, broken, brown ranges of Cochin China. Far to the west stretched the boundless ocean, for the Philippine Islands are hundreds of miles away; beyond them is the mighty, surging Pacific, washing the far-off shores of our native land, and beyond them were those we loved so dearly. We have steamed among hundreds of Chinese fishing-boats. All of these and all junks are unpainted, but have on each bow-quarter a great flaring eye painted in bright color. I asked a Chinaman why this was universal: "Him no have eye, how him can see?" was the reply in pigeon English.

Two hours ago we passed Poloobi—Potato—Islands, south of Cambodia mainland, three pretty, dome-shaped pieces of land, the largest probably one to two miles in circumference, and 400 to 500 feet high; the next, not a third as large and lower; the third, a few hundred feet in circumference. We ran quite under them and admired their dense tropical forests, all covered with hard wood of many varieties, but to me unfamiliar. The thermometer is 82° in the shade, pretty warm for the last of November.

But I must write of the Chinese and their cities. We have not been long among them, only a few weeks, but every day and evening were spent in work. The neighborhood of the almond-eyed Celestial neither suggests nor invites idle enjoyment. On the steamers we were constantly on deck, watching the country we were passing, watching the mass of Chinese passengers stored

between and upon decks (going up to Canton we had 2,500 packed like pigs in a car), or collating facts and digesting ideas. We have visited and somewhat closely studied old Shanghai, Chin-Kiang, Wuhu, Kieu-Kiang, and Hankow, all large, walled cities in the Yang-tse valley; Swatow, on the seacoast, 180 miles north of Hong Kong; and Canton, the largest and finest of Chinese cities. These are all purely Chinese. We were in the outskirts of several other walled towns, and thoroughly explored New Shanghai, with its 150,000 inhabitants or more, and Victoria (Hong Kong) with 140,000 native population. These several cities are scattered over a wide extent of country, Canton being 900 and odd miles by water, and nearly 700 as the crow flies south-west from Shanghai, and Hankow 600 to 800 miles from each of the others.

The dialects spoken, north and south, are so different, one from the other, that I saw in a court of justice in Canton an interpreter used to convey to the magistrate the answers of the prisoners, who were north Chinamen. I was told the words and construction of all dialects, of which there are many, are practically the same, but the pronunciations are so varied that, to all intents and purposes, there are several languages spoken in the empire. In spite of all this, as far as I could see, the people are thoroughly homogeneous, the same in thought, in manners, in customs, and habits. All are industrious—their industry plodding almost animal in its patient steadiness. Acuteness and cunning seem more evinced among those of the south than among their brethren of the north, superinduced, I doubt not, by their earlier and longer intercourse with foreigners, who had and yet have little feeling in common with the natives. They came to the East as their congeners went to the West, in quest of gold and fortunes, and left their rules of ethics far-off in their Christian homes, as likely to be incumbrances when dealing with pagans and those they choose to call barbarians. I do not want any Chinese in America, because I wish ours to be a homogeneous people, and amalgamation of the almond-eyed sons of another progenitor than Adam can produce only hybrids with our Caucasian races. I am not one of those who feel that America is to be or should be the harbor of refuge for all lands and all peoples. It should be the home of those, and only those, who can become Americans in every sense of the word. This the Chinaman cannot do, and I would therefore say to him: "You may come among us for pleasure or for information, but you cannot work on a soil you do not consider good enough for your dead bones."

The foreigner, European and American, comes to China to make money to carry back with him. He, too, wants his dead body to lie in the graveyards of his native land. Coming thus, feeling thus, he is too utterly lacking in those feelings

and kindly sympathies which 1800 years of Christian teachings should have planted in his breast. By the way, I have been struck by the open expressions of absolute infidelity uttered by so many foreigners here. Many seem proud of the ability to say: "I am no Christian; I don't believe in Christianity." One hears sneers uttered about the missionaries everywhere, and no joke is told with more gusto than the one about the good man in Japan, who reported home that, "The few bricks left after building the temple of the Lord we used in erecting a little house for ourselves." The temple, they say, was a miserable little pretence of a church, while the dwelling-house was a commodious and comfortable building. They delight to point out the charming gardens and comfortable houses of the missionaries in some localities, particularly in Japan, and pass over in silence the work of many good men and women who are sundering their home affections, in their desire to teach the ways of God to man. These good people have to be fed and housed. It has been a long while since the Lord actually fed the young ravens, human or feathered.

The north Chinaman is larger and more muscular than those of the south, but less quick and active. Both are creatures of habit, and it is difficult to make them recognize the necessity for improvements of any sort. But when innovations are inaugurated they quickly take advantage of them for their own profit. They will never seek progress, as do the bright and hopeful Japanese. Progress must be forced upon them. They are born, grow up, eat, live, die, and are buried, as their forefathers have done before them for countless generations, and count it unfilial and irreverent to wish or to imagine that the ways of their canonized progenitors may be or can be improved upon. The dead father becomes the son's household god, and he chooses from among his forefathers him who is to fill the niche in his domestic shrine.

They work like ants—not like bees buzzing and humming as the Japanese do,—but like the plodding, patient, never-to-be-discouraged ant, and as quickly as their work is finished, can lie down and sleep like animals. And like animals, too, can get as much rest, stolen in little cat-naps, as from the same amount obtained in a steady doze. They have no conception of the congruous, and none of their senses seem ever to be shocked or even incommoded by the most absolute incongruity. They can eat and enjoy a meal while their eyes are resting upon objects which ought to be most offensive, or their nostrils are filled with disgusting stench. They can spread their table over an open cesspool, and there enjoy their most desired delicacies, and can sleep sweetly with the breezes wafted to their couches from carrion. They lay the coffins containing their loved and honored dead by the dusty roadway in an open field browsed over by buffalo, or on a rocky hill to swelter uncovered for months, and pay large

sums for a spot all uncanny, because the crafty priest has made them believe it to be a lucky spot. It is strange how crafty men become who assume holy robes, and how the believer can be so blind to the craft.

One sees frequently a shop beautifully decorated with screens, and hanging friezes of finely carved woods of trees, trailing vines and flowers painted in imitation of nature, with pretty birds of gaudy plumage among the branches; with hangings of exquisite embroidery in gold and brilliant silks; with a shrine in the rear richly carved and bright in lacquer, gold, and enamel, holding the household god, clothed in gold and garments of richest dyes, while a part of the walls are bare and dingy with dirt; the shops opening wide upon a narrow, dirty street, with next door a cook-shop smoking, or a fish-monger with his walls hanging in nasty dried fish. The rich merchant has no idea of the incongruity in his surroundings, or that his lavish expenditures are thereby made in bad taste.

A gentleman in control in one of the concessions—*i. e.*, localities set apart for foreigners, and entirely governed by them under laws administered by the respective consuls—told me of a native who had fitted up very elaborately and at considerable expense a shop next to a corner, used for not very odorous purposes. As a reward to the native for fitting up his shop so expensively, he ordered a rail put across the corner to prevent its disagreeable use. To his surprise the shopkeeper complained of the fence, saying the old use brought people, and thereby gave him customers. In Hankow, Kieu-Kiang, and Swatow hogs abound in the streets. They are the scavengers. I have seen men in shops gathered around their little tables, taking their noonday meal, while a sow and pigs were walking among them to pick up any thing they might throw away. In one of these places, under the counter of a sort of notion store, I saw a sow with a large litter of two-day-old pigs. Pigs, dogs, and chickens are thick in the streets, and have free ingress into the shops, and seem to cause no annoyance so long as they do not actually get in the way.

Travellers all speak and write of the filth and horrible smells of Chinese cities. It is the fashion so to do, and as the majority of writers simply copy what some one else has written, only guarding to use altered modes of expression, no one seems to take the trouble to examine for himself. Early in this century a crazy Englishman sang of the hundred stench of Cologne, and every scribbler since has to write of them, until now these bad odors number a thousand. Thus it is with Chinese cities. Some young Englishman told us to get smelling-bottles before we went within the walls of old Shanghai. We spent hours in the old city. We walked through nearly all of its streets—not carried in chairs, as nearly all travellers are. We did not find sweet odors very abundant, except when passing a shop where fresh wood was being

worked into coffins or pails and tubs; nor did we find any thing so offensive as to make our walk disagreeable—nothing as bad as I have often found in a hotel in continental Europe, or on the old, narrow streets of London. We spoke of this to travellers, who said: "Yes, old Shanghai has learned neatness from its new European-governed neighbor. Wait till you see some of the other cities, especially Canton, then you will catch it." We went through other cities. We found narrow streets, six to twelve feet wide—eight about the average. Most of them are covered with bamboo matting, and all are densely filled with people. The shops are all wide open to the streets,—no doors,—each shop rather a recess running back from the street, with a counter covering a third of the store front. All kinds of work are done in open view: shops of embroidery and silks; shops with fish of every size and kind; shops of all sorts of groceries in baskets on the floors and counters and hanging to the walls; blacksmith shops, in which half-naked men sit hammering before their furnaces; shops, in which coffins are made; crowds buying and eating in and before the cook-shops; masses going to and fro, some in chairs; men with heavy loads swinging from the end of a strong bamboo balanced on the shoulder; carriers of water in pails, now and then a splash dropping near one's feet; carriers of garden vegetables; carriers of night soil in open pails, giving one a whiff not very agreeable—these latter, however, were rare, except in the early morning; pigs demure as saints grunting along; often the streets so packed that all had to keep step; peddlers crying their wares; carriers crying for pedestrians to make way, and all making way good-humoredly; now a big porker squealing, as he swung from a pole carried between two men; dogs barking at us foreigners, and then yelping as a native would give them a kick for their lack of hospitality. We did not find the air as sweet as if we were in the broad streets of the concessions, but we found nothing more than momentarily disagreeable; nothing to prevent our hearty enjoyment of the novelty of our surroundings. We then looked forward with a sort of longing to get into filthy, unfriendly Canton. There we were to get the breadth and depth of Chinese nastiness. There we were to be constantly insulted, and to have stones or clods thrown at us.

We went to Canton. We spent three days walking through its densely packed, narrow streets. We found it to be the cleanest city we had seen in China. We told our guide to take us to the nasty streets. We wanted to see something very filthy. Ah Cum replied: "Belly well, I take you where poor people live." We went. We walked through the old walled city of 1,000 years and the new city only 400 years old. We walked everywhere, among the wealthiest and among the poorest; through the fine streets lined with handsome shops, and through those occupied by the poverty-stricken; for three days we walked from early morning

to dark. We met some foreigners in chairs. The cunning guide made them think walking nearly impossible—thus he, too, rides and gets a commission from the chair-owners. Footsore, on the evening of the third day, we went on the steamer for Hong Kong, without having found any thing really disagreeable, and without having received any other than courteous treatment from the people, except from some idle boys at Honan temple, who take pleasure in calling the tourist a “fanquoi” (a foreign devil), and then running, just as a lot of boys with us would call a Chinaman “pig-tail.” Everywhere we showed our curiosity by looking at and examining every kind of industry. We did this in each city we visited, but more in Canton than anywhere else. We frequently stopped men at their work. We really incommoded them, until more than once I was ashamed of myself. In every instance they seemed amused at our curiosity, and, I thought, surprised that we should evince ignorance at their modes, which, I doubt not, they think the only ones; but not once were we repulsed; not once was the slightest unwillingness shown to our seeing.

I had been led to expect possible injury in going through these cities. I would now feel no hesitation in walking alone through any Chinese city, if I only knew the language enough to make known my wants and explain my curiosity. I made “Ah Cum” explain to them the difference between their ways of doing some things, and ours. They were quite curious to learn, and seemed to think me lying when I told them the quantity we sometimes turned out. We went into the big mill of the city. There were twelve stones. The upper stone is turned upon the nether by a sweep drawn by a blindfolded ox going round and round in a narrow circle, his track not more than four feet from the edge of the stone, the flour dropping on a narrow rim around it. There are three relays of oxen, or about 36 to the mill. I told the owner how we made flour, and when I named the number of barrels turned out each day at one mill at Minneapolis, I regretted having done so. He set me down as a fearful liar.

Coffins are a decidedly prominent article of manufacture in all the cities. They take a stick of timber, round in its natural form, and, say, ten inches in diameter. This is ripped into two pieces. The flat surface is then scooped out, the piece straight-edged, and a shorter section of a like stick is mortised into two ends. A bottom and a top are then scooped from sticks, a couple or three inches wider than the sides. The sides, ends, and bottom, are then put together with a cement varnish. When finished, the two ends show that the sides, top and bottom, are about three inches thick in the centre, and rounded to an inch or two at the edges. The whole is then covered, for a well-to-do man, with cloth more or less rich; for the poor man, with simple cotton. Different kinds of wood are used: cheap coffins of common pine, costly ones from wood brought from far-off in the mountains,

supposed to be impervious to water. Some of these cost \$1,000. A Chinaman can offer no such evidence of piety as in giving his father or mother a costly coffin. The coffin, with some quicklime about the corpse, is then not necessarily buried beneath the ground, but laid on top—I suspect sometimes to show its fineness. It thus lies for weeks, months, or even years. It costs something to erect a mound over it. A man may leave money enough for a coffin, but not sufficient to put him well under the sod, so he lies on the surface until his family or friends can afford to put him under. The first care of a man is to lay by enough for a decent burial. Mourning by widow or daughter is by wearing white, not black garments. A man abstains from shaving his head a certain number of months, more or less, according as he mourns for father or mother. I could not learn that he mourns at all for a wife. He abstains in mourning from sleeping on a bed, and wears common cotton garments for a certain number of months, and denies himself certain luxuries of diet. A wealthy man we met aboard the steamer from Canton was very careful to tell us he was mourning for his mother, thereby explaining the cheapness of his apparel and the lack of luxury in his supper. To the initiated his dress would have rendered his apology unnecessary. These rules are very exacting.

I will endeavor to describe a Canton shop or store. It is a type of all we saw in other cities, only that in the north, where it is colder, the ceiling is lower. Such house, of the purely Chinese style, not those occupied by them in cities more or less Europeanized, is from 10 to 18 feet wide—a few may be wider—and from 30 to 40 feet deep, with a steep, common, pitched roof, the eaves to the street. The ridge of the roof is from 20 to 30 feet high. There is strictly no second story. The light comes in through windows in the roof, which is invariably, in the large cities, of rounded tile. The street, where there are fine shops, is more or less covered with matting; much of the light, therefore, going from the house to the street, instead of from the street to the house. Around and within this front house is generally a gallery used for goods. The gallery answers to the second story of our houses, and perhaps is so considered. Other houses come behind the front one, and more or less opening into it. These all have galleries wider than the one in front, and thereby much light is excluded from them. The sidewall of the house is common to the next house, or stands against it. Usually the wall is a party wall between the two. Sometimes these houses or, rather, parts of houses are three deep, each one meeting the next with its eaves, and forming a trough between the two. The conductors of the inner roofs run down within the house. The ground-floor is of brick or tile, and only one or two bricks higher than the street. Some of the front shops are very richly decorated with brilliant shrines holding the household god or gods, and all

rather tawdry, somewhat in the style of our gaudy, gilded theaters. Being lighted from above, the effect is very pretty. All houses, by the way, in Canton, are of brick. In Swatow the majority seem to have concrete walls. These latter, about the doorway, are prettily painted *al fresco*, and almost immediately after the last coat of mortar is put on. Some painters seemed much pleased at our watching them work, and evidently put in their best touches. Some of the scenes painted were really artistic—artistic in Chinese style. As far as I could discover the distances between street and street were about 200 feet, the houses, or, rather, sets of houses on one street backing against the rear wall of those on the next street. The dividing walls of the two or three houses standing one behind the other are often so opened as to make one continuous shop. The mill I mentioned ran from street to street, but was under 20 feet wide. In northern cities I noticed no lofty stores as in Canton. There the first story was rarely over 10 to 15 feet high, and usually when there was as much as 15 feet there were two real stories.

Many modes of work were to me very novel. Razors and fine knives are all cut by hand with a hand chisel. A fine stone lies before the mechanic, and every few minutes the cutler sharpens his chisel. Ordinary cutting implements are only hammered out. When filing any thing to a smooth and even surface, the file is worked in one hand and the thing filed is held in the other, instead of being laid on a bench. The file has at the small end a wooden continuation, which runs back and forth in a ring, thereby keeping it level and regular in its motions. All timber is sewed into boards by hand in the shop using the boards. There are evidently no saw-mills. I could hear of no great rice mills. The rice is hulled by being placed in a mortar and beaten by a maul at the end of a lever, lifted by a man stepping upon the short end, and thus lifting the maul, which then falls when he steps off and beats out the rice by its own weight. It is a lively sight to see double rows of these pounders, 10, 20, and at one place 40 or 50, all worked by athletic naked men, one to each mortar, usually moving so that a given number of mauls would fall at a time, thereby thumping in regular musical intervals.

The manner of mangling and glazing cotton nankin is very droll. The stuff, after coming from the dye-vat and being dried, is slightly dampened by a man spewing upon it from his mouth a delicate spray of water. I could not make one of them smile enough to loose his pucker. He would send the spray out as fine, almost, as the particles of fog, and as evenly over the goods as one could conceive, folding the stuff as he sprayed it. He would then laugh as much as we. The goods is then laid before a man who, with his feet, "manipulates" (excuse the bull) a stone, weighing several hundred pounds, three or four feet long, two feet deep, and ten inches thick, with a convex curve on

the base, about two feet long. The top of the stone is scooped out and the ends cut down to take off weight. The manipulator rolls some of the stuff around a wooden roller, three inches in diameter, and places it in a smooth wooden trough, hollowed so as to have a concave, a yard wide. By a quick motion of the foot the stone is thrown on the top of the roller, and rapidly worked back and forth, rolling the roller in the trough, the man all the while, as does the rice-mauler, sustaining himself by a sort of trapeze bar above. In an incredibly short time, by a motion of his feet he tips off the stone, and the stuff is drawn off perfectly ironed and glazed. When one of our fair ladies touches to her cheek a beautiful piece of glazed nankin, let her remember the delicate spray which dampened it for mangling.

The process of drilling holes through pearls and small coral beads is pretty. The pearl or bead is dropped into a little pit barely large enough to hold it. Then, with a drill as fine as a cambric needle, worked by a silk thread on a short bow, the hole is cut through in less than a minute. Beads are counted by being passed over a sort of wooden platter with 1,000 holes just large enough to catch them; each hole catches one, the remainder are rolled off, and if a hole or a few holes are discovered to be empty, enough are counted to supply the deficiency, and the whole is then tipped into a box. A thousand are thus counted in a half minute or so. Wood and ivory carving were also interesting features of Canton, and I was sorely tempted to invest, but we were yet far from half-way around the world, and I had to forego.

Cook-shops abound in all Chinese cities, and hanging in and before them were many delicacies tempting to the Chinese palate: whole-roasted pigs, fowl, hares, game, etc. The pig's jowl is cleaved vertically, and then the whole animal is spread so as to exhibit the porker in his entirety—that, too, when weighing 100 and more pounds. Ducks and game have the head and feet, and sometimes the tail-feathers or hair are stuck in or pulled over the tail-bone. In the cat and dog cook-shops the claws and feet are all left on. By the way, a fat young puppy makes a beautiful roast. The cat looks like a huge squirrel. These are only eaten in Canton, as far as I could learn, and I am led to believe it true; for in every other city the dogs were a nuisance and have a mortal hatred of a foreigner. They would discover us by scent before we could be seen, and would commence barking furiously and seemed desirous of testing our flavor. But, like all wolf-dogs, they are great cowards, and nearly all Chinese dogs have the Siberian or coyote characteristics. In Canton we were barked at by only one dog, and he got a furious kick from a native. I have a suspicion that the curs know they are good for the dish as well as for the bark, and are very well behaved. I could meet no Chinaman who confessed to eating cats and dogs. All said

they were only cooly food, but I found they cost more than that of a like quantity of pork. I therefore have a suspicion that others eat them, but on the sly, and why not? It is not the mangy cur and starveling cat that are eaten. They are fattened before killing, and all we saw roasted were appetizing in appearance. They are only offered at special markets, and prepared at special cook-shops. At one of these I saw a number of coolies eating from a large bowl of stew. I suspected the leaner curs and purrs were stewed, and not roasted, and were cheap.

About nine in the morning, and again about one P.M., the people seemed to be eating their meals. In all shops the employees eat in the place; the meal furnished, we were informed, by the master. Each man had his small bowl, which he filled from the rice-tub, and then, each would, with his chop-sticks, pick out pieces of fish, flesh, or vegetables, from a large bowl of stew common to them all, and around which they all squatted. The dexterity with which they can pick up a thing, even a grain of rice, with the chop-sticks is very remarkable. They can use them much more deftly than we can the fork. The rice from the small bowl is thrown by a sort of jerky motion into the mouth, to which the bowl is brought. They eat a kind of macaroni, or rather vermicelli, which seemed absolutely to run into the mouth as if it were alive, and one piece following another so continuously as to seem a single long string. In eating, the bowl is lifted close to the mouth. This is done among all chop-stick people.

Embroidery is done by men rather more than by women, the soft Chinese hand being admirably fitted for delicate work. The hand of every Chinaman, not absolutely occupied in very hard labor, is as soft as a new kid glove. The designer draws off the figures with a sort of pencil, without any model, and apparently without any preconceived design. The thing comes out, however, curiously harmonious. I admit it to be purely Chinese harmony. Chinaware is painted in the same way. Each piece is done separately, and rapidly, yet a man will design and paint dozens of pieces all alike, yet each in some small detail differing from the other. If you will examine any of your real china-ware you will notice this peculiarity. The same will be observed in their embroidery. The white crape shawls were very rich and artistic, and were a sore temptation to me, and the paintings on rice-paper are grotesque, but very pretty and of exquisite coloring.

We visited the place of execution. There was one head in a basket, cut off some weeks before, and around were many copper pots, nearly three feet in diameter, filled with heads, and cemented down. The body is buried, but the state holds on to the head. For ten cents the executioner showed the sword, and solemnly went through the motions of taking off a caput. He said he had cut off a good many hundreds, but admitted he would have to strike hard to sever my neck with a single blow, but would try

it if desired, and looked as if he would do it most good-naturedly; that the Chinese neck was smaller, and he rarely had to strike twice. Executioners have much practice. Six thousand heads are annually taken off in China. The sword was about two feet long in blade, and not over two or two and one half inches wide. By the way, these people have very small necks. It is a little singular that the execution ground is used for drying earthenware for the kiln. When did this idea commence? Potter's Field is almost synonymous with the burial-place of the destitute.

The temples of China are far from interesting, and greatly inferior to those of Japan. Indeed, except to note the lack of interest, they are not worth visiting. The three great temples of Canton are those of Honan, a large Buddhist temple, with its many acres of ground, and its trees trained to represent men, animals, and birds, its great fat, sacred pigs, and the three large statues of Buddha; the temple of Five Hundred Genii, with 500 gilded, wooden, or clay figures, none of them having any pretensions to artistic merit; and the temple of the Five Genii: these are the only ones we have seen at all worthy of notice.

Two guild halls, one at Hankow and one at Canton, are deserving of close attention as examples of rich, florid Chinese architecture. The tiling of the roof, the elaborate wood-carving, the rich shrines, and gold-carved gods at Hankow are gorgeous. Indeed, it would seem the design was to see how much gilt and carving could be gotten into given spaces. The hall at Canton, though very fine, is much less elaborate than the other. They are both a species of merchant boards of trade, where heavy native transactions are completed. Each has several halls, several small temples in honor of different gods, theatres, banqueting halls, and gardens, and cover large areas of ground. Great transactions, from what I could learn, are closed and cemented with a feast.

The pagodas are more attractive than the temples. Some are of great antiquity, dating far back in the early centuries of our era. Some are more or less in decay, shrubs and small trees growing on the projections of the several stories and on the summits. Five and seven stories are the usual heights of those on the Yang-tse; nine of those on the Pearl River and in Canton. Some of these latter are in good restoration, and are very pretty landmarks, and as such they are used by the navigators on all the rivers. As far as we could learn they seem to have been erected not in connection with any temples, or in any way as places of worship, but as a sort of propitiatory offering to the gods, for the purpose of bringing good-luck to the builder or builders, or to the locality. The whole theory of Chinese worship seems to be based upon the idea that the gods are a species of devils, ready and rather willing to work harm to mortals, and, therefore, to be constantly propitiated and appeased. The one great god whom

Buddha represents is a good god, and does all things well. A man's good ancestors are in heaven in the presence of the one good god or gods. To them, and through them to him, thanks are rendered for blessings on earth. No prayers are offered for the purpose of affecting in any way the future state of the petitioner. Temporal blessings alone are sought. The future is fixed and determined, in accordance with his good or bad deeds on earth. But the devilish gods are constantly meddling with men's affairs, and putting their fingers into men's pies. To prevent such interference being harmful, offerings are made. There are some gods who now and then do good and kindly acts toward men. These have rich promises and sometimes valuable presents offered to fix their kindly interference.

One sees frequently a small-footed wife—the first and real wife—who has not been able to hold the affections of her husband, who is spending too much of his time with one of his big-footed, and, therefore, more active, wives; one sees this neglected wife clap her hands to the god of woman, and give him a few “cash,” while she prays him to bless her by making her the mother of a boy, and thereby acceptable to her liege lord.

By the way, a wealthy Chinese merchant told me that the reason he married a small-foot was because she was not able to get into harm, but a big-footed woman could get about too easily, and could get into mischief; that his main wife lived in Canton—he would not take her where Europeans lived; that his second and third wives lived with him in Hong Kong. He went twice a moon to Canton to see his first wife. The first wife is the lawful one, and cannot be put away at will, or if so must be well maintained. The other wives are little more than slaves, and can be put away at pleasure. But he said public opinion protected them, and no man dared send off one of his wives after she had borne him a child without making ample provision for her support, and that custom bound a Chinaman even more than law did. That if he himself were to go abroad with his wife he would be willing and glad to introduce her to intelligent foreigners, but that here in China custom would not permit him to let any man, other than a father or a brother, visit his wife. “The fact is,” he finally said, “the Chinaman too fool jealous. When he lose his fool jealous, he come as good man as Englishman or Melican man.”

On the 15th, in Canton, we found ourselves in a densely packed street. We could scarcely get along. A procession was moving, in honor of the “God of Water,” I think. Well-dressed merchants, in a sort of guild uniform, were marching behind bands of music, followed by little boys, dressed in exquisite embroidery, on ponies, and girls beautifully dressed, on chairs all covered with flowers; some in studied positions, but sustained by hidden frames so adjusted as to prevent weariness. These were followed by little pagodas and temples of lacquer and kingfisher enamel.

Successions of this sort of thing followed each other for nearly an hour. All was good-humor and good order. Before the procession came up the street was packed, yet, by some sort of Chinese jugglery, the crowd jammed itself to the sides so that there was room for the moving line. We got into a pretty store, and to our amazement the owner had stools brought for us to stand on, so we could look over the heads of others, and even made some men move to one side who were in front of us. And yet we came to the "City of Rams" expecting to be insulted, and probably injured. Probably the traveller imagines much, or brings upon himself much, of that which he is in the habit of calling Chinese hostility. The real fact is, the Chinese very much fear foreigners, and stand in awe of them. They will rarely fail to lower the eye and turn away when a European or American looks upon them with an earnest eye.

We had quite a long conversation with the bishop of Canton, who received and treated us with great kindness, for which we are under obligations to his Grace, Archbishop Feehan, whose Latin letter we carry with us when calling upon any of the Catholic hierarchy. The good bishop has been in this country some 25 years, and speaks only French and Chinese. He was greatly pleased when informed of the kind treatment we had received in his city, and agreed with us thoroughly that much of the reported hostility of the Chinese was imaginary, or somewhat brought on by the mistakes of the tourists. He said there was a very bitter feeling toward the French after their late war with the Chinese, but he could see that it was growing less year by year. In his district he has in his church about 30,000 members. They had hard and slow work to win these people from their superstitions. I suggested that the bishops of some 1800 years ago would have thought his success great, and that he had cause for hope. His face brightened up as he replied: "*Ah, oui; toujours l'esperance; l'esperance est toujours le notre.*" The bishop wears a pig-tail and looks a Chinaman. The church building, whose foundation was laid some 25 years ago, has now a complete exterior, and is being beautifully finished within. It is all of cut stone—no wood or plaster. It has two lofty towers, and is excelled in architectural purity by few such buildings in Europe. There are beautiful marble altars and rich stained-glass windows. They are earnest and wise, these French priests. The Orientals cannot comprehend pure simplicity. They must be appealed to through their admiration and their awe for the grand. This magnificent church towering far above every thing else except a few pagodas in the "City of the Rams," seen for many miles up and down the great river, will do a vast deal to win the Celestials from their belief in the five genii, and the supposed petrified rams' heads which lie before them.

The legend is that ages ago five genii were flying over the land, which was greatly distressed by a famine. They kindly alighted, together with five rams of plenty. Monster footprints—*i. e.* old-time water-worn marks—several feet long are shown in their temple garden, where they first touched earth, and five water-worn stones, resembling rams' heads, are in front of their statues. A little kindly treatment by the gray head of our party to a prettily dressed child brought upon us the bright smiles and kindly words from his Mantu mother—the wife, probably, of some high official of the quarter, and here that day for worship.

Before forgetting what I said of the beneficial effect of pomp on these people in religious matters, I will say something of the misplaced economy of our government in all the East—that is, the niggardly manner in which our consuls are forced to live when compared to that of other western powers. I think every other government has its fixed consular residence, always handsome buildings, with fine grounds. These impress the people, and win respect from men who value an official in proportion to the style in which he moves. A mandarin or magistrate goes to and from the courts in a procession of officials, with wheezing fifes, and beating gongs, and banners flying. This is approved of by all the natives, because it impresses all with the power surrounding the officials. A magistrate hearing a criminal cause has his personal attendants about him, and every few moments his pipe-bearer hands him the pipe, from which he takes a few whiffs, to help preserve his calm sense of justice. There is absolutely no caste in China, but the official moves and acts ever in great state. Wise men have found these things beneficial.

America sends consuls out here clothed with judicial powers. They settle all difficulties and all troubles involving the property, life, and liberty of their countrymen. They represent the majesty of our government. They take evidence involving life and property and give decisions, and yet one we met lives in a respectable building because a missionary happened to desire a visit home, and next spring I fear he will have to roll up his bed and look out for a bunk to lay his head on. He may or he may not get a fitting house, but even if he does he loses, by his forced moving, prestige with the people around him. This thing has been thrown up to us both in Japan and China by the few natives with whom we talked. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing rightly. Our government is a mighty one. Its navy is the laughing-stock of the world. That one can stand; we are a peace-seeking people. Our institutions do not require ships to send around the world for the junketing of admirals and commodores and their wives and daughters. But our merchants and our business men visit all lands. When they come to the East let them find ministers and consuls who can try their causes in

buildings which belong to our government, and thereby help to make the people we may be forced to contend with feel a respect for the government whose flag floats over us. Our Congressmen do not take their seats for 13 months after being elected. It would be a good idea to force each one of them to spend a good part of the time in going around the world, thereby learning how to legislate for the nation, instead of running back and forth to Washington to get some paltry position for workers at the polls.

One of the peculiar things which strikes the traveller at Canton is its vast floating population, and its boats, *manned* by women. It is said there are over 80,000 of the 1,600,000 Cantonese who live and die in little boats on the river. These are of three sizes. The largest or regular marine boat is 25 to 40 feet long, with a beam of 10 to 15 feet. Some of them have a sort of second story. They traffic, carrying freight and passengers. Their owners never go off of them. At night these lie side by side, 10 to 20 deep, with another row meeting their bows, and so on for hundreds of yards. Some of them are beautifully decorated within, not outside—no Chinese boat ever is, or even painted—and are called flower-boats. Opposite them are those termed the room-boats. Here the revelry of Canton is carried on. Susan, our bright sampan girl, guided us from one boat to another, now and then stretching out her tiny hand to assist us in our movements. A gentleman wishes to entertain some friends. He hires a flower-boat for the evening, the hire securing the supper and wines. He then hires one, two, three, or more singing- and dancing-girls—a sort of odalisques;—each guest can bring a girl if he wishes. Here they meet to make a night of it, eating and drinking and gambling, the girls singing, playing, or dancing for their amusement. The boats are all open in front, like the stores, and hundreds of idlers pass to and fro to see the revellers. This they seem to relish. We were beckoned to enter and partake, but with a motion of thanks declined. This is kept up from five in the afternoon to one, two, or three at night. Although there are hundreds of these pleasure-boats, and perhaps thousands of the singing-girls, yet the population of the city is so great that this thing goes on night after night throughout the year, and from year to year. The water makes the air cool, and these flower-boats take the place of beer-gardens in Germany, cafés in France, and tea-houses in Japan and in other cities of China. The girls are of the lower classes, belong to the master or mistress of the house-boats, and are hired at one dollar an evening. They are allowed to drink, but not to eat. I was told that if this were permitted their coarse manners would crop out in eating, but that they quickly learn how to drink like ladies.

The sampans are much smaller boats, about 15 to 20 feet long,

with a beam of five to eight feet. In this little affair a woman will live with two or three children. If she has no daughter old enough, she manages to buy a girl grown or nearly grown. These two manage the boat, of which there are thousands. They do all the light river carrying, and it is very great. Sampan women will rush upon a steamer, seize one's valise or even trunk, and carry it down a gangway with the strength of a man and with more agility. They will give one a hand to steady him, and, in fact, protect and assist a strong man as he at home has been accustomed to assist women.

Our hotel was in Honan, an island suburb across the river from the main city of Canton. Susan, lithe, sharp, quick-witted Susan, owned two boats, and had three pretty daughters, all nearly as old as herself, and two little children. She or they were always on hand to scull us from the hotel to the city, a few hundred yards across. And how they could scull. In and out, under the bows of junks, through crowds of big boats or little sampans, rowing like men, climbing like monkeys. Our Susans were all pretty little women, beautifully formed, with tiny hands, if hard; and such feet and ankles! It is impossible to describe them. The reader can imagine them, and can't go amiss, so perfect were they—real models in nut-brown. And Susan was ubiquitous. It mattered not where we would reach the river after a walk, Susan was sure to be there to scull us over, to take our ten cents, and to crack a joke in pigeon English—a joke not always the most delicate; for none of them are prudes. We wondered how she with only two boats could be everywhere at once. On our last day we were rowing down the river when a woman's voice from another sampan rang in my ears. We looked, and lo, it was our real Susan; and yet Susan was rowing us. We then discovered that all these little boat-women—that is, the young ones, had beautiful forms and perfect feet and ankles. The boys on taking a boat never saw above the ankle, and in that way were joking with a bright-eyed woman supposed to be Susan, and had not discovered we did not have *our* Susan, whose ankles were pretty, but whose eyes squinted badly. It is truly wonderful the amount of work these little women can do. Often one will be seen sculling a boat with a baby strapped to her back. Indeed, nearly half of the boats had babies, and one was generally fastened to one of the women's shoulders.

The Chinese are fearful gamblers, and one never goes far that he does not see a game going on—a sort of faro—coolies gambling on the ground at the corners of streets, workmen gambling in shops, and, what was queerest of all, we rarely passed a temple without seeing a game in progress on the steps or the portico. The stakes are very small—all in "cash," which is the tenth part of a cent. These are the money of the people, and some of the heaviest loads carried by the porters are the baskets of cash

transported to close purchases, 1,000 of them to a dollar. Each cash weighs about as much as an American cent.

This is the 25th; we will be at the bar in the Menam River to-night. To-morrow we will be in Bangkok, and fear we will swelter in the heat. Out here, over a deep blue sea, the thermometer is high in the 80's. The boys are in their shirt-sleeves and I am uncomfortably warm in an alpaca.

CHAPTER XV.

SIAM—RICH SOIL—VAST FORESTS OF TIMBER—BANGKOK—VULTURES EATING THE DEAD—A CREMATION—AUDIENCE WITH THE KING—SIAMESE THEATRE.

Bangkok, Siam, December 5, 1887.

IF we could study secret biographies of the great men of the world, those who have left footprints on the sands of time, we would probably find that the currents of their lives were turned into the channels which bore them to their greatness by most trivial circumstances, by mere straws. So, too, are men's opinions moulded, or at least colored, by the veriest trifles—colored into prejudices which require time and care to eradicate. He whose mother's treasured porcelain service was of the old blue-willow pattern, has, more or less, his impressions of the Celestial Empire fashioned upon the model he studied upon the plates from which he ate.

Our ideas of tropical landscapes are nearly all built upon the pictures in our geographies, showing us a dense fern and palm jungle, with a huge boa-constrictor wound about a tree, and a tiger springing for a deer, but likely to land in the open jaws of a crocodile; or of a forest of banyan and tree-ferns overhanging a dark stream, with a naked native paddling a tiny canoe beneath the clustering branches. These facts should be considered by the educators of youth; even the illustrations of children's books should be made carefully true. Here I would suggest that school atlases lead into errors which fix themselves in the minds of children and last through their lives. Maps of our own country and of the several States are upon a large scale, while those of foreign countries are on a greatly reduced one. The eye of the child measures all by the space covered on the sheet, without reference to the scale. The result is that erroneous ideas of the relative magnitude of different countries become fixed in their mind. This has been the fact in my own case, and of every fellow-traveller to whom I have mentioned the thing. School geographies should have all maps on a uniform scale. Pupils would then, without a thought, acquire accurate comparisons, and would better understand the world's geography.

Travellers' maps have on the margin a small one of some familiar home land, on the same scale with the maps, so as to enable

the traveller at a glance to understand the dimensions of the countries he visits. Rand and McNally's admirable folding maps use Ohio as the base for comparison. We have several times heard intelligent travellers, who knew the approximate number of square miles in China in figures, yet exclaim with surprise when remarking the insignificant little spot represented by Ohio's 40,000 square miles in the margin of the map of the Celestial emperor's mighty dominion. This is thrown out as a hint to intelligent school-boards.

My early imbibed impressions have been a constant stumbling-block to me in the vasty East. These thoughts have been suggested by my week's sojourn in Siam, the last and fast-changing relic of Oriental kingdoms yet existing in the world. When we steamed up the Menam River to Bangkok a week ago, and afterward in a little steam barge to the old capital, Ayuthia, 70 miles above, I felt as if I were continuing my boyhood dream of a tropical land—the living picture of the huge banyan, with its many arms; the dense tangle of mighty tree-ferns and broad-leafed, low palms; the spreading low trees, clothed in a mass of flowering vines; the clumps of bamboo, with their feathery tops; the slender betel, the stately cocoa, and the massive fan-topped sugar-palms; the tiny canoe darting in and out of the little creeks and canals almost dark into deep green; the dusky native paddling his little dugout. Here almost alone did the early pictures give us true ideas of tropical lands visited. These were my first realizations of a veritable land of the burning sun, and might well have been the spots which suggested the pictures (or rather one of them) which I had seen in my school-book a half century and more ago. These have printed on my mind a photograph which will not fade while I live, and one I will ever enjoy when looking back upon it.

When we left home for a race with the sun we had no idea of coming here, but did so owing to the promise of Prince Devawongse, whom we met, as before stated, on our voyage across the Pacific. We did not expect much from the promise, for we knew men of his position would be overrun if they pay too much attention to travellers, who are now so abundant. But, finding we could get here and not exhaust more than a couple of weeks of our time, we came, and have been well repaid for the trip, and must acknowledge our indebtedness to the Prince, not only for courtesies extended, but for others he wished to extend. We would have probably gone up the river to Baheng, and then across the country to Moulmain by elephants, had not the king's barge been absent on an expedition up the river. This would have been a decided novelty, but there was no possibility of doing it by purely private conveyance, except with a loss of at least six or eight weeks. With a royal barge and the king's order for elephants we could have done it in a month—possibly in three weeks.

Siam has about 250,000 square miles of territory in the kingdom proper and its immediate dependencies. It is the most speculative land in Asia. Every thing is possible to it, and a vast deal may come out of it. Its native name is "Thai." I am writing on the steamer, which we boarded an hour since for Singapore, but which, with true Orientalism, will not get off for three or four hours after its advertised time. I mention this to show why I have no means of finding whether I have the proper name or not. It means "free land," or "land of the free," and yet there is not a single free thing in it.

The king owns every thing, and, in a certain sense, everybody. He is lord of all he surveys, and yet is himself the veriest slave of the grovelling superstitions and vile customs of his people—superstitions and customs which must be a source of intense disgust to so intelligent a man as King Chulalonghorn evidently is, yet which he could not escape except at the risk of losing his throne. Absolute monarch, his will a law to every man in the realm, his proclamations gainsaid by no one, yet he himself is absolutely governed by custom and the opinions of his nobles, even to the daily routine of his life. With tastes and aspirations natural to a man of culture, and ambitions growing out of his royal position and his evident desire for his country's prosperity, he is utterly powerless to do the half he would for his people, because he is locked up in his palace and can see the people's needs only through the eyes of others, and can hear only the voice of flattery, or, what is yet worse, the voice of self-seeking and too often dishonest ambition.

With a kindly, gentle face, bespeaking a warm and generous heart, capable of deep affection, and showing his loving disposition by his real grief for the untimely death of his first queen, he is compelled to take many wives,—the daughters of his noblemen,—and now a little over 34 years of age, is the father of some 30 odd children. When I left his presence, after a kindly and free audience of a half hour, and recall the warm and manly grasp he gave my hand at parting, I could not help saying to myself: "Monarch! absolute master of 9,000,000 of human beings, that man is the veriest slave in his whole dominions." I pity, rather than envy him.

This country is one of great fertility, having a soil in many parts equal to the valley of the Nile. Indeed its fertility in all the rice-growing sections is owing to the annual overflow of its great rivers, which bring down rich deposits from the forest-clad mountains. This year its product of rice is somewhere about 12,000,000 of piculs, each of, I think, 130 odd pounds. It sends to Singapore about 16,000 head of cattle each year, and yet a vast portion of its territory, and a very rich portion too, is an impenetrable jungle of the most valuable timber in the world,—forest of teak, ebony, and other hard woods,—all of which the world wants,

and yet the trees grow and die, and breed the deadly jungle fever, which even the natives cannot brave with impunity. Millions of acres of these forests are of great fertility, and would, if the timber were cut off, feed millions of people. She has rich coal-fields, and very rich gold and tin mines. Some parts of her mountains abound in precious stones, especially sapphires and rubies. These rich mineral valuables are almost entirely lost, and the immense timber resources idle, because there is not a road in the kingdom. In the low lands near the coast, and running back 100 miles or so, there are for the sole means of transportation, the river and little canals. These irrigate the rice fields, and are navigated by small row-boats. The land is cultivated very poorly; the small one-handed plow, drawn by the buffalo and ox, doing the work. It is said her people are all slaves. But it is not the slavery we generally understand, but a species of slavish feudalism. Prisoners of war and their children for all time are absolute slaves. Of these there are a large number. But the remainder are bonded to some master. A parent sells his child, or a man sells himself, or rather mortgages himself. He borrows a sum of money at a very heavy rate of interest—15 per cent. being the legal rate, but a higher rate permissible,—and pays the interest through life. The debt also binds his children under this feudal custom. Every one first belongs as feudatory to some nobleman, being marked by a tattoo, generally on the wrist, to indicate his master. He owes to the nobleman 15 days' work each year. In addition to this, he is bound generally by a mortgage or sale to some other master, perhaps less than a nobleman.

Polygamy is universal, and one sees at the theatre a man in the dress circle of men, while his wife or wives and slaves (female) are in the women's circle. All classes chew the betel nut, and at the theatre each family has the betel-pot and spittoon. The latter is carried by a slave, who hands it to the ladies when they wish to spit. The betel nut is astringent and somewhat intoxicant. It is chewed in connection with a paste made of lime, tobacco, and pepper leaf. It not only blackens the teeth but cracks the lips, and so injures the gums that the teeth are caused to protrude and look straggled.

The king, princes, and common people are alike slaves to the nasty habit, and half of the women have their mouths injured, if not absolutely distorted by it. Otherwise the women are decidedly comely, having fine forms and good gaits. Women and men dress so nearly alike that we could hardly distinguish one from the other for several days, for all wear short hair. The dress is a cloth, called "panoong," about two feet wide, wrapped around the waist, with one corner drawn between the legs and caught in a girdle at the waist. This makes a sort of flowing trouser, falling to the knees. A gentleman wears a closely buttoned coat (*sacque*), buttoned to the neck, with long stockings and low shoes. The

woman generally allows the "panoong" to hang like a petticoat, and wraps about her breast a girdle, leaving the upper part of the bosom and shoulders entirely bare, and none wear shoes. Many of the working women dispense with the girdle entirely. The great mass of people, even in the city, go bare-legged and bare-footed. This is universal in the country. The women appear to be industrious, and perform much more than half the work. The men are lazy, and, with the exception of fishing, appear willing to leave the women to earn the bread. All are inveterate gamblers, and one rarely sees a gambling-house, of which there are a great many, otherwise than full. They are entirely open to the street, canal, or river, and at night are distinguished by their many lights. I am told the king would gladly lessen the number of these gambling places, but could not dispense with the revenue they bring in. The inveterate habit of gambling is the cause of a large part of the people's slavery. They sell their children and themselves for its gratification. The wily Chinese monopolize the gambling-houses, as, indeed, they do nearly all the avenues of wealth and nearly all kinds of business which require industry and skill.

Bangkok has over 80,000 of these people, many of whom have acquired large fortunes and hold prominent positions. They are the business men of the country, and also the cooks and waiters for the Europeans who live here, and to my surprise the waiters in the prince's dining-room wore pigtails. I do not wonder so many foreigners throughout the East prophesy that they are the coming race of the world.

Bangkok lies on either side of the Menam River, thirty miles from its mouth. This is a stream varying from 400 to 800 yards in width, and running through a perfectly flat country, the banks at high tide being barely out of the water. Fringing it for many miles from the mouth is a heavy growth of tropical plants—palms of several varieties, tree-ferns, tamarind and mango trees, several trees with waxy leaves and having large flowers, and indeed many varieties of beautiful woods, so thick together that seen from the level of the river they appear to be an almost impenetrable jungle. But behind this fringe of forest stretch great plains of rice fields as far as the eye can reach, unless when varied by another fringe along some large canal. Scattered through these fields are beautiful sugar-palms now and then clumped in groves. The great teak and ebony forests up the river are several hundred miles from the coast. These are so dense that the superintendent of the construction of telegraph, Mr. Fritz—an American—consumed two or three months in cutting a way for a line through a forest of 65 miles. There was an advance party of some 500 natives cutting the trail, and a second party of 170 putting up the poles and wire. Elephants were used for all carrying. So terrible was the jungle fever that in that one jungle some 250 natives died within two

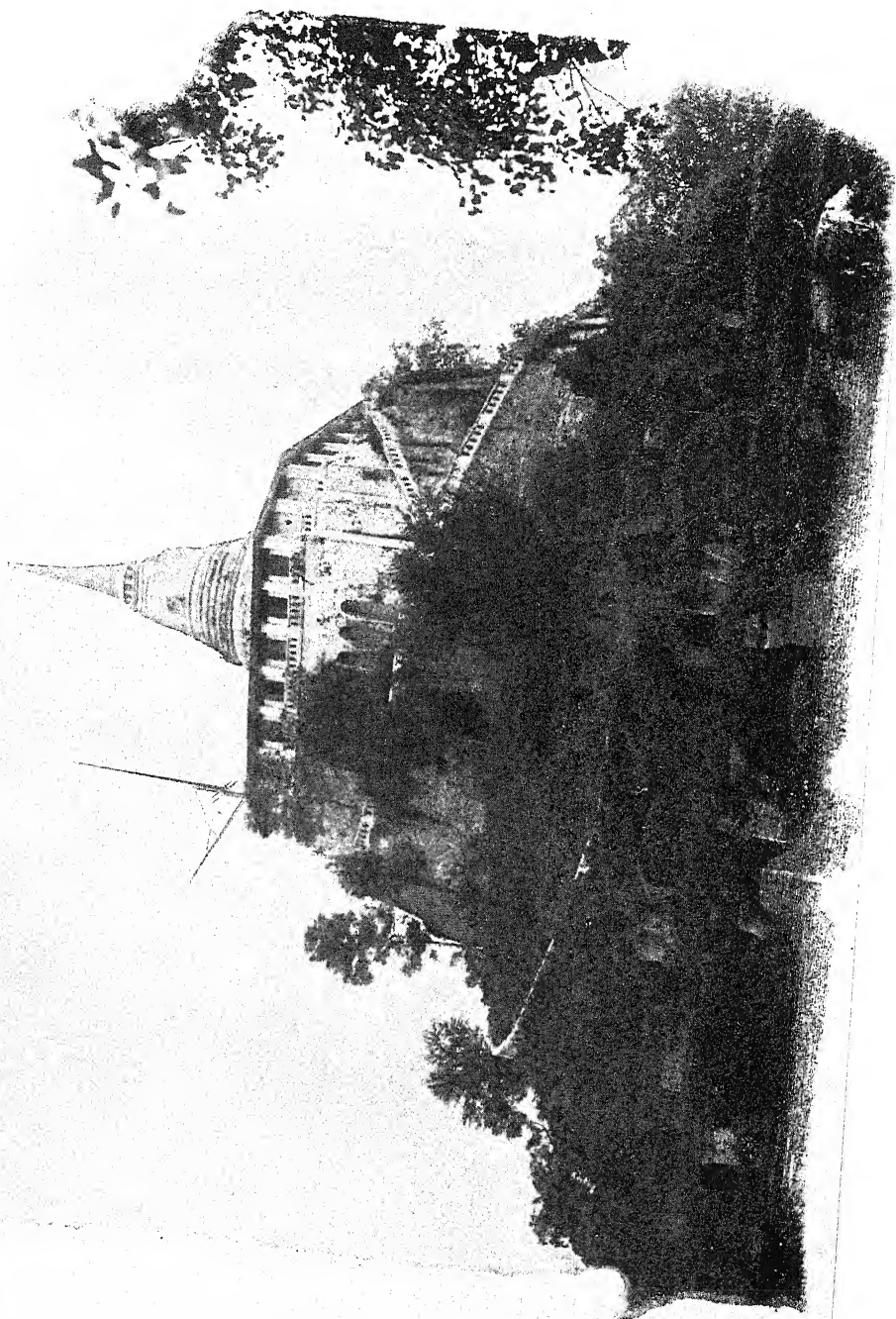
months. If a dose of 20 grains of quinine failed to break the fever death almost immediately ensued.

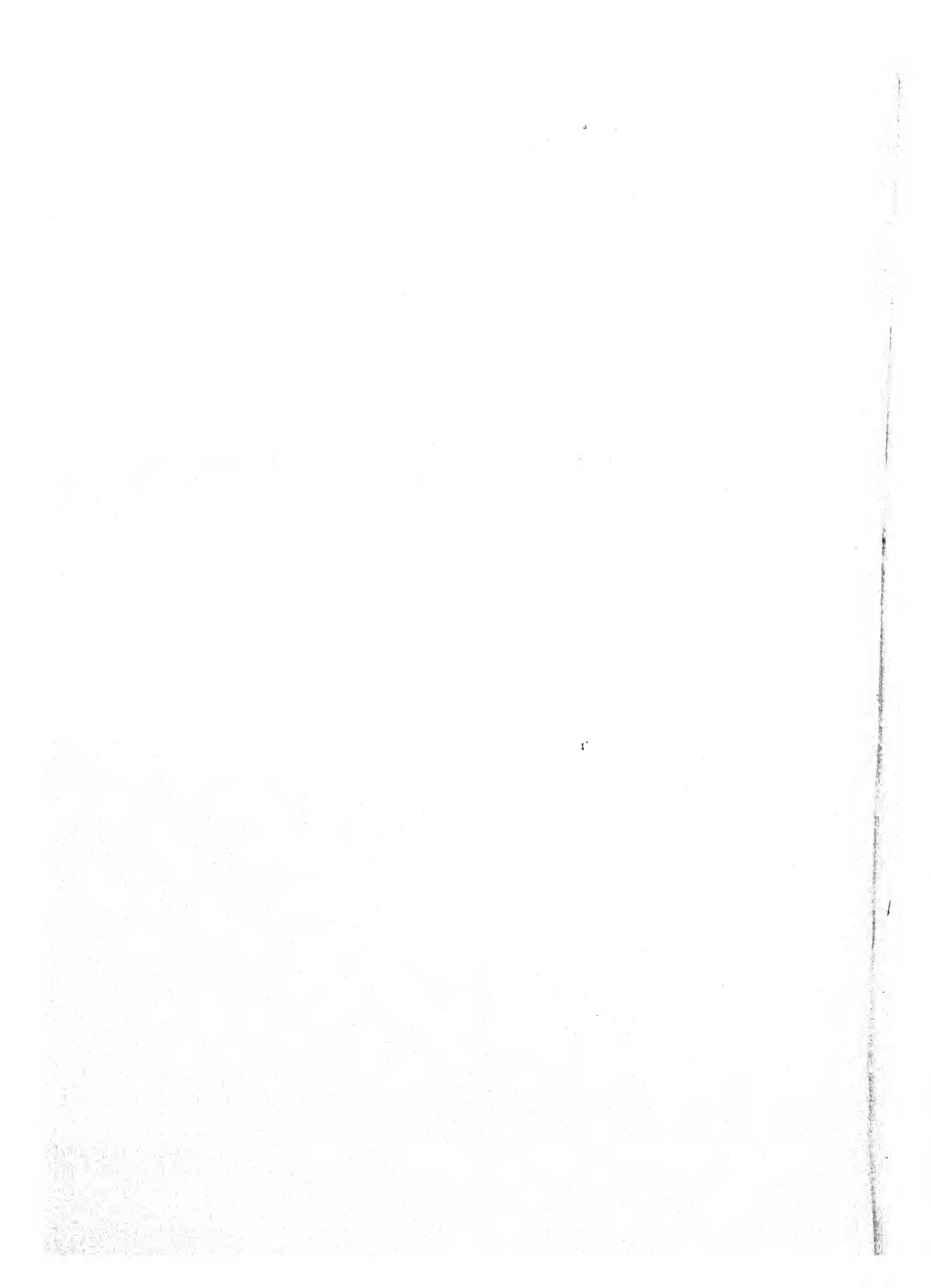
A large amount of logs are floated down the Menam, and sawed at Bangkok. But so difficult is the getting of logs to the river, there being absolutely no kind of roads, that the timber sells in Bangkok at about 60 cents a cubic foot. And yet Mr. Fritz assured us there are vast quantities of this timber rotting in the forests within comparatively short distances from the streams. The people are so utterly lazy that their labor can never be depended upon to build roads, or in any way develop the resources of the land. Foreign energy and capital must be called into requisition. The constant aggressiveness of the English and French in this corner of Asia makes the king naturally fearful of getting their aid, and the jealousy of these two of the Germans, renders them out of the question. One can see but one way out of the dilemma, and that is for the king to call upon American pluck and energy. He has nothing to fear from them politically or otherwise; and the other nationalities can feel no jealousy of the republican in this land of despotism. I have good reason to believe, in fact to know, that king and princes feel very kindly towards us, and have no doubt that an American syndicate could find a splendid field for energy in Siam—a field which would bring to the operators large profit, and would do more good in educating and elevating this squalid people than 1,000 missionaries could do in a quarter of a century. A prince said to me: "We acknowledge our great indebtedness to the American missionaries; they never turn a man from Buddha to Christ, but we owe to them nearly all of our ideas of western progress. The king feels very kindly toward them, and has no fear that they will do any harm by converting our people; but business follows where the missionaries go."

Bangkok is entirely different from all other eastern cities we have seen. Elsewhere the houses are compacted together so as to cover as little space as possible, and the people are massed as in hives. This city, however, with its 350,000 people, covers more ground than Canton with its great population. There are few streets, but they are quite broad. Canals run in every direction, and are so numerous that the Siamese are proud to call their capital the Venice of the East. Houses project over these canals, with open balconies, and both sides of the river for six or more miles are lined with floating houses, used not only for residences, but for business. People do their shopping in boats; and while a woman sells to her customer in view, for all houses have open fronts, her lazy husband fishes, sitting upon a box of goods, and his children bathe and swim around the house. In rowing or being rowed about there was never a moment that we could not see somewhere a bather; and just at sundown all the common world seems amphibious. The "panoong" is kept on

when in the water, and is then either exchanged for a dry one or left on to dry. Rivers and canals are always filled by freight boats, 40 to 60 feet long; by small peddler-boats, by canoes of all sizes, from ten feet, barely holding a man, up to 100 or more feet, with 50 or more paddlers moving in state with some high official. I saw one long canoe with nearly 100 rowers. Each one would dip his paddle and then lift it on high, a curious sight thus to see nearly 100 paddles poised in air at the same time. There are quite a large number of small steam barges in the city belonging to Europeans engaged in timber sawing and in rice milling and shipping. These dart about very rapidly. In fact all boats seem to do so, for the tide runs very swiftly, and boats going with its current move in the channel, while those going against it stick to the shore eddies. This makes the river a very lively one, especially towards the cool of the day. Trees abound throughout the town, along streets, along the canals, and about the houses, many of them of good forest size. Looking down from a high pagoda, one can scarcely realize one's self in the heart of a great city. The ordinary house is almost entirely lost in the mass of green. Here and there one peeps out looking cool and shaded. But the lofty snow-white pagodas, the tall steep-roofed temples, roofed in tiles of many colors, many of them in gilt; the beautiful kiosk turrets of the palaces, the gilded royal "wat" and cenotaph, and the white palaces themselves, make the city from an eminence look like a vast royal garden, with princely palaces and Oriental temples nestled among ornamental tropical verdure. The "wat" is a sort of monastery, with its temple and kiosk and lodging-houses of the priests within a single enclosure. There are a great many in the city, and many of them of wonderful richness.

Some of the temples and pagodas are apparently made up entirely of gilt and glass mosaic, in small pieces inlaid in cement walls and flashing in the sunlight like mountains of gold and diamonds. The royal "wat" makes the looker-on feel that Aladdin's lamp is close by, revealing to him scenes of fairy wonder, rather than scenes of actual reality. It is within and without—its several temple buildings and its five or six lofty round-pointed pagodas—made up of gold and gems. The gold is of burnt, gilded pottery in small squares of an inch, brilliantly glazed; the gems are of glass of different colors, and set like rose-faced diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. Looking upon the pile of these buildings, covering several acres, just as the sun goes down, with a gentle breeze causing the thousand tiny bells which hang to cornice, frieze, and projecting point to tinkle, we almost felt as if we had been carried off by some flying genii and gently dropped upon a scene of Oriental fable. Unfortunately all of the temples, pagodas, and kiosks are of brick, stuccoed with Portland cement, and the gems and gold planted into it will last only for a





short time. Many thousands of dollars are required each year to keep the entire fabrics of beauty from tumbling into decay. A change of dynasty will bring quickly the glory of Siam's capital into a heap of debris. Ayutia, once a great city, which was abandoned 100 and odd years ago when this royal family founded Bangkok, is already a heap of ruins, its "wats" and lofty pagodas furnishing soil for the roots of rapidly-growing tropical plants. They are not absolutely fallen down, but the plants and shrubs are climbing up their lofty heights and find homes.

The first thing we did on our arrival at Bangkok was to drive to the royal garden, where a fine military band plays every Sunday afternoon. The music was good, the leader German. The gardens are beautiful, one avenue of bamboos being as unique as pretty. This tree here, as we are told, too, it does in India, grows in massy clumps, almost like a solid tree. These clumps, about 50 feet apart, on either side of a long avenue, send up their feathery plumes about 60 feet, meeting at a less height over the roadway, and making a perfect green, Gothic arch, which, viewed from either end, is as regular as a cathedral aisle. In the gardens we met many of the 200 foreigners who make Bangkok their home.

The next day early we called upon Col. Child, our genial minister. He took us in charge, and to him we owe much which made our visit to Siam very charming. We called on Prince Devawongse, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received us most cordially, and, after entertaining us for some time, sent one of his aids to show us the famous sacred white elephants and the royal "wat." The white elephants have blue eyes, are light-colored, but not whiter than Barnum's beast, which, by the way, did not come from Siam. The poor brutes here do not seem to enjoy very greatly their sacred bondage, but tied by the hind leg they sway back and forth, and beg for a nut as readily as do those in menageries. The oldest wears a brace of ivories which would make him quite sacred to an ivory worker, but munches green grass in a very unsacred way. Instead of being housed in gilded quarters, he is tied up in a dingy stable and is attended by a half-naked mahout instead of a priest in saintly robes; a priest, however, oversees his household.

On our second day we rowed about some of the canals, and then climbed the old "Wat-Se-Kat," a huge pagoda over 300 feet in diameter, built of a solid mass of brick—countless millions being in the mass—and lifting 200 feet high. A stairway leads around it, as in the picture of the Tower of Babel. From this we had our first view of the forest-clad city. Below us immediately were the common crematory grounds, and the square in which the bodies of those too poor to pay for cremation are given to the vultures. A large flock of these mournful birds were roosting on a low pagoda close by. Seeing a smoke we supposed a cremation was going on, but found it arose from burning coffins and rubbish.

We then went to the square for the poor, and, to our surprise, almost horror, a newly dead body had just been laid in it. It was limp and hardly cold. It was of an old woman who had died of cholera, always here. A covering was laid over the middle of the body, but the head, bust, arms, and legs were bare.

Just as we entered a vulture flew down, then another and others. Two or three dogs were walking about near-by. The birds hopped about the body, but did not seem satisfied it was dead. Presently one of the dogs stole up and commenced to tear a piece of flesh from the cheek. Rapidly the birds closed in, commencing at the eyes. The sight was so sickening that we all turned and went out, not looking back. We saw, however, the relations of the dead squatted in a sort of shed temple close by, while a robed priest was reading from bamboo leaves the service for the dead. We felt that if these, the relatives, were not horrified at the mangling of their loved one, it was sickly sentimentality for us so to be; so we returned. We had not been absent five minutes, but in that time the vultures had come in such numbers that they were a squirming, tossing mass over the corpse. Five dogs were there by this time, snapping and growling and trying to drive the birds away so that they could get at the feast. Presently the birds seemed for the moment satisfied, and hobbled off. Then the dogs went in. But one of the attendants, seeing our disgust at the dog part of the drama, drove them away, when the vultures again returned. In less than thirty minutes from the time the body was laid there, the bloody, gorged birds flew off, one by one, and left the bare skeleton for the dogs to pull at the sinews and at the tough hands and feet, which the vultures' beaks could not tear.

At first we were all shocked by the sight, but very quickly this feeling passed off. We could not help feeling it was not a whit worse than laying a loved one in the ground to become food for worms. The vultures seemed but fitting ministers; it is their calling, and has been so for countless ages. For countless successions of generations they have been aiding man in this way to get rid of his dead, instead of putting them in the ground to feed worms and poison the waters of life. But there was something horrible in the dog's performance. He is man's friend, and man takes care of him. We did not after that pass a Siamese cur that we did not feel a desire to whack him over the head. But, after all, the revulsion of feeling which came so quickly to us was owing to the fact that the friends of the dead woman—perhaps her daughters and grandchildren—were there within ten paces of the scene, listening, with bowed heads and clasped hands, to the promises of their deity to those who have lived piously. The priest chanted in monotonous tone, but reverently and with intense pathos, the lesson he was reading. After the birds had taken all they cared to have, we turned from the dogs fighting over the skeleton and lis-

tened almost with awe to the funeral services, and watched with a full eye the faces of the stricken family. Some of them were old, and would soon lie in that same charnelhouse whose floor was the earth—mother of us all—and whose ceiling was the blue sky far above. What mattered it to them how their bodies should return to the dust, if their souls could only wing their flight through yonder wondrous blue to mingle again with the spirit of the ever-living God from whence they came? We spoke to a Siamese prince of our manner of burying. He said: "I will be cremated, but a thousand times rather would I be eaten by vultures than to lie and rot in the sodden, nasty ground." Which is the better, his ideas or ours? The world is governed by conventionalism. That which is accepted by all is the best. There is but one thing which is absolutely good. That is a life in accordance with the will of God. Who can, who may rightly, interpret that will?

By a singular transition we were witnesses that same afternoon of the ceremony of cremation of one of the powerful and rich of the land. At half-past four we went to a large "wat," to be present at the last rites in honor of "Phranai Samochai," who died nine months before, and had been lying in state in spices and sweet herbs in one of the spacious halls of his palace. Colonel Child and I got there a little early. We wandered about. On the matting, spread about on the grass in one of the temple courts, were the wives and female slaves of the dead man, all crouched down, with black "panoong" and white scarfs about their bodies. In an inner court were some men sawing into a very large box. We went near. It was the outer case containing the coffin, and air-tight. Scarcely had the saw passed through the board when the putrid gases escaping, drove us from the inclosure. The body was then put into a small vaulted room. Into this the head wife entered, sobbing, and following came others.

In the outer courts two theatrical performances were going on out of hearing of each other. One in Chinese—for the deceased was a Chinaman by birth—the other in Siamese. These are provided for the people that they may enjoy themselves, for the burial of a good man is not a cause of mourning. He has gone to a better life, and his friends should rejoice. Between these two theatres (temporary) there was an erection, some 12 x 20 feet high, on four columns. This was a handsomely carved white cornice, from which to the ground drooped black drapery, caught up in white. Under this was an oven-shaped altar, and over it an open white catafalque covered with flowers and gilt. The son of the dead man, acting as master of ceremonies, seeing us walking about, sent to us a bright lad, who we learned was grandson of the deceased, and spoke good English. He guided us to a tented pavilion close by the catafalque, provided us with chairs, and soon gave us tea and cigars. Quite a number of prominent people were there; two of them had been passengers on the *Parthia* in

Davawongse's suite. These spoke to us, and gave us some explanations. Presently some other foreigners arrived,—missionaries and consuls. Soon the coffin, in a brass case without top or bottom, was put on the altar, being lifted up a foot or so. In the meantime priests were chanting all around. Large bundles of cloth were then put upon the bier, and after lying a moment were taken off by the priests. They were presents from the dead man's estate. Many of them had extra sheets and robes for a year. About the catafalque were tall bamboo frames, so covered with lanterns as to resemble blazing pagodas. Just at dusk a steam barge steamed up in the canal close by, and Prince Ongnai, full brother of the king, and regent or second king, the first prince in the land, arrived, and then with a flourish another barge came from the palace with the sacred fire, which is never allowed to die out, sent by the king. "Ongnai," after passing among the guests with a few words for his friends and a polite greeting for all, lighted from this fire a piece of sandal-wood and a stick of resinous incense, and set fire to sandal-sticks under the bier. Other leading men followed him, and then flowers of sandal-wood were given the foreigners, and we were asked to assist. Our doing so seemed to please the family. Thus in one day we saw vultures and dogs eat one of the poor of the land, and with our own hands helped to burn up one of its rich and great ones. Soon the whole pile was in flames.

We were invited to the house close by to dine, but declined. At night we again went up to see the brilliant fireworks in honor of the dead. All was feasting and enjoyment. Food was spread about for the poor. Shows and pageants were kept up for the public amusement. The funeral pile at night was become a mass of coals, all of fragrant woods. A man stood by who, with a sort of hooked poker, would push up the fire and pull up scraps of body to keep them burning. The fire is kept up for 24 hours. The ashes of the bones were then gathered together and kept in an urn, while the remainder of the ashes were taken out and scattered on the river, a boat solemnly floating down it for the purpose.

The next day we were informed that the king would grant an audience to Col. Child to enable him to present an autograph letter from the President of the United States, and would then give us a private audience at 5 P. M. At the appointed hour, in full dress, we were at the royal palace. We were met at the grand gate by an officer, who conducted us through the courts. Prince Devawongse met us on the way. Passing through a file of household guards, we passed up the broad palace steps. The palace is, by the way, a long, two-story and basement Italian building, with a central projecting pavilion, and a pavilion at either end, of beautiful kiosk-form. It is of brick, cemented and painted in pure white. It cannot be termed magnificent, but it is very chaste and pure in its style and exceedingly handsome. All

the public buildings, by the way, except the city walls and gates or portals, are Italian in style and erected by Italian architects. Entering a broad and lofty vestibule, we were seated at a table and served with delicious tea and cigarettes. We wrote our names in a handsomely bound, large register, and each one his name and place of residence in an autograph-book, under the date of birth, and opposite a verse of English poetry.

Scarcely were we through with this when a master of ceremonies announced that the king was ready to receive us. Accompanied by Prince Devawongse, we mounted another short flight of steps into the grand reception-room. Through this elegant room, 100 feet long, beautifully furnished, and with walls ornamented with European paintings, we passed between files of body-guards into the king's private reception-room. This is also a lofty and large apartment, most tastefully furnished. Near the door stood Siam's celestial monarch. We were all presented and shaken by the hand. Mr. Child then, in a neat speech, which was not interpreted, presented President Cleveland's letter, a copy of which had already been sent in some time before; the king, therefore, did not open it, but said in Siamese, interpreted by Devawongse, that he was much pleased to receive this autograph letter from the President of the United States, and thanked him for the kindly and friendly expressions in it, and requested the minister to convey to the President his thanks, and also to the Americans for their courtesy to his royal brother, when lately passing through the country. He then said he felt very friendly toward the President and the people of the United States, and asked us as to the health of the former. The minister's speech and replies were not interpreted, for Chulalangkorn understands and speaks English well, but will not, as a matter of etiquette, use to a foreigner any other than his native tongue.

Our royal host then stepped back to the middle of the room, taking a chair at the head of a long business table, and with a pleasant word and gesture asked us to be seated. He motioned me to a seat immediately to his right, saying he had heard I was a fellow-traveller across the ocean with his brother, and that we had become quite good friends. The official interpreter stood behind him, but the Prince acted in his place during the audience. I replied that I had that honor, and that it was a great pleasure to me, for I had found his Royal Highness not only a pleasant but very instructive *compagnon du voyage*. My replies were not interpreted, and I found the king caught my remarks quite as readily as did his brother. He then asked what sort of a traveller his brother was. I said an admirable one, but I was forced to state, even in his presence, and with my apologies, that he was not always in a most fitting condition—in fact, was frequently not entirely himself, not, however, from wine, but from an over-indulgence in sea air and well-stirred water. The king laughed

heartily at this and made some by-play remarks to the Prince. We afterward learned he had himself not long since suffered considerably from sea-sickness, and was glad to get his brother on the hip. He asked me if the Prince spoke my language well. I replied; "Like a native, but that he was so patriotic that in his intercourse with the young princes and his suite he always used his own language; that our rooms had been adjoining, and I could vouch for his sleeping and dreaming in pure Siamese; that he talked in his sleep." This set them into quite a loud laugh. He asked what relationship there was between the young gentlemen with me and myself. I told him. He then wished to know if they thoroughly appreciated the benefits of travelling with an experienced man like myself. I told him: "I could hardly answer; that we had in our country an adage which was that 'Young folks thought old folks fools, but that old ones knew the young ones to be so.'" "Very good!" he said, "we have the same in Siamese," and then repeated it, at the same time turning his chair squarely to mine as if to assure me our audience was not at an end. "But," he continued, "how do you find the young gentlemen as fellow-travellers?" I replied: "I wished to retain the feelings and aspirations of youth as long as possible, and to that end preferred to associate with the young rather than the old." He said: "That was a most excellent idea—that the young should seek the companionship of the old, while the old should mingle with the young; that the older ones would teach by example and precept, while they would imbibe lessons from the hearts of the others." He wished to know our plans for our continued voyage and how long we would yet be from home. I told him I was an American sovereign, and as such kept myself untrammelled in my movements, and permitted nature and climatic laws alone to control my actions. He was amused at my sovereignty, and said a good deal which the Prince translated, but which I cannot repeat, except that he hoped that I would bear back to my own land benefits and improved health. But that my sovereignty had to bend to the will of Him who governed all. He wished to know if I was travelling merely for pleasure, or if I intended, as many did, to write of what I saw. I told him that I had proved the motto, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"; that I had borne the burdens without enjoying the pleasures; I had felt the thorns without shining in the jewels which a crown possessed, and was travelling for rest and health. He replied he had heard I had for many years governed a great city, and that I was fortunate in being able to lay down its cares. I replied: "If your majesty will forgive my presumption, I would say that I had heard that the King of Siam worked too hard and attended to many details which responsible men might perform." Col. Child here remarked that his Majesty was one who thought that the throne was a public

trust. The king said: "Yes, it is the duty of those in power to make their people happy." I replied: "But when a trustee breaks himself down he does a wrong to his trust; that I wished to report to my countrymen that the monarch whose order had gone forth that no one born in his reign should be a slave, and who was doing his best for his people, was at the same time conserving his health." "Then you do write, do you?" said the king. "Only for a couple of newspapers." He quickly said: "What you write of Siam I hope will be impartial." I told him "that when I looked into the Siamese sky, with its ever-smiling hues of soft blue, its sunsets of pearly white, changing and melting into tints found elsewhere only in the inside of a shell, I feared I would be in danger of tinting my picture with too much rose." The compliment seemed to please, for he had just before made a motion as if to terminate the audience, but he sat back, and asked what I thought of Siam. I told him that what Siam needed most was roads; that she had none, and, therefore, I could not see much of the country; and then there were no steamer lines on the river. He then entered into quite a talk with the Prince as to the possibility of sending us up on a royal barge. But, as I before stated, this could not now be. He then said: "But you have seen Bangkok. How do you like it?" I replied that we had a national air called "Yankee Doodle." That "Yankee Doodle went to town, but could not see it for the houses!" The Prince did not catch what I said, and asked me to repeat. "Ah, yes, Yankee Doodle," said the king, forgetting himself and speaking in English. I then continued: "I could hardly see the town of Bangkok for the magnificent trees, which embowered it in such delicious shade that from Wat-Se-Kat I felt I was looking down upon miles of royal gardens and splendid palaces and gilded domes." The king said he was very glad I was pleased with what I had seen of Siam, and paused. I replied that I was more than pleased; that it was the realization of my early dreams of rich orientalism and tropical luxuriance! He said: "The climate and soil of Siam were unequalled, and, considering the time she had been improving, she had done well; that although America was yet younger, she had in her very infancy educated people from all lands, and could be called old even in her childhood; but Siam had to build herself up, her people being made up from an uneducated, old land, and was, therefore, young in her age." I replied: "But your Majesty has touched it with your wand, and your land has wonderfully improved under your reign." The king did not talk much himself, but seemed to wish to get me to talk. I cannot recall near all that was said, but we were complimented with an audience of fully half an hour—two or three times longer than usual. He finally arose, wishing us a prosperous voyage and a happy return to our homes. He went with us half-way to the door, and gave me two cordial shakes

of the hand at parting. Col. Child said as we went out: "You did well, Mr. Harrison. You caught the king." I must confess he quite caught me.

He is of medium height, of very graceful form, admirably set off in his dark sacque, buttoned close up to the chin, his dark "panoong," and silk stockings. While of a dignity rarely met with, he was free from all hauteur or stiffness, but gentle and urbane, and was the realization of what I had often read of the characteristics of Oriental potentates. He is 34 years old, rather dark-yellowish nut-brown complexion, black mustache, and wore no orders of any kind. If I had met him as a traveller, I would have set him down as a man having wonderfully easy yet very dignified manners. He has many wives, and his first and second queens are his half-sisters. A few years ago he lost by drowning his chief queen, a full sister to the two he now has. They were all three full sisters of Prince Devawongse, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs. His marrying his half-sisters is from the customs of the land—that no one can ascend the throne except a Celestial prince, and these can only be those born of the king and a princess. No woman is a princess except the daughter of a king. His brothers have wives, but not princesses. In fact they are not strictly married to their wives. This is to prevent a line of princes. The son of a prince not being the offspring of a regular marriage is not himself a prince. In this way there can be no long line of hereditary nobility to intrigue for the throne. The succession is fixed by the king, but from custom and public opinion must be from the Celestial princes. When we backed out of the king's presence, the boys congratulated themselves that they got out of the room without a stumble.

Before parting with Devawongse we were asked to fix a time when we would dine with him. Being told to suit himself, he sent us invitations for the next day. His palace is within the walled town, has lofty, cool rooms, tastily but not richly decorated. The menu was extensive and the cooking good. The dining-room was deliciously fragrant from white jasmine and a tree flower resembling somewhat a tuberose, but fresher. It is a holy flower, and used to decorate shrines and altars in preference to all others. The guests were the Celestial Prince Ongnai, full brother of the king and the highest nobleman in the land; Prince Nareth, half-brother to the king; Prince Shwasti, also half-brother; and several noblemen and officers of the army. The wines were good, the company fine, and, with no restraint upon any, the evening lasted from 7:30 to 11:30, and made it difficult for me to realize that we were in Siam, a far-off, and, as we had supposed, half-barbarian country; in a company of gentlemen who would compare favorably for elegant manners and cultivated conversation and appearance with the highest in any land. "Put not your trust in princes!" but certainly Prince Devawongse, simply

my fellow-voyager, was as polite to me as he promised to be, and did all he could to make our stay in Siam pleasant, and seemed to regret we were compelled to hasten on.

His brother Swasti, being minister of the police, reminds me of a thing showing this people off admirably. A chief of Bangkok police seeing at a distance one policeman leading another, sent for him to know why he was thus leading his fellow-officer. "Oh, my chief, that was all right; the other policeman is blind, cannot see a thing. I was leading him to his beat." Another instance of refreshing innocence I heard of: During a considerable fire, a lady came out of her house with a box of very costly jewelry. Seeing a man close by, she asked if he was a policeman. Being told he was, she handed him her box and hurried within for some more valuables. She has not since been able to learn the number of her trusted officer, and has only two sets of bracelets for her ankles.

I was pleased to hear of a thing connected with Col. Child which made me proud of his Southern birth. There are in Bangkok some Chinamen who in some way claim the protection of our consulate. One of these came to our minister to get his assistance in the recovery of a slave who had run away. The Colonel told him his country had not long since gone through a mighty war to break the shackles from the limbs of slaves, and he would be d——d if he would help to catch any one's slave unless directly ordered so to do by the United States State Department.

The same day which gave us the two examples of getting rid of the dead also gave us a view of a Chinese procession in honor of some festal period which, for four days, occupied the thoughts of the almond-eyed Celestials of this place. Every thing Chinese was demoralized; waiters at the hotels would barely serve us. Cooks and servants in private houses were utterly unreliable. A circus come to town could not more thoroughly upset an American village than did this the pig-tailed 80,000 in Siam's capital. The procession took over an hour to pass a given point. John Chinaman was in his most elaborate toggery. Silk gowns glistened in the sun; mantles and innumerable banners embroidered in silk and gold glittered and flashed. Chinese wind instruments, in tone resembling a bagpipe; little fiddles with body of bamboo not longer than a half-pint cup, yet affording from their two or three strings tones to reach the musical ear of a Chinese professor; gongs banging and whanging. These were in bands of 12, and these bands to every 100 or 200 feet, and jolly, happy, prosperous sons of China. Some of the emblems borne were decidedly curious. One was a huge dragon over 300 feet long, worming and squirming, its feet being legs of men whose bodies were lost in its abdomen; pretty pagodas with bedizzened girls on their tops; great pyramids of flowers, in the cups of some, a lily for example, were little real Siamese babies,

some not over three months old, but generally a half year. These poor little things were perched up and tossed aloft in the blazing sun. Men hoisted in palanquins and some sitting upon seats composed of spear heads and knives, so placed as to look as if they were being impaled, and through their cheeks, necks, ears, or arms were run the spikes of long iron spears carried by several men. These were ghastly sights, intended to represent the capturing of some horrible demons. Hour after hour these poor devils would be borne upon men's shoulders with these iron spikes nearly as large as my little finger, some straight through their cheeks, and held between the clinched jaws to prevent as much as possible the laceration by the steel. One fellow sat upon the blades of knives—a false motion would have sent them deep into his flesh; a long spike ran through his ear—a single jarring motion would have given him agony. For hours and during three days these men underwent this torture to the huge gratification of the Celestial lookers-on. They were paid for this suffering and were a part of the show, and John wanted the value of his money. The king ordered that the baby part of the show be discontinued. Wily John Chinaman had hired Siamese babies, thus saving his own little ones.

One night we were at the Princess Theatre. Like all buildings for spectacular entertainments in the East, this was simply of rough boards, and resembled the interior of a huge American barn. The stage extends quite a distance into the body of the house. Around was the parterre; next the stage was given up entirely to the women; behind and over and all around were galleries for men on one side, for women on the other. There were at least five times as many of the fair ones as of the sterner sex. Each gentleman, being the husband of two or more wives and the owner of several handmaids, is enabled to fill many seats by his women to his own one. The women were in some parts of the house in full dress; and like the full-dressed in our own civilized land, wore as little dress as possible. No doubt, like our own fair ones, they know when concealment begins to beckon for peering. Some of the ladies had their little ones from one to five or six years old. These, too, were all in full dress; that is, a couple of earrings and anklets, the balance made up of nature's own satin-brown cuticle. These little fellows ran around among their mammas and nurses, and enjoyed themselves hugely. In a box next ours was a rich Chinese with his son of three or four years. The little fellow was smoking a large cigar as deliberately as did his father.

The entire troupe, musicians and actors, in this the finest theatre in the city, belong to the proprietor. He bought them when young, and had trained them finely. All are women except two clowns, and some of them very pretty, and all finely formed. The orchestra was large, I should think fully 50. The play was

a mixture of pantomime and opera, with a little witty off-hand colloquial performance. The actors go through their part generally on their haunches. Those acting the parts of slaves when moving from one part of the stage to another, walk on their knees. All were exquisitely dressed in blazing vestments, but all in pretty naked feet. Oh, how much of God's best and most beautiful gifts to woman she hides when she covers her feet. A well-turned ankle and rosy toes would be such an addition to Worth's most elaborate toilette. The scenery does not, as with us, change from act to act; but a scene, say 13 by 20 feet, is hung up at the rear of the stage. This tells the locality and suggests the rôle, and is changed when the act changes. At the end of each act all go off the stage with a grand fanfaronade of music. A part of the play is sung by the orchestra, each one keeping time to their words with naked sticks. To this the actors perform in pantomime. More expressive pantomimic performance I never saw in Italy. Indeed, some of the motions were too realistic, and some of the poetry of the motions was injured by certain contortional gestures considered by these people perfect. But, taken as a whole, the play was infinitely superior to those of the Chinese. The dialogue was sustained in a natural voice, and judging from the frequent bursts of laughter, the jokes and hits were apt and amusing. We were informed that it was quite as well that Mrs. Child and another foreign lady of our party did not understand the language, for the jests were not quite such as we should consider fit for polite ears. The music was to my ear really pretty, though somewhat monotonous, but with tones and cadences very charming. One instrument was delicious, composed of a large number of glass cups, and played upon by a soft leather-covered stick.

We were forced to leave Siam too soon, for India was beckoning us, and we knew we must not fail to reach Suez in March. Our first and second days from Siam to Singapore were beautiful and gave us delight when we watched the sweet sunsets, so different on this sea from any we ever before saw. There was none of the gorgeous red-purple, yellow, and orange, and gold of our own unparalleled American sunsets. But, on the other hand, one sees the soft pearl-white of the sky, melting into an orange-yellow so delicate, so soft and evanescent, that one almost holds his breath lest it go before it is fixed upon the eye; then this blending into a purple-rose, as soft and melting as the tints of a beautiful woman's ear. You turn your head for a moment, and a light gauzy cloud has floated by, and has become a web of pink and rose, orange and yellow, and violet and purple, the most delicate of these several colors, and changing and vanishing like the tints on an opal's breast, or the dyes in a mother-of-pearl shell. The tints and coloring, while momentarily distinct, defined and brilliant, yet vanish so rapidly, or rather melt so quickly into others, that they produce the effect of softest neutral dyes.

When we reached the parallel of Point Cambodia a heavy sea was rolling from the far east. The *Hecate*, of only 600 tons, rocked like a cradle. Our 250 cattle, tied in rows along the open deck, slid and fell and suffered badly, and we three passengers passed as unpleasant a night as I ever had on a sea. There was little rest and scarcely any sleep. The third day was overcast with slight rain. At noon we were on the fourth parallel, and were bounding in a smoother sea toward the equator. When the sun went down and the black night set in we saw a clearer horizon toward the east. I lay on the deck and watched the patches of brilliant starry sky steal from under the clouds, and before the moon rose there was over me the wondrous mass of blazing suns nowhere seen except within the equatorial regions. The milky way was swallowed up in the fulness of starlight, but athwart the zenith was the mighty belt of starry worlds blinking and twinkling in countless mass. To the southeast rose Jupiter, flashing in blue and diamond flame so brightly that a path of silver lay between him and us along the sea. Then, much farther to the south, came another large planet, it, too, making a broad pathway of light toward our ship. At 11:30 I looked three-quarters of a point toward the east of our stern, and could just see the north star, the guide and beacon for countless millions in the northern half of the world. He was hardly as high as my head above the horizon. I looked to the south, and a few points westward from our bow the great southern cross, seen by my longing eyes for the first time, burst into view. In two months and a few days I will have seen the light throughout 63 years, yet will confess to an intense boyish enthusiasm when I thus looked now to my right at the light set in the sky far off toward the south pole, and then to my left, and there hung the one over the northern pole—the north star,—eternal beacons lighted by the one mighty Maker and Ruler over all things, and throughout this world's mighty flight through the realms of eternal and boundless space, the guides and leading stars of countless millions of men since light was ordered; and will yet be beacons for countless millions more, until the one unknown and unknowable Ruler shall put out the lights, and measureless space shall be filled with measureless nothing.

I watched and wondered in intensest awe—an awe too deep for dreams. I did not dream, I did not think. I could only sit a silent nothing in the midst of a silent immensity of all things, spread over me and under me and all around me; around and over me a mighty map of eternity—eternity of space and eternity of time. Presently a deep red spot crept over the eastern horizon, and then the moon spread over our world a gentle light. The stars paled, and soon nearly all had hidden behind the veil of light spread over the world by its silvery satellite. I looked and looked again, then sighed and went—to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

SINGAPORE—BOTANICAL GARDEN—A SAIL THROUGH THE RHIO-
LINGA ARCHIPELAGO—ITS EXQUISITE BEAUTY—
CHICAGO ISLANDS—THE EQUATOR.

Bay of Bengal, near Rangoon, Burmah, Dec. 21, 1887.

AGAIN I am writing while on the wing. This time aboard the steamship *Secundra*, one of a line which sails every Wednesday from Singapore to Calcutta, stopping one day at Penang and four at Rangoon. Travellers from China to India usually continue on the great mail ships to Colombo, Ceylon, and, after seeing well that island of spice, go to Calcutta by another ship, calling at Madras. We expected to follow the beaten track and take the P. & O. steamer on Monday. I made the present deflection for several reasons: First, we are desirous of having a peep at Burmah; and, secondly, of going through southern India. We hope now, after finishing the great tourist routes of India, to drop down from Bombay through the Deccan to Tuticorin near Cape Cormorin, and over to Ceylon, and thence directly to Suez. In this way we will do Ceylon the last thing in the far East; thirdly, we found we were in the middle of the rainy season, the clouds emptying deluges two or three times a day. We would probably find the same climatic conditions among the cinnamon-groves of Ceylon, whereas the last of February will probably give dry weather in that locality; and lastly, we pined to straddle the equator, which was impossible if we sailed on Monday. Therefore are we steaming north over beautiful seas on the east shore of the Bay of Bengal, but at a most disgustingly slow pace.

Arriving at Singapore from Siam the morning of the 8th (Thursday) we made ourselves as comfortable as possible with the thermometer high in the 80's, and with precious little breeze blowing. In the afternoon we called upon Major Studer (our kind-hearted Teutonic consul), who has been here 17 years, and is as full of information about this locality as he is running over with rheumatism. He was sent here by Grant and has not been removed by Bayard, and is thoroughly satisfied as to the shortsightedness of Congress in not making more ample provision for the consular service. I would be, too, were I a consul or minister. It is idle to say there are plenty at home who would gladly fill their places. That is true, for what is

there around which the average politician would not take? But whether the administration be of one or the other party, the people want good service, and want their servants in all countries respected. This is an impossibility here in the East, with our consuls living as they do. If Congressmen would stop up the bung-hole through which the national treasury empties itself into the lap of monopoly, they would not have to show a saving at the spigot for the purpose of deluding their constituents.

Singapore is a pretty town on the southern shore of the island of the same name, which is almost 60 miles in circumference, and is separated by a narrow channel from Jahore, the extreme southern land of the Malayan peninsula and of the Asiatic continent. Approaching the town one sees a long line of two-storied, colonnaded honges or business-houses, part white and part of pale blue. Flanking this at one end is a long esplanade covered with fine trees, and on the other a couple of miles of docks and factories. Behind rise hills 100 or 200 feet high. On one of these are the long, white houses of parliament, half lost in verdure. The town is a thriving one, doing a large business, and possesses great wealth, much of which is in the hands of the Chinese. These people are the Jews of the East—persevering, indefatigable, and shrewd. They work and make money, and it matters not whether their gains be large or small, they lay by something. They get the highest wages possible to them, but they will accept any wage rather than be idle. They have not graduated in that social school which teaches that there is a dignity in labor which makes it more honorable to starve or go in rags in idleness than to work at a pay deemed insufficient. The result is, while the natives in many lands are strutting with gaunt bellies, John is soberly at work and quietly filling his purse. Every town from northern Burmah south and throughout the vast Indian archipelago has already fallen, or is fast falling, into his hands. Even the farms and gardens about the towns are becoming his. The little white ants eat up the houses throughout the Eastern tropics. They burrow into the heart of every sill, joist, and rafter. They leave the outside untouched, but suddenly the house tumbles in; the timbers have become simple shells. The Chinese are the human white ants of the east. They burrow or live in the light or in the dark, and are fast eating out the heart and substance of foundation, joist, and framework of the industrial fabric of many people. I do not like John, but I fear I am nursing a great admiration for his sturdy qualities, and am constantly amused by the quiet way in which he wins in the battle for bread.

When the *Hecate* dropped her anchor in port on the 8th she was immediately boarded by boatmen to carry us and our traps ashore. We always make our bargain in advance, and asked how much.

"One dollar and a half," said a stately Indian; "a dollar," said another; both too high. But not a cent would the dignified gentlemen drop. A couple of Chinamen stepped up and quietly said 60 cents, and before we could answer had our baggage on their shoulders. The Indians smiled grimly, and said: "Chinamen cheat you," and stalked off in half-naked dignity. John did try to get some more from us at the hotel, but when we refused he went off contented. I have had a half-dozen or more examples of this kind. They are the cashiers, clerks, and porters of all the banks and great houses throughout this land, and are found reliable beyond any other people. I do not like them, but I cannot help admiring them, and if I were an Oriental I would fear them.

The island of Singapore is said to have a population of from 160,000 to 200,000. About 2,000 are Europeans. Of the remainder, more than half are Chinese, a third Malay, the balance peoples from different parts of India, Java, and other islands. The place is on the highway from Europe to China through the Suez Canal, and has since the opening of the latter become of great commercial value. The little rajahship of Jahore is governed, by grace of her imperial Majesty's ministers, by a "sultan," who belongs to England body and soul, and is holding his dominion for its absolute dropping into England's lap whenever she may deem it for her good. In the meantime he most hospitably receives all Englishmen and Americans who have a desire to air their heels before a monarch. Of all the tuft-hunters I know, Americans are the worst. O Lord! how the smile of a king or a prince does melt far down into our hearts! With a lord we are happy, but a prince wafts us off into the seventh heaven. Like all the balance, Johnny, Willie, and I would have gone to pay our court to the tawny little potentate, but, unfortunately, he was up in Malacca.

Jahore and Singapore islands are going quite extensively into coffee planting. The Liberian plant, the one adopted, is one of the most beautiful of shrubs. It has the densest of foliage, and is of the richest green. The berry, like the fig, grows from the large branches directly, and not from the twigs of the coffee tree. The mass of pods clustering about a branch is wonderful. Clove plantations, another of the industries here, are very beautiful. The tree is conical, with pale-green, waxy leaves; the young shoots, however, being of a purple pink, at a little distance look out as if abloom.

The morning after our arrival we were up a little after five. A streak of light had appeared in the east, which rapidly extended into a mild dawn, and before half of the hour had passed it was bright, and yet the sun did not rise until after six. I cannot understand why the tropical twilight is so short and the dawn so much longer. When the sun sets darkness, like an exhalation from the earth, immediately spreads its panoply over all nature.

Scarcely have the sun's rays departed from the hills before the stars peep out, and but for their light all would be in a few minutes pitchy black. Yet the next morning the chickens come from their roosts a half-hour before sunrise, and the most delicious time of the day is opened. The same causes which make twilight short should do the like for the dawn. With the dawn at Singapore appear the horses of the rich Europeans, led for exercise about the esplanade by their half-naked Malay grooms. Then come Chinamen, pacing along with a Newfoundland-dog gait, carrying suspended to the two ends of bamboo poles baskets of vegetables for market, and near by is a string of carts drawn by beautiful hump-backed oxen, with gray or tawny hides, horns pointed almost straight up, and looking at us with eyes as soft as those of a fawn. The drivers of these carts are Clings, from the Madras country; straight as North American Indians, generally very tall, with long, black hair, and skins of all shades, from the very dark-brown to a sooty black; their features are generally finely chiselled, and their forms superb. How their black skins, well oiled, shine in the morning sun! They wear only a skirt about their loins, and look like Apollos cut from ebony. They are the workers upon the streets, and when the heat of noon is on them their sweating shoulders and backs look as if they had been polished.

Immediately after breakfast, which throughout the East for foreigners is about nine o'clock, we went to the botanical gardens, some two miles out of town. Our road was through cocoa-nut trees and orchards of mangoes. The gardens were a delight to us, and we were enabled to learn the names of many beautiful trees we had seen but were not able to designate. The garden is large,—a part a handsome park, and a part devoted to experimental tree and vegetable growing, and a still larger part yet a tangled mass of jungle. I wish I could properly describe the trees and flowers. There were clumps of sago palms, their mighty leaves rattling in musical measure as they were swayed back and forth by the gentle breeze. The Malay wine-palm, with great leaves of most delicate green, looked cool and refreshing. Wide-spreading spathalodia, clothed in a mass of great red-orange, cup-like flowers; large bushes, not labelled, of almost solidly growing flowers, looking like huge golden chalices; cocoa-nut trees, with a hundred nuts hanging under their spreading fronds, resembling huge green roc's eggs; and by their side the slender betel trees, with clusters of nuts not larger than bantam eggs. And see yonder low spreading tree, not 25 feet high, and yet shading 100 feet of soil. What bright leaves! Ah, it is the gum copal from Africa. Fine trees of acacia flamboyant, their leaves as beautiful as the most delicate ferns, and their tops a-blaze in golden bloom. Ponds of *victoria regina*, its leaves resembling mighty platters spread for a feast of Titans, and with sweet-scented pink flowers

a foot across for titanic boutonnières. Ponds of pink lotus, more bright far than the lilies which Solomon could not vie with, and near by a dozen coal-black swans, so royally proud of their crimson bills, and graceful small water-fowl, which would shame even an English sportsman of his desire to kill. But how the boys did enjoy the hedges of wild mimosa, which folded its leaves under the gentlest touch. They carried them afar, and in fancy they could see the sweet coyness of a dark or blue-eyed girl in their far-off homes. Though this park and garden were so interesting, yet, when we at one time got lost, and had to make our way through a newly cut path in a dense chaparral, we could not help remembering that man-eating tigers swim the narrow channel behind the island, and carry off one or more hundred natives every year, and that not long since a python, 28 feet long, was killed just after he had swallowed a pig weighing 130 pounds; and, worse yet, that we were in the belt of the world for venomous snakes, which cause the death of over 150,000 people every year in India.

Saturday we went to see the machine shops of the Tanjong Pagar Dock Company. I had a note to Capt. John Blair, the general manager and superintendent. He went out of his office with us. It rained. John offered a part of his umbrella. "Oh, don't mind, there's one near," and, sure enough, a good-looking Indian stepped up and held an umbrella over him as he walked. That umbrella is always ready in sunshine or rain, and the protected man never has to hoist it. The captain said it was a very part of himself. I informed him that I had a great desire to cross the equator, but could not spare ten days to go to Batavia, and wished to hire a launch to take us down. In the course of the conversation England's beneficial rule in India was mentioned. "And yet," I remarked, "she keeps her next neighbor isle, poor Ireland, in a constant ferment and a blot upon her escutcheon, and all because the Englishmen could not or would not comprehend the Irish character." To my surprise and delight I found I had at last met a Briton who was a Gladstone man—the first one I have seen since we sailed from Vancouver. I have felt my way again and again, but every Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman I have seen in the East either was or pretended to be an intense Tory. They nearly all depend more or less upon the ruling party at home, and many of them speak of Parnell as if he were a regular anarchist, and pronounce Gladstone an infernal scoundrel. But burly, handsome John Blair, of Alloa, Clackmannanshire, I found to be an enthusiastic admirer of England's great Liberal leader; this was probably the secret of his telling me to be ready at Johnston's pier at 11 o'clock Monday, and he would have a tug or a launch there for us to run to the equator.

Sunday, in the rain, we drove out to Major Studer's bungalow. He lives in a beautiful spot, shaded with tropical verdure. But the air was as heavy as it is in a glass fernery. Tropical verdure

is a glorious thing, but I begin to yearn for one good sniff of frozen wind.

At 11 o'clock Monday, with our satchels and some hampers of solids and fluids, in a launch 40 feet long, with three Malay seamen, two Chinese engineers, and all under a marine engineer, Mr. Haderup, a Dane, we steamed from Singapore in quest of that line which is the earth's girdle, and yet sits so loosely about her waist that it continuously, through the ages, grows bigger and bigger under the gentle pressure. I know this will appear a wild-goose chase, or worse. But we were only 70 odd miles from the equator. We wanted to put those 70 odd miles behind us, and to feel we were on the southern hemisphere. Even that sturdy Scot, John Blair, of Alloa, Clackmannanshire, did not look at me as if he thought me a fool when I named my longing. He saw our youthful fire, and became himself enthused, and gave us a launch.

Across the Singapore strait, and spreading over the sea to the south and to the east of Sumatra, lies the Rhio-Linga archipelago. The islands of Battam and Bintang, both quite large, lie along the strait. Behind these are a vast number of small islands, said to be 1,000, of all sizes, from those containing several thousand acres down to tiny ones not many feet in diameter. Some of the larger ones have hills several hundred feet high; the smaller ones are comparatively new coral structures. After passing through a group of these there comes an open sea, probably 15 miles across, where a new group similar to those at the north lie like emerald gems on the water, and run down to and about Linga. These all belong to the Dutch, but are under the immediate sway of Sultan Aboal Rachman and his father, Rajah Mohammed Joe-seep. They acknowledge the supremacy of the king of Holland, who has at Rhio a "Resident," who keeps watch and ward for his king.

Capt. Blair told me at parting that we might not get much pleasure from our introduction to the equator, but that we would have the most beautiful sail in the world. But even this left me rather unprepared for the beauty we were to enjoy. Our launch was swift. The day was glorious. Fleecy clouds were scattered over the heavens from zenith to horizon—not enough to shut out the soft blue sky, but every few moments veiling the sun and sheltering us from his too hot rays. The speed of our craft gave us a gentle breeze, and, above all, we were in the highest spirits. We entered the archipelago through a narrow pass opposite Singapore, and hour after hour were in the midst of scenes of surpassing loveliness. Now we were on a broad lake a mile in diameter, mirroring upon its placid waters the islands around. These were fringed all along the water's edge with mangrove trees of beautiful green, their roots standing in the water six to ten feet high like spider legs beneath the bodies of the trees. They looked

like monster insects, and when the swell on the glass-smooth water from our little craft would run toward them, their thousands of long legs would be reflected, and would bend and dance upon the mirrory waves. Above and behind this fringe the islands would lift 50, 100, or 200 feet, clothed in dense forests, their leafy tops so thick and bunched that they looked like masses of emerald spun and then woven into tufted fabrics. Some tropical travellers speak of the sameness of the green about the equator, and declare it greatly inferior to the variety shown in northern zones. So far I have not found this well founded—certainly not in these 1,000 islands. There was every tint, from pale pea-green to one that was almost black in its waxy depth; from the ashy dye of the olive leaf to the transparent emerald green caught from the breast of a breaking sea wave.

From the fairy lakes there would apparently be no outlet—all was landlocked. But see yonder little creek! We bend into it, and scudding along a narrow green sea-river, lo! the creek spreads, and there before us lifts a conical little island, with a narrow shore-line of golden sands. Then into another lake studded with little islets, some barely large enough to furnish foothold for a single tree, whose spreading branches kiss the rippling waters beneath. One could almost fancy he saw a boat of mother-of-pearl shell moored to a twig, with a fairy occupant sleeping in the shade. Now and then we passed close to native villages on some of the larger islands, with low palm-walled and palm-roofed huts lifted upon bamboo piles, and children laughing and romping in the cocoa-nut groves in which the village would be nestled. Every hut in this land is lifted up as a protection against venomous serpents and carnivorous beasts, and for coolness. Tigers swim from island to island, and have a tooth for young human flesh.

Sometimes the villages were piled out over the water; about these, tiny fishing canoes, with a shining native in each, were to be seen gliding about and among the spidery roots of the mangrove trees, through which the rays of the sun never pierce. If it be not the loveliest sail in the world, it was certainly the most so of any I had enjoyed. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence and the inland sea of Japan are as much inferior to this as they are superior to the islands in the upper Mississippi.

England may claim to hold the golden land of India, but Holland holds the gems of the sea.

Rhio we found a very pretty place. It has been the seat of a Resident for 102 years, and the houses of the Dutch inhabitants, perhaps 100 people, have an air of sedate comfort not seen in any other place we have visited. I had a letter to the Resident, Mr. Halewijn, from the Dutch Consul-General at Singapore. In our flannel shirts we did not feel at liberty to call. But, passing by his house, we saw him in his grounds in light

dishabille. We thereupon ventured to go in and introduce ourselves. We were received most cordially, and went upon the cool veranda, floored with light Italian marble tiles. Here we partook of a collation. The sun dropped behind the curtain of the west and darkness came suddenly on, when servants lighted the swinging lamps and we found ourselves in one of the most charming tropical residences one can conceive of. A lofty veranda, 50 to 60 feet long and, say, 20 odd deep. Behind this a salon or parlor of same size, and separated from the veranda only by open columns. Behind this the bedrooms and the offices, all on one floor. The ceilings were lofty, and the whole floored in Italian marbles. Nothing can exceed it for chaste and cooling design. We were most cordially invited to stay and dine, but we felt we could not accept in the garb we wore.

Imagine our dismay (that is, of the boys), and my pleasure, when Miss Halewijn, a very pretty young lady, dressed in elegant evening costume, entered and was introduced. She came to honor us, but I suspect was dressed for a handsome young gentleman from Java, who shortly called, I suppose having previously left his card. He had come over on a steamer plying to Singapore. We spent a most charming hour and left with regret, but we knew dinner must be nearly ready. His Excellency gave me photos of the Sultan, of the Rajah, whose palace is on a small island a half-mile off Rhio, and one of himself.

We slept that night at a little hotel which is supported by the government, for travel is rare. I will here make a note of two things. The bread was most delicious—I mentioned it, and was told the "Resident" had given orders that if the bread of the village should be at any time bad he would punish the baker. We threw up our hats for the good-sense of the Resident of his Majesty of Holland.

The other point is this: At Singapore and in this hotel we had no top sheets on the beds. No one sleeps under any other cover than the mosquito bar; but lengthwise on the bed is a firm bolster three or four feet long. This is to lay the leg or arm, or both, over, so as to permit free circulation of air and to keep the sleeper cool. It is a Javanese-Dutch invention, and is called a "Dutch wife." A strange misnomer, if my recollection of Dutch wives be not at fault. For I certainly never saw one in flesh and blood whose contact could possibly keep a bed-fellow cool in hot weather. But whether misnamed or not I cordially commend the inanimate "Dutch wife" to every man in a hot climate.

The next morning very early, while our tanks were being filled with fresh water—the launch could not use that of the sea—we strolled about the town. It is certainly a charming place for one who cares not for contact with the world, to spend his days in, and carried me back in memory to Robinson Crusoe, and the Swiss Family Robinson. Not that one sees no people, for the

town has several thousand inhabitants—a considerable quarter is built out over the sea tenanted exclusively by the Chinese,—but on account of the delicious morning atmosphere and the fine tropical fruits. With the exception of the Chinese quarter the bulk of the town is of scattered houses among groves of palm and mango and mangostine. We ate mangoes and mangostines, the two famed fruits of the East, and ripe in India proper only in the spring. This was to me a fine sensation. I am a great lover of fruit, and would go far to taste a new and good one, and had feared I should not have a chance at these two. They were freshly plucked, and yet cool from the heavy dew. We also drank the cool water from green cōcoanuts, just brought down from their nests above. This was not all new to us, but it was the first experiment with one we knew was just gathered. The balmy breeze coming in from the north was simply perfect.

We were soon steaming off toward the Linga group of islands, separated from those of Rhio by a somewhat open sea of 15 to 20 miles. The day was again fine. Pretty fish were leaping and skipping upon the waters, which were barely rippled; one leaped aboard. The northern group of islands began to sink below the horizon, and then those to the south to rise up like little specks in the air, for the mirage so lifted them that they seemed to float several feet above the sea. Out of the sea they would grow as if by magic. Then they would take form and other more distant ones would break out of the shining, far-off waters. In three hours we were threading through another thousand isles and living over again the delights of the day before.

About one o'clock our Malay captain pointed to an island to the east of the northern end of Linga, and called it "Bulu Bleeding," and told us it was the middle of the world. How I wished it were midnight. Then we could have taken note of the stars in the zenith, and could have called them up hereafter as witnesses of this, our first glide upon the southern hemisphere. Onward we sailed, our prow still pointed to the south pole, only a little over 12,000 miles away. We reached a point, and felt that there, in our frail barge, only a thickness of one inch of oak plank between us and eternity, we were upon that magic line which every school-boy knows of, which countless billions of human people have crossed, and yet no single one has seen. A mighty belt, 25,000 miles long, of intangible breadth, and yet so powerful that ocean currents and vast sea-rivers, compared with which the Amazon, the Mississippi, and the Yang-tse are but feeble brooks, are turned and bent and forced to change their courses and to flow off for thousands of miles, carrying health and wealth, warmth and thaw, to the far-off frozen continents of the north and south. A line—a mere intangible creation of the brain,—it speaks to the

sea, and says in whispered tones: "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!" and its whispered words are imperial law, and are obeyed. The howling winds rush from the icy caves of the poles, carrying death upon their frozen wings, but far away the genie of this line lifts up a gossamer web so light that Herschell's mighty lens could not reveal a single one of its meshes; and yet, before this phantom screen the storm-fiend bows his head, slinks back into his frozen lair, and the borean storm melts into a gentle breeze. A zephyr comes from the sweet zones of the north or of the south; it is laden with the breath of spicy groves, and is redolent with the sighs of fairies bred in the cup of the honeysuckle and fed upon petals of the rose. It touches this phantom line with its rosy-tipped fingers, and is hurled back in frightful change, and is sent crashing and slaying in the monster fury of cyclone and typhoon. Far away in the dimness of my boyhood days I had dreamed and wondered if I should ever stand upon the equator. My boyhood has long since been spent; my manhood is fast going; but at last, at last my dream is reality! We stop the engine and float upon the gently rippling sea; we dream a sweet short dream, and feel that our barge is moored to the mighty girdle of the world. We dream and dream, and with a sigh change our course and tear ourselves away.

We bend again to the north. We leave the tall mountain of Linga behind. We pass close to a more than usually pretty island of a few hundred acres and some 150 feet high in its loftiest point. There is no evidence of its being inhabited. We try to land, but find treacherous coral reefs a few feet below the surface at each point we attempt, and are about to abandon our design, when we see two tiny canoes stealing along at a distance. We steam towards them and call them to us. They are native fishermen from an island near by, and pilot us to a point where we run within a hundred yards of the shore. Then, one by one, we, with Haderup, go off in their boats. The little canoe sank to within two inches of the surface under my 200 and odd pounds. We are told the island has no name and no inhabitants. We wander about the beach gathering beautiful little shells and bits of coral not too heavy to carry home as souvenirs. There were some fine specimens of the negro-head or brain corals, and some with large branching antlers. We had to leave them; they were too heavy. We amused ourselves watching the little hermit-crabs chasing about with shell-houses over them. The crab finds a little conch or periwinkle-formed shell which suits his fancy; he eats the mussel out of his home and backs himself into it, tail foremost, and lives there the balance of his days, or until he grows too big for his stolen house, when he goes out to steal a bigger one. They stick their feet out of the opening, and move nearly as fast as they do without the shell. When attacked or alarmed they draw in their bodies and barely the large claws are visible. When

backed in, their two large claws so perfectly fit the mouth of the shell that one can scarcely realize that it was not made for its inmate. Some of these shells, being very pretty, we wanted; we put them into our pockets; the little robber crabs, finding themselves in dangerous quarters, came out of their houses and crawled from our pockets. Some of the shells so tenanted are not larger than small snail shells, others are as large as an apple.

How we hated to tear ourselves away from this charming spot! The strand was only a few yards wide, a mass of coral sands and beautiful shells, and broken corals of various sizes. A high bluff lifted from this, a part of it of purple rocks, of considerable boldness; lofty trees hung down from the bluffs. Their large branches were covered with several varieties of orchids and trailing vines. Low palms and plants with huge spikes like the aloe made the jungle almost impenetrable. We dare not attempt to penetrate it; we knew not what venomous reptiles might be hiding among them. Our Malays said there were none. A pretty little stream trickled down the bluff, giving us cool, pure water. It, however, was not perennial, but flowed only in the rainy season; otherwise the island would have been inhabited. We ate a little lunch and drank to loved ones on the other side of the globe. We thought it probable that we were the first white men whose feet had ever trod this island. Why not take possession of it in the name of the United States? But we had no flag. We attempted to improvise one. We cut strips of red and blue paper in which our wine and beer bottles were wrapped. We pinned these to a large sheet of white paper, but we could not make the stars. Luckily I had in my satchel a piece of paper with the Chicago seal and motto printed upon it. We fastened it to our flag. But this was hardly Uncle Sam's ensign. We resolved this should, for the time being at least, be the Chicago flag. We fastened it to a tree quite securely. Then we all took a pull at the claret bottle, and pouring some upon the soil, called the island "Chicago," and formally took possession of it in the name of our own proud city. To seal the matter we fired a volley of 38 shot from our two revolvers and my little two-barrelled Derringer. We left the flag. Long may it stick to the far-off "Chicago," near the equator in the Rhio-Linga archipelago! We were then paddled aboard, and as the sun was hurrying toward our own land we steamed for port nearly 80 miles away. We drew into Rhio for water. We called upon the Resident for a moment, and told him we had named one of his islands after our own proud city. He was as much pleased as amused. All night we sailed, not among the islands, but the shorter way, followed by larger craft through the broader straits. The boys lay down and slept. Mr. Haderup and I dozed in cat-naps, and watched the stars. There was no moon, and the heavens about midnight were ablaze with stars. The clouds all

disappeared. The pole-star was just visible on the horizon at the north. The true and the false cross rolled around in their little circuits far on the southern horizon. The Magellan clouds were seen by me for the first time—yellow luminous circles of cloud-dust far to the south. Orion and Sirius rode across the zenith, and mighty Jupiter shone forth in resplendent brightness—large and brighter than a full moon. It was a glorious night, following two glorious days. We reached the pier near our hotel at 5:15, just as the dawn broke out of its hiding-place in the east.

We had enjoyed two glorious days and a glorious night. We had stood over the equator. The boys had not slid down upon it, as they threatened to do. But all three of us had been filled with fresh enthusiasm. Even Mr. Haderup, who had crossed the line many a time, caught the contagion, and brought us his photo on the ship when she sailed. In the forenoon I went to Captain Blair's office to pay for our pleasure. He refused to accept a cent, but permitted me to leave a small sum to his men. He seemed very much to enjoy the pleasure he had afforded us, and when he gave my hand a warm grasp with his good-by, he said: "Stand up for Gladstone." "I will," I replied, "and for Parnell and Ireland too."

CHAPTER XVII.

BURMAH—PAGODAS—WORKING ELEPHANTS—THE IRRRAWADDY
RIVER—PAGAHN WITH 9,999 PAGODAS—MANDALAY—
EXQUISITE EDIFICES—THE BURMESE.

Calcutta, January 3, 1888.

WE sailed the afternoon of the 14th of December, 1887, from Singapore, for Rangoon in Burmah. Had a delightful smooth sea to Penang, at the northern end of the strait of Malacca, where we stopped for several hours. This is one of England's colonies, and an important point both for national and commercial purposes. It is on an island some 40 odd miles in circumference with a population of a hundred and odd thousand, mostly Chinese and Malays, a few thousand Indians and 100 or 200 Europeans. We visited its botanical gardens and water-fall. The latter is very pretty; a good-sized stream coming from a mountain over 2,000 feet high in the centre of the island, tumbles several hundred feet—about 200 being in three cascades. It furnishes the town with fair water. At the fall we saw for the first time wild monkeys. They were springing from bough to bough on the trees, like frisky squirrels, and were some the size of large cats, others as large as good-sized terriers. After playing a while they would stop, and, like true monkeys, go to catching fleas from each other. One had a baby in her arms; this did not prevent her leaping 10 to 20 feet.

The climb of 2,200 feet to the top of the hills was well paid for by the magnificent view. The strait with its many islands and the mainland beyond with its large cocoa-nut groves and mountain background made a picture of unusual beauty. No *voyageur* should miss it. The weather thence continued fine and the sea smooth—about as warm as a mild May day in Chicago.

On the 20th we anchored at Rangoon, the capital of British or lower Burmah, which fell into England's lap in 1852. At that time it was a poor place, only celebrated for its great pagoda. It lies on the Irrawaddy, about 35 miles from the mouth and has doubled its population several times within the past 35 years; it is the great shipping port of the two Burmahs; doing a trade of nearly \$100,000,000 a year. In rice exportation it stands to the world as Odessa did, and Chicago does in wheat, and sent abroad last year not much under 1,000,000 tons. It also exports vast

quantities of "kutch," the brown dye which is supposed to preserve nets and sails from rot. This dye is from a sort of gum obtained by boiling down the heart wood of a species of acacia. Hides, teak timber, and horns are also exported largely. There are about 400 Europeans residing here. They have handsome bungalows surrounded by large grounds; move in considerable style, and do their business in fine houses. Some of the Chinese have substantial places of business. The remainder of the town is of frail light frame huts, with walls of plaited bamboo, and roofed with palm thatch or leaf shingling.

The first thing we did was to visit the Schway Dagohr Pyar, or Golden Pagoda. This is one of the most sacred of the Buddhist monuments and shrines of Asia, and is claimed to be over 2,000 years old. In it are several of Buddha's hairs and other relics, and under its foundations are said to be vast treasures deposited in ages past by those who desired to obtain immortal "merit" by their gifts to the Buddhist god. Here I will state that a "pagoda," or "pyar," is not a temple, or of itself a place of worship, but is simply an offering to God. It is promised that whoever erects one escapes all loathsome transmigration after death, and reaches an immortality of absolute rest—a species of eternal death in life or life in death, or rather a tranquillity so complete that its serenity I cannot separate from the idea of death. The mere building of these edifices does not win this ineffable rest or condition of "nirvana," but it prevents any decadence of the soul after death, and thus enables a man in some near future existence, by a life of purity, to obtain the condition. A man may live the greater portion of his life in purity, but one or more backslidings may send his soul after his death into some of the more degraded animals, and then thousands of years may be passed before it again enters a human being, when a life of piety can again be commenced. All of this danger is avoided by building a proper pyar. This induces men to accumulate wealth and to spend it all in one of these pious offerings. The result is there are thousands upon thousands of them in the land. There are said to be 25,000 within a few miles of the Irrawaddy.

The Golden Pagoda of Rangoon stands upon a hill in the edge of the town. About 170 feet up from its base, the hill is levelled off into a platform 800 feet square. In the centre of this stands the main structure. It is octagonal at its base, with a diameter of over 450 feet. This runs in, by a succession of terraces or high steps, a hundred or more feet, giving it a bell-shape. From the shoulder of the bell springs another circular member, also in the bell form, but more steep; then another. On it lifts a tall, thin, four-sided lantern, on which rests the "htee," or open-work metallic receptacle for sacred mementos. The "htee" is surmounted by a half-open metallic umbrella. The whole height from the platform is 370 feet. Around the base are 56 small pagodas.

about 30 feet high. The whole of the main structure is solid, of well-burned brick, covered over with cement plaster, and gilded from foundation to pinnacle. The upper half is freshly gilt, the scaffolding being removed while we were there. At a distance the whole, when the sun is sinking, looks like a mountain of gold. The htee is said to be of solid gold and studded with real gems, and was erected by a late king at a cost of \$250,000.

To repair an ordinary pagoda does not work "merit" for the one making the repair, but the merit is relegated to the original founder. But any repairs to this pagoda, and to three others in the kingdom, avail for "merit" to the repairer. The result is these three are kept in good condition. Around the platform are a number of smaller pagodas, and many chapels and kyoungs or temples for worship. These are filled with statues of Buddha in gilded plaster or white alabaster. Many of them are much larger than life. The kyoungs are of wood,—some of two only, others of seven stories. These latter taper inward as they rise, each story receding behind the one below, and each being also of less height than the one under it. They, too, are surmounted by a lantern-shaped member and an umbrella, and are a mass of beautiful carvings—fringes of net pattern, scrolls of flower pattern, rows of little figures, men, animals, and birds, all of wood, carved with a free hand, and generally very graceful in spite of their grotesque postures. When I say these structures are often seven stories in height, I refer entirely to the apparent exterior architecture, for within they are open from top to bottom. The kyoungs invariably have a pagoda attachment, either of the conical form and of brick or a tall wooden building with the many stories, and the metallic htee, or umbrella, surmounting the whole. The kyoungs oftentimes consist of many buildings, and are a species of monastery, in which the priesthood live and devote themselves to study and holy meditation. A pagoda, however, may have, and in the greater number of cases, has no kyoung attachments. They are simply and purely offerings, and frequently have the ashes of the founder buried beneath them and occasionally some so-called relics of Buddha stored in the htee. They are often built on uninhabited and uninhabitable spots.

Every Burman has to pass through the priesthood. High and low, rich and poor must don the "yellow robe," shave the head, and live upon alms during a more or less lengthy period of life, generally, I think, three years. Even kings are not exempt. Little yellow-robed boys are constantly seen going from house to house with their rice-pots in quest of food for their respective kyoungs. These are novitiates learning their humanities, and do not generally continue in the order. Some however remain for years and many for life. The latter escape the degradation of bestial transmigration, and if they be good "pohn-gyees" (priests), have a fair

chance of soon entering upon a state of nirvana—that is to say, blissful, eternal rest or conscious, contemplative death. After our return from Mandalay we spent several hours at the Golden Pyar, now resplendent in its new garment of gold. So thoroughly well-proportioned is it, that at first one does not realize its vast size or great height. The view from it is very fine. The city lies nearly veiled in tropical trees, and immediately around is a large park with fine drives and lakes studded with pretty islands. These lakes cover many acres; are irregular in shape and artificial in construction. They were made long since by throwing dykes across some ravines, and are the reservoirs for the city, furnishing an abundant supply of pure water, carried in pipes and available in street hydrants, but without much head.

Early the next day after our first arrival in the city, while yet cool, we visited one of the decided lions of the city—the working elephant. Formerly these were very numerous, being the heavy workers in timber-yards and great saw-mills. Machinery has now supplanted them in all establishments run by foreigners. In each of the native mills, however, where small orders are filled, two of the noble beasts yet perform the heavy labor which human hands unassisted could scarcely manage. We visited some of these the second time on our return from up country, and were greatly interested. The elephants draw the logs many of them three feet in diameter and 30 to 40 feet long, from the river, pile them up in systematic order, and when they are needed roll them to the ways and assist in adjusting them for the saw. Lumber is not here sawed into boards, but the slab is taken off and the good stuff left in square timber to be ripped up into boards where consumed, or is cut into scantling or studding. This is done both for home consumption and for exportation. After the log is thus cut, the elephant goes among the machinery, takes the slabs away, and then carries the good timber and piles it up or lays it gently upon the ox-carts to be hauled off. A carpenter while we were present wanted lumber from a particular log which was under several others. One of the monsters rolled the upper logs off and pushed the chosen stick to the mill. The way was not clear—the log butted against the others. He pushed these aside and guided his piece through them with a sagacity almost human. His stick became wedged. He pushed and tugged; it would not budge, but at a whispered word from the mahout and the promise of a bit of nice food he bent to it. Still it stuck. With a whistle audible for a quarter of a mile, he got on his knees, straightened out his hind legs, and put his whole force to it. He was successful. We could almost read his satisfaction, in the gentle flaps of his huge ears and the graceful curve of his proboscis as he put it up to the mounted mahout, asking his reward.

Sticks, over two feet thick and 20 feet long are lifted up bodily upon the great ivories, and are then carried off and laid upon the

gangways so gently as not to make a jar. One stick 22 inches thick and 22 feet long we saw carried in this way. In carrying this the beast had a path not three feet wide among masses of loose logs. He had to plant his fore-feet upon the latter and thus walk a considerable distance. He looked as if he were walking upon his hind legs. The corner of a frail little bamboo hut stood in his way. He lifted the log over the roof, and bent his body so that his sides gently scraped the corner of the house and did not shake it. A hundredth part of his weight would have caused it to topple from its pile foundation. He was ordered to carry off a pile of 4 x 6 pieces 10 to 15 feet long. He ran his tusks under quite a number. The mahout told him that was not enough. He tried again, and probably doubled his load. His driver gave him a fierce prod with his iron hook over the forehead. With a shriek of rage he sent his ivories under the pile and threw his snout over the top. He had to get on his knees to get the load up. It was a decent dray-load. As he passed us, perched on a pile of logs, we moved away, for we thought there was blood in his eye and that he might dump the load on the foreigners. But when he came back he stopped before us, got on his knees, bowed three times, and held out his snout to us for a gratuity. I pitched a coin to the mahout. He whispered to the beast that his elephantship would get a part of it. This seemed satisfactory, for he snuffed up a pint of dust, blew it over his big rump, and marched off for a bath in a mud-hole not far away. Each native mill has a pair. They work only in short spells, and take their rest while feeding in grass-grown mud-ponds.

In Mandalay we saw quite a number belonging to the English commissary department. They were formerly King Thebaw's. One of them had a little baby only 34 inches long. The mother was chained to a tree. The baby toddled to us and held out his snout. I tried to catch it. He gave a whistle. I feared the cow would break loose—she seemed so uneasy and strained so at her chain. But I got my hand on the little fellow's back and scratched it. How he wriggled with pleasure! The mother understood the thing and eased up. When we started off the calf wanted more rubbing and followed us. The cow blew a whistle that made us hurry. The little fellow then toddled back and took a pull at his morning bottle.

On the steamer going to Mandalay, a Mr. Lacey, superintendent of the great Bombay Timber Company, was a fellow passenger. He employs 600 elephants drawing teak logs to the creeks, several hundred miles up one of the branches of the Irrawaddy. He has been here many years, and gave me several curious anecdotes showing the wonderful sagacity of the great monsters. With the risk of being prolix, I will give some of them, which he assured me were true.

A mahout (elephant keeper) was addicted to the use of opium.

Orders were given that when the elephant trains went to the market village for supplies, this man should remain at an out station some miles away. The wily fellow had a long talk with his elephant—they seem to understand Burmese,—and told him to go to town and get him some opium. Off he went alone, and, reaching the village, tore around like mad. The villagers went to the trees. The elephant nosed around, smelt where opium was stored, took a ball, and trotted to his keeper. This was done a second time, when the foreman gave orders to the opium vendor that a small piece of the drug should be given the beast whenever he came. In this way the mahout was kept on very short allowance; the elephant did not seem to comprehend the necessity of getting a ball, but was satisfied with a small bit.

At another time a logging camp got out of sugar. It was near a trail along which a pony train to and from China passed. The mahouts knew a train was near at hand; one of them explained to his brute what was wanted, and sent him to intercept the train. He did so, scared the men to the trees, and scattered the loads of the ponies. The elephant found some sugar baskets, ate his own fill—they are very fond of sweets,—and carried off a basket to his keeper.

Each elephant has his individual keeper, but when they go into camp at close of day they are sent off alone to the jungles for dry wood, and never fail to bring the proper kind. From what I saw and from many things told us, I am persuaded they have decided reasoning qualities and are not simply taught tricks by rote. We watched the performance of several at Rangoon for two or three hours, and saw evidences of sagacity far surpassing the little tricks done in the menageries. The mahout sits on a houdah on the back of the animal. He rarely speaks loud enough for one to hear him a few feet off. Mr. Lacey believes the animals understand Burmese. One day he praised one of the elephants in this language. The animal showed evident pleasure. He, to test the thing, then spoke disparagingly of him. The vain monster gave such unmistakable signs of being angry that the mahout asked Lacey to desist to prevent danger. He watched closely and could discover no sign or word from the mahout.

It was on the night of the 22d we boarded at Rangoon the railroad train for Prome, several hundred miles up the river, but only 170 by the air-line road. The first- and second-class cars are a species of sleepers, a swinging berth being let down over the seats, which run lengthwise. Each car has two compartments, with a wash-room attached, and holding four passengers. The traveller furnishes his own bedding and towels. The first-class has cushioned seats; the second not. The moon was bright till midnight, so that we could see the country almost as well as by day. Up to Prome the land is flat, grows great quantities of rice,

and has good-sized plantations of bananas, and many scattered sugar- or toddy-palms. At seven, the 22d, we took a steamer for Mandalay, up river 300 miles. The river resembles the lower Mississippi. It is now the dry season, and the stream is nearly 50 feet lower than in the summer. It does not rain in Burmah from November to May, and the dry weather changes the country almost as perceptibly as the winter's frosts do with us. Half of the trees on the hills, which run down to the river much as on the Ohio, are nearly as free from leaves as with us in late autumn, and the grass was dry and parched. On the east bank rolling lands run back many miles. These look as if they would produce nothing; but we are told tolerable crops could be grown on them. The river is fringed with beautiful trees—tamarind, sacred banyan, and several varieties of the leguminous family of great beauty. The stream has a rapid current and a treacherous channel, which changes so often that native pilots are taken aboard two or three times a day. But still with these, so rapid are the changes that, the steamers dare not run after sunset, even when the moon is at its brightest. When the sun sets the anchor is dropped, and is not weighed again until daybreak.

We had been led to expect beautiful scenery along the river, but were disappointed. The hills are fine, often rising to the dignity of low mountains, but the foliage was so sparse and the grasses so parched that we could not call the scenery even good. To the people of lower Burmah, accustomed to the almost dead flats of the delta of the Irrawaddy, the upper river may be beautiful, but not to us who have seen so much during the past five months. About half-way between Prome and Mandalay there is a stretch of country, for nearly or quite 100 miles, which is almost desolate. The plains to the east are broken and almost as bare of trees as those of our Rocky Mountains. What trees do grow are low and hardly green enough to relieve the eye as it looks over the yellow-brown hills. The prettiest part of this tract is where there is an almost dense growth of tree cactus, 6 to 20 feet high, and frequently with trunks a foot thick. They were covered with leaves of bright yellow, and resembled huge, beautifully branched candelabra with burning candles. This is the region of oil wells, of which there are many. One feature of the picturesque, however, was never wanting—the pagodas. They were always in sight, and oftentimes scores of them could be seen of all sizes, from 20 feet to 100 and more in height. Some were in ruins, with shrubs and trees growing out of their debris; others were white and well preserved, with gilded umbrellas on their pinnacles and ornamentations of mirror glass flashing back the sun's rays, and about sunset looking like light-houses; sometimes they were on little elevations in the plain, then were mounted on almost inaccessible hill-tops. Some were single, others were in groups. Some had kyounge attachments, which

were monasteries in the neighborhood of villages; others were miles away from any habitation.

At Pagahn, once the capital of the kingdom, on a space along the river of eight miles, by two miles deep, there are said to be 9,999; many of them of great size and gilded from top to bottom. The gilding, however, is much tarnished. Several here are totally different from the ordinary pattern, having the appearance of noble cruciform cathedrals, with windows and great halls within, and surmounted by lofty domes and conical spires. Both on our upward and downward voyages we anchored opposite this old town. It was a strange sight to look upon, this city of beautiful buildings in every stage of decay, in which no living people dwell. As the sun dropped down its rays were caught by the mirrors, now on one and then on another lofty spire, as if the spirits of the long since dead were revisiting the scenes of their pious deeds. After nightfall, when the nearly full moon lighted the whole up with her pale face, the thing was wonderfully weird and touching.

Centuries have gone by since a great population lived close by. Superstitions—not cruel and revolting—whose aliment was a beautiful and dreamy philosophy, caused this strange profusion of vain offerings. The centuries have been laid by with those of the mighty past, and the descendants of the builders of these edifices are, just as their forefathers were, governed by a faith sweet in theory, but deadening in its practical results. Their faculties, naturally bright and joyous, have been numbed, and their energies repressed by a religious philosophy which teaches that a life of dead tranquillity and an eternity of slothful dreaminess is better than a life of toil and progress and an eternity of active joys and singing delights.

A tradition tells that an old prophecy declared that if 10,000 pagodas should be erected at Pagahn, it and the ruling dynasty would be eternal. But whenever new ones were built and a count was had, it invariably turned out that an old one had crumbled into decay for every new one erected. The 10,000th pagoda could never be counted. The king became alarmed. He thought the demons had conspired against the then capital, and so moved away. But the pagodas remain, and Pagahn is, to the Buddhist, as sacred as Jerusalem is to the Christian. By the way, the capital of Burmah has been many times changed. When I was a boy it was Ava. Mindoon, Thebaw's father, 29 years ago, conceived his capital to be unlucky; so he packed up and moved his palace, the people, and the town to Mandalay, and to-day there is nothing to show that Ava was ever a city. A large number of pagodas are about its old site, but that is all. And Mandalay grew in 27 years to be a city of over 250,000 inhabitants.

All Europeans, friends and foes, charge the Burmese with

being among the laziest of men. Their long adherence to Buddhism has schooled them to a life of idleness—they say, of meditation. But meditation, without a real, living object, begets idleness. Their government has been for ages one of selfish despotism. Accumulation invited the tax-gatherer. Oriental taxation has always been another name for extortion and robbery. Thrift begat extortion. There was never any inducement for thrift except the hope of the acquirement of enough to build a pagoda. To conceal wealth enough for this pious object was difficult and dangerous.

Every thing conspired to make the people live for the enjoyment of the passing hour. The climate is so genial that wants are few. A paddy field, when planted requires little labor. The lands suited to rice culture are very fertile. Tickle the soil with a plow—a mere single-toothed harrow—and it is ready for the seed. Then cover it with water and nothing more is needed until the harvest begins. The Burmese man works with great energy while getting his crop in. Lazy men generally do. After that is done he passes his time in visiting pagodas and praying,—in gossiping with his neighbors and playing chess. A wide strip of cotton cloth about the loins is his every-day dress. One of silk and a bright handkerchief for his head makes him an elegant gentleman. He works just enough to get these and his rice, and his tasks are done.

His wife, however, is industrious. She attends the shop, gets the meals, and does fully half the out-door work, leaving the man to play the idler, or to take care of the children. She is not hidden, as in most Oriental lands. She goes about town, rules her husband and the household, drives the best bargains when selling the produce of their fields, wears of evenings, or when visiting religious places, gay-colored silk "tameins"—generally of some shade of red,—and has a scarf of bright yellow figured-silk over her shoulders; dresses her coal-black hair in most becoming style, rarely failing to have a sprig of flowers in her chignon; covers her arms and fingers with bracelets and rings, encircles her ankles with silver anklets, and fills her ears with gold and jewels. With the poor the *gold* is brass, and the jewels are but glass. When a number of them are together they make a gay and pretty picture. The colors used by a single individual do not seem to harmonize, but when several are grouped they make a most harmonious whole.

The women are far from being ill-looking, and many are not only pretty but really beautiful. They do not fade and grow old as in Japan and Siam, but continue fair when fat and 40. When looking into their full faces one sees decided beauty. The profile, however, is defective. They all have the Mongolian cast of face—high cheek-bones, short noses, and flat visage. These make a bad side view. They are all self-possessed, without boldness,

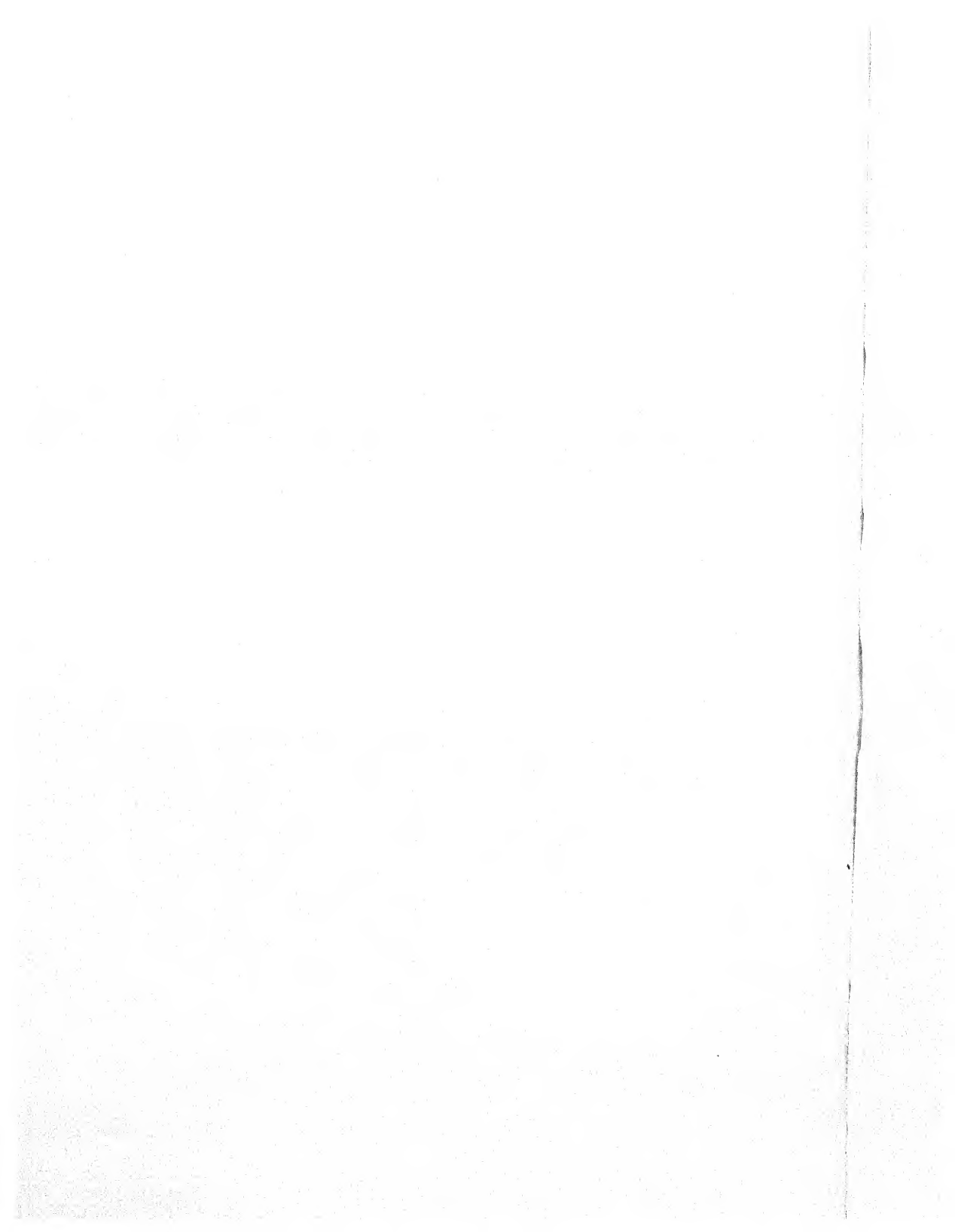
easy and graceful in deportment, without either coyness or coquetry. If asked how I can form an opinion on so short an acquaintance, I reply I saw many women at the various pagodas visited, in the shops and attending the bazaars, and have fortified the result of my own observations by information gained from men and women who have resided here for many years. Europeans have opportunities for studying this people not given anywhere else in the East—for the intercourse between the sexes is quite as free as anywhere in Christendom.

Marriage is simply a civil contract, dissolvable at will. When dissolved the property is equally divided between the parties. Certain forms are gone through before the elders and the knot is untied. Not only do the women trade and attend the shops, manage the household, and do light field-work, but we saw squads of them sweeping the street in Mandalay. In going up and down the river we landed at several towns and villages. We, when possible, took a few minutes' run through the little towns. They were all very dusty and dingy. The houses are a framework on posts, with walls of plaited bamboo or woven palm. There was no evidence of any luxury—a few flowers in pots the only attempt at ornamentation.

When the steamer reached a landing-place we would hear a plunge and a splash near the bow, then others in succession made by the deck-hands leaping into the river and swimming to the shore with the line, and when we pulled out the man left on shore to let go the line invariably swam to the boat. Then the brow of the high bank would be seen—bright in red, white, yellow, and orange, and all tints of these, made by the gay garments of men and women gathered to see the boat. A woman's dress is the "tamein," a strip of cotton or silk reaching from the waist to the ankles. This is wrapped once around and girded at the waist. Around the bust, leaving the upper part bare, is a strip wrapped in a fold. A scarf goes over one shoulder, falling under the other arm, and caught. This can be spread so as to cover both shoulders. Ordinarily, however, one of the shoulders, arms, and the upper bust are bare, and in walking the "tamein" parts on one side so as to slightly expose the leg, considerably above the knee. In Rangoon many of the native ladies wear a short white jacket, a modern innovation borrowed from white people.

The people are yellow, tinged down to quite dark, and sometimes almost black. The hair is long and glossy on men and women. The men, however, of the coolie class cut close, or else shave a good part of the head. The holes for earrings in the woman's ear are large enough to admit a thimble—she sometimes carries her cheroot in it. All classes, old and young, smoke—ordinarily a cheroot filled with a little tobacco mixed with certain barks and wood. The covering is, to a great extent, the inner shuck of Indian corn or fibre of some of the palms. It is about the size of a





common candle. The women smoke these so much that their lips curl when the cigar is absent. They smoke when walking, in the shops, and attending the stores of the bazaars. They are very devout, and throughout certain days and about sundown of every day are to be seen kneeling in crowds in the kyoungs or chapels.

Large numbers of cattle are reared along the river, and many buffalo. The latter do the heavy plowing, but the ox is used for carts and cabs. He is a very pretty animal, small, short-horned, and with a pretty hump. A ride at Mandalay in an ox-cab was enough disagreeable for me to remember the rest of my life. The carriage body was three and a quarter feet wide, four feet long, and three feet high. I had to squat down in this. My team were good movers, and trotted at a good rate from the steamboat to the hotel three miles away. I bore it without swearing, but I prayed most fervently that we should reach our goal. Each ox at Mandalay wears a little bell. Pony carriages take the place of these at Rangoon. The ponies are fine little fellows, 10 to 14 hands high, and move with fair speed.

Mandalay grew from a naked plain to a city of 250,000 inhabitants in less than 30 years. This was not from its advantageous situation, but simply sprang from the fiat of Mindoon, the king. He ordered the place to be a city, and it was. Its inhabitants paid no taxes, and to a large extent were fed upon the master's bounty, at the expense of the taxpayers of the kingdom. Mindoon laid out the city exactly a mile and an eighth square, surrounded it with a wall 30 feet high, prettily crenulated and backed by earth 20 feet thick; outside of this is a broad esplanade and a moat 50 yards wide, deep, full of fish, and supplying the city with water. In the centre of the walled city he placed his palace, enclosed by a strong stockade of teak timber and a brick wall 20 feet high. The remainder of this inner city was packed with buildings, but outside of the moat the bulk of the people lived in their huts, surrounded by gardens covering a very large area. The king lavished great wealth in making this palace as beautiful as Oriental taste could suggest. The queen's garden, at the south end of the palace enclosure, must have been very beautiful when it was kept fresh and green. Two or three acres contained lotus and lily ponds, with heavy rock-work and gravelled walks. The ponds had islands surmounted by kiosks, beautifully carved, and pretty bridges springing from island to island. In the centre was a great bath sunken below the surface, cemented to resemble marble, surrounded by pillared arcades planned by Italian architects.

The palace does not consist of one large building, but of a large number of wooden structures, 30 to 40 feet wide by 50 to 60 in length. They are rather open porticos than houses. The roofs are supported by columns eight to ten feet apart. Apparently they are two stories, but this is only for architectural effect. The

second story recedes upon the first some eight or ten feet, and is supported as the first is, only by more lofty pillars lifting from the floor of the first story. The houses are, therefore, large vaulted porticos, 30 to 40 feet high, divided by a partition running across the centre and surrounded by open network cut from metal or wood. The low cornices of the two stories are a mass of wood-carving, generally very prettily executed. The entire structure is lifted from the ground about eight feet upon columns. Some two dozen of these structures were for the immediate use of the king and queen, and are a mass of rich carving within and without, and are gilded from top to bottom, except where red lacquer is used as a relief, and where gems are used for ornamentation. These gems are of glass in imitation of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires.

One of the king's edifices, called the "Centre of the Universe," is apparently seven stories high, surmounted by an oblong structure or lantern two to three feet in diameter and 30 odd feet high. This is a mass of mirror glass cut into gem form; on top is the Buddhistic umbrella. Immediately under this umbrella, on the main floor, is the throne, in a vaulted room supported by columns 70 feet high. All columns are of perfectly straight teak timber. The ceilings, rafters, partitions, the outer roofs, and even the pillars beneath the houses, are gilded and covered with gem ornamentation, which is very beautiful. It was all built for present use, and lacks that necessary ingredient of architecture, the appearance of permanency; but, with all the lavish richness and Oriental extravagance, there is nothing tawdry or out of keeping with true Oriental taste. The buildings used by the attachés of the court are of the same general design, but are colored in red lacquer, without either gilt or gems.

Many of the pagodas and kyoungs of the city are very remarkable. The Koo-thoo-daw is a plain but perfectly proportioned gilded pagoda, nearly 200 feet high, and surrounded by 500 small pagodas or shrines, each about 12 feet square and 30 high. Each of these has a chapel within, containing a tablet of stone four feet high, covered with extracts from the most sacred of Buddhist scriptures, cut in delicate letters. The gateway through the wall which surrounds these would do credit to any architect in any age. Not far from this on a huge raised platform of many acres, is the Incomparable Pagoda, 400 to 500 feet square, elevated by terraced stories, seven in number, to the height of 170 feet; at a distance it looks, in its plain whiteness, like a huge wedding-cake. It encloses a vast vaulted hall, with lofty ceilings, supported by 100 to 200 beautiful columns, 70 feet high. It contains a vast wealth of wood-carving of exquisite workmanship. The interior is entirely of gilt, with vermilion relief. The lacquer-work of Burmah, by the way, is inferior only to that of Japan. The shrine of this pagoda, containing a monster Buddha, is gorgeously decorated.

The king's throne house, called the "Centre of the Universe," is considered by the Burmese the *chef-d'œuvre* of art. But to me the true gems of Mandalay are two kyoungs, one called the king's and the other the queen's house of prayer. They are not far from the Incomparable Pagoda. I have lost the leaf from my note-book in which I had measurements taken on the spot. I will try to describe them as they are fixed in my memory. Imagine a wooden platform raised about eight feet on a great number of gilded wooden pillars about 20 inches in diameter. This platform is, say, 50 by 150. Across one end is a two-story pavilion, 30 by 50 feet. The first story is 12 to 15 feet at the eaves. The roof is a bent concave. From the inner line of this roof springs the apparent second story, about 10 feet high, with a concave bent roof running up to a large roof-tree. At the four corners of each roof lift dolphin-shaped ornaments several feet high. Midway between these is a sort of dormer roof, with a front, a species of broad spear-head. Under the eaves of each roof is a frieze in carved vine and flower pattern, and over this long rows of pretty little statuettes. The second story is enclosed solidly. The first story is enclosed with open screens of network pattern. The roof of both stories is supported by a mass of columns or pillars running from the main or only floor to the rafters. Standing with its end toward and behind this pavilion is another similar one, united to it by a low covered colonnade, and behind this, also united to it by a colonnade, is still another similar pavilion, except that it has seven stories, each story less receding than the one under it and of less height, but with similar ornamentation. This latter is surrounded by a tall, oblong, lantern-shaped member, and on it a metallic half-opened umbrella. The whole of these structures are of exquisitely carved wood, and within and without gilded from platform to pinnacle, and studded with imitation jewels—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The brackets, dentelli, and rafters are colored, principally in vermilion lacquer. The seemingly seven-story building contains a lofty hall, in the centre of which is a colossal alabaster Buddha, surrounded by a shrine of great richness. The carvings in and about one of these payars are very elegant, and consists of hundreds, if not thousands, of little statuettes and a great length of scrolls and friezes. Every thing is gilded and jewelled, except just enough of tinted lacquer for relief. About three feet at the lower end of each column is painted in vermilion, with gilded lacework uniting the lower member with the upper solidly gilded portion.

I cannot imagine any thing more perfect in Oriental exuberance than one of these sets of buildings. I am not sure whether it is the king's or the queen's. One of them is used as an English chapel. The other, like the majority of the kyoungs of the city, is occupied by officers of the English army as quarters. A few are left to the natives for purpose of worship. It is greatly to the credit of the officers that they are careful to preserve every

thing as much as possible. The palaces and kyoungs are partitioned off for bedrooms, and the officers' mess-rooms have thrones and exquisite shrines for sideboards. The ruling powers do as little violence as possible to the religious prejudices and superstitions of the natives. Absolute tolerance is the rule. I understand the government is desirous of preserving some of the more beautiful buildings as curios. The estimates require 700,000 rupees to place them in good condition, and 100,000 annually thereafter to maintain them.

We visited, just before sunset, a place of worship distant from the army quarters. It was an elaborate kyoung, with four colonnaded approaches several hundred feet long, leading from the four surrounding streets. The centre shrine and building over it, together with the long double rows of columns and their roofing, were a mass of imitation jewels, bits of mirror, and gilt. This was but lately erected, and indeed is not yet finished. Hundreds of men and women were worshipping before the golden Buddha, and the priests let us know that they considered it a thing of magnificence. We, however, found it tawdry and utterly lacking in art. The worship in Buddhist temples is apparently as sincere and quite as earnest as in any Christian church, and many of the ceremonies very touching. I recall a memorial service for some dead man in a temple at Kioto, Japan, which was as interesting and full of feeling as any thing I ever witnessed. One has to become accustomed to the peculiar shout, and to the occasional striking of the gong and sounding of a bell. The intelligent religious ideas of the world are to be found within Christianity; but there is much genuine piety and real fervor in the Buddhist church.

We send missionaries to convert the heathen in India, China, Siam, Japan, and Burmah. In all of these countries there are large colonies of Europeans and Americans. The missionaries preach Jesus. The foreigners at the same hour are practising the devil. Everywhere all kinds of business is closed during the race week, and our good people bet like Portuguese, and very many get as drunk as lords and swear like troopers. I do not mean that all do this, but enough do to leaven the whole lump in the eyes of the poor benighted heathen. The missionary in the pulpit tells his Chinese or Indian audience that one of the vices is gambling, and that this is a sin intolerable within the Christian church. While he preaches on Sunday every billiard hall in the city is being patronized by foreigners, who have to take a "peg" (drink) in honor of each fine run. And in the clubs games of cards are being played in quiet rooms, and drinks are being brought to the players by native waiters, who take tips, and afterward buy candles to burn before the shrine of their own god.

Christmas-day we visited the many beautiful kyoungs of Mandalay. In one, a part of a regiment was holding high carnival.

It was a holiday, and considerable license was permitted, so that the boys, so far away from their homes, could celebrate the day our Saviour was born. How the boys did celebrate! They sang in every brogue known from Kerry and Cork up to Dublin, and in every dialect from York to Cornwall, and from Glasgow to John o'Groat's house. Their heads were as full of grog as their hearts were of devotion. Some came out of their barracks. Their eyes were red from weeping tears of joy because they knew the Redeemer lived. They danced in remembrance of the fact that David danced before the ark of the Lord; they reeled and leered from intense fervor, and talked in drunken gibberish. They were drunk in joyous frenzy, because of the brightness the Star of Bethlehem had brought to the world. Ah! they were shining examples of the blessing handed down through 1,800 years to the enlightened sons of Europe.

The poor, benighted natives can point to these as living evidences of the blessings conferred when a pagan is converted at the cost of \$10,000 to \$20,000 a head. Missionaries are needed throughout the East, but they are needed most to convert the Christians of the East, and to lead them to follow the path trodden by the Son of Man. The examples set by the foreigners undo the good the pious missionary preaches to the pagan. A native in Rangoon wanted a job and claimed to be a Christian. When this was doubted he said he "could drink brandy now, and could say God d—— like an Englishman." This gave his idea of what a Christian could do.

I doubt if Mandalay long retains its population. Just now the army supports it. But when it departs the bulk of the people must go. There can be no commerce to support there a large city. Burmah will, ultimately, be greatly benefited by English rule, but it will be at the expense of the Burmese. They seem too lazy and careless to hold their own against the Chinese and Indians who will flock to the land when it becomes quieted. Several years must elapse before this condition can be brought about. I refer to upper Burmah, taken two years ago from King Thebaw. A species of brigandage, called "Dacoitism," is rife throughout the land. The dacoits are poorly armed, and cannot make any headway against the well armed English soldiery. But they kill and pillage friends and foes and burn down the villages. They are the young and restless men who have no means of self-support, and take this means of avenging themselves upon the conquerors and of gaining the livelihood they are too lazy to earn by work. When pursued they scatter and simply appear to be villagers. I saw, on our steamer, coming down the river, a large number of them in irons as prisoners. Many were mere boys and none were even middle-aged. Under the old government they eked out a scanty subsistence, but their wants were few and they knew nothing of any thing better. Con-

tact with the outer world enlarges their wants, but will not stimulate their industry. The women will ultimately intermarry with the intruders (not Europeans), and a sturdier race will grow up. Then, and not till then, will upper Burmah fill up and become prosperous. It is about as large as France, four times as large as Illinois, and has not more people than our own prairie State, and has not increased for several centuries. There are evidences that it has been constantly decreasing for probably several ages.

Thebaw is a state prisoner in the Madras country, and the English blacken the poor devil's character, so as to justify, in the eyes of the world, their high-handed act when they took from him his country. I met several intelligent Italians who have been in the land many years. These declare the representations of the English to be calumnies; that Thebaw was not a drunkard; that he was a good-hearted, overgrown boy, and that the acts laid to his door as barbarities were the acts of his ministers, in which he had no hand. But the Italians were the fellows who feathered their nests under the old régime. They probably exaggerate in one direction as much as the English do in the other. It will be for the good of the world that Thebaw was deposed. But I do not see why England should not boldly acknowledge she wanted all Burmah for strategic and state reasons, and justify the act by an honest declaration of the truth, instead of using so many little make-believes. She took and will hold the country because she wants it, as she holds so many other countries. History will paint her as a wholesale, but wonderfully wise, robber.

While I write on the *Palatina*, between Rangoon and Calcutta, the sun has gone down. The ship has anchored outside of the Hooghly River, one of the many estuaries of the Ganges. The moon has just come up from over a low island to the east. The air is balmy and has the sweet odor of the land. Light clouds move lazily across the ruddy face of the queen of night. A well-born daughter of that far-off island, which rules nearly a third of the world by her brain and through her well-filled coffers, is playing on a piano, under the awning covering the quarter-deck, and with gentle touch, the sweet variations of the "Mocking Bird." Refined gentlemen and gentlewomen loll or walk softly about, respectfully listening to the music. Every thing immediately about us: the great steamer with its electric lights, the refined passengers, some of them Urasians, or half-breeds, indicate high civilization. It is hard to realize that on yon island, just under the low-lying moon, tigers are more abundant than in any other part of the world. The keepers of the signal station on it live within high walls, and dare not go 100 yards beyond them. Refuge houses are built along the coast on high piles close to the water. Canned goods, 400 gallons of water, a chart with full directions how to find a port, and a boat are stored in each. And

great placards are stuck up on the walls warning the shipwrecked man to beware of the tigers, and not to attempt to get off except by day, and at no time to venture into the jungle. The islands and surrounding mainland are swampy, and the low jungles are said absolutely to swarm with tigers and crocodiles. Nothing less than a tidal wave seems able to drive them away.

To-morrow (the 3d of January, 1888) we proceed up the Hooghly to Calcutta, the capital of India—India, the cradle of the world's lore; India, the land of the sacred Ganges and of "coral strands," of Juggernaut cars, and of blazing funeral beds; of lovely women, old India, the world's dreamland since history first was written.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOOGLHY—CALCUTTA—MOUNT EVEREST—A WONDERFUL RAILROAD—A DINNER WITH LORD DUFFERIN, AND A STATE BALL.

Calcutta, January 13, 1888.

I HAVE always been to some extent a reading man, and considered myself reasonably well informed historically, geographically, and ethnologically on the countries of the world. I had been taught to think of India as one concrete whole. I even casually regarded both it and Farther India as a unit. This was all erroneous. India is a compound of many distinct peoples, and is widely diverse in its geographical, climatic, and historical elements in its parts. Steaming up the Hooghly, one of the branches forming the Ganges delta to Calcutta, the land on either bank was low and flat. Dykes 10 to 15 or more feet high ran along the banks 50 to 200 feet back. These are for protection, less against floods in the rainy seasons, than against tidal and cyclonic waves, which are frequently very destructive. Great rice fields were seen as far as the trees would permit the eye to range. Clusters of straw stacks were frequent, showing that the stubble is not left on the ground, as is the case among the lazy Siamese and Burmese, but is saved. The stacks are as pretty in shape as grain stacks are in our land or even in England. Cocoa-nut and date palms were everywhere seen, either standing singly over the fields or in clumps about the villages and hamlets, the picturesque bent roofs of the houses barely visible among the palm fronds. These roofs are all of thatch, laid smoothly and thickly over a ridge-pole of bamboo bent longitudinally across the centre of the house, several feet higher in the centre than at the two ends. This gives the houses or huts the appearance of smooth-topped bent hay-ricks, and makes them very picturesque in the midst of the rich verdure. As we proceeded up the river the tropical growth on each bank became richer, frequently appearing as a dense jungle.

We passed the dangerous sand bars at the mouth of the James and Mary River with some little anxiety. There was nothing apparent in the conformation of the river to indicate the smallest danger, but every sailor aboard was at his particular post, and several at the great wheel, ready to act on a moment's notice if

any thing should derange the steam-steering machinery. The ship bent in and out along the tortuous channel some two or three miles in an almost serpentine track. Close to us was the mast of a great steamer, a few feet out of the water, and day by day sinking deeper. Under it are other ships, we are told many others, which went down at different times during past years, and the natives believe are constantly sinking, to stop only when the centre of the earth shall be reached. The entire bottom of the river is composed of quicksand. If a ship touches bottom it is liable at once to be thrown around by the strong current, to be careened, and to become unmanageable. The quicksands begin immediately to swallow it into a maw which seems insatiable. Sailors consider this the most dangerous bar in the world. When we had passed through, the passengers, with solemn mien, congratulated each other that we would not be crocodiles' meat this time at least.

We met many ships in the afternoon and saw a forest of masts extending for miles along the river at Calcutta. Great three- and four-masted ships were often lying four deep. I had never before seen so many vessels at any river town. We passed the now deserted palace of the old King of Oudh, who died only a little while ago, having been England's state prisoner for many years, living in royal splendor with his women, with his tigers and other animals, and watching and guiding the flights of his thousands of fancy pigeons. England took from him his kingdom, his diamonds, and his liberty, leaving him his luxury, his superstitions, and his bitter hatred of his despoilers. What a mighty throng of Banquos could shake their gory locks at Albion and, pointing to their fatal wounds, say: "Thou didst it."

When we drew up to the pier we had to surrender our revolvers. The next day, after considerable delay, I got them back, on payment of a duty equal to nearly half the value I put upon them. The duty on firearms is almost prohibitory, and is intended to keep them out of the hands of the natives.

Calcutta is a very handsome city, with a population of about 500,000, 14,000 being Europeans. There are many handsome buildings belonging to the governing classes. All are of brick, plastered in whitish or yellowish cement, and of chaste architecture. There are no long monotonous rows, but here the house is tall, there low, some with pilasters and porticos, others without, thus presenting a picturesque outline. The streets are well paved and kept clean. The viceroy's palace—"Government building"—is a large structure, with lofty, airy rooms of state, and decorated with life-sized portraits of eminent Indian rulers and princely rajahs. It is quite in the heart of the town, is surrounded by fine grounds with, at its rear, a noble garden. Behind this is a grand esplanade along the river, not far from three miles in length and three quarters of a mile in width. It is cut by fine

gravel roads and lined with spreading, handsome trees. The roadways are kept well sprinkled. Toward sunset they are thronged with handsome carriages, drawn by good horses, mostly brought from New South Wales. Along the river is the drive of the elite. Here are to be seen foreigners well dressed and natives in gorgeous attire. Cut out of this esplanade is the Garden of Eden (named after a prominent man or woman and not after the one from which our first parents were driven). A full band plays here every evening. Carved out of the lower end of the esplanade is Fort William, a magnificent fort, capable of holding a garrison of 12,000 men. At the lower end of the esplanade is the zoölogical garden. It is well kept up, and has a collection of huge tigers. Two captive man-eaters are noble specimens, as far surpassing the beasts of the menagerie as a big tomcat does a sick kitten. One, not long since captured, is said to have eaten 200 natives. I shook my stick at him; he sprang toward me with a roar which caused my heart to pulsate painfully for nearly an hour after. Lord Dufferin told me the next day he would give me an open letter which might be useful to us in our tour through the country, provided I would not ask for elephants for a tiger hunt, which was the great aim of globe-trotters. I laughed, and told him of my scare, and that I would not hunt tigers if the elephants were twice as high.

The European resident quarter of the city lies contiguous to the esplanade. The houses are large and nearly all surrounded by extensive grounds (throughout the East called compounds), filled with fruit or ornamental trees. They must be very beautiful in the spring when the flowering trees are in bloom. Many of the trees are then clothed in flowers of great size and of many colors. We have seen many varieties of trees and large shrubs, which bear flowers of a size utterly unknown in our temperate zones, the *magnolia grandiflora* being the only one in our Southern States which can be compared to them. The native quarters of the city are better than in Siam or Burmah, but present very few features which lift them out of what an American would term squalid. The suburbs have a great many tanks for holding water. These are generally oblong pits 50 to 200 or 300 feet long and half as broad, and 10 to 15 feet deep. Some of them are parts of a system connected by small canals running to the river, not for navigable purposes, but simply as tank feeders. Many, however, have no connecting streams, but are filled by the enormous rainfall in the wet season, and become stagnant pools, breeding malaria and cholera. As in Bangkok, this dread disease is always here, the statistics ascribing to it several deaths every week in the year, and running up to perhaps a hundred without being considered an alarming epidemic. Foreigners seem to regard it lightly, and several have told me we pay it a ridiculous if not cowardly attention when it

shows a disposition to visit our shores; that, with the present knowledge of its proper treatment, it could never become a scourge in Europe or America if the people would only restrain their alarm.

Calcutta, in its central parts, is supplied with water from many miles up the Hooghly. It is settled and filtered in large reservoirs, and seems fairly pure water. Very careful people, however, boil it; but the majority of the foreigners use it as it comes from the hydrants. It is carried into upper floors in goat-skins. It looks queer to see coolies sprinkling the streets from skins slung over the shoulders. It is thus done throughout the esplanade. In the business streets coolies sprinkle from large movable hose, or from carts which are filled by women carriers. Mr. Lincoln regretted during our unpleasantness that he had more brigadiers than mules. Here men and women are cheaper than mules or oxen, and do the work which the four-legged beasts of burden should perform.

Two days after our arrival we made a trip of 400 miles to Darjeeling in quest of the mighty Himalaya mountains. We were told we would get a freeze, and that mighty Everest was hiding under continual clouds. Trusting to our usual good-luck we went. The road ran due north over the flat lands forming the great delta of the Ganges. Both in going and returning we were upon the train at night, but the time-tables were such that we only lost 100 miles in the middle of the great plain. We had daylight while going and returning while traversing 250 to 300 miles of country. Nearly all of it is under close cultivation. For several hours the road passed through rice-fields and plantations of cocoa-nut and date palms, orchards of mango, and jack-fruit, thickets of bananas, and fields of sugar-cane; then through fields of wheat, some just planted or barely green, and others going into head; fields of gram, of split peas, and other cereals; then through fields of jute and of root crops. The whole country is a dead flat, crossed by several branches of the Ganges and bayous or natural canals. The fields had everywhere scattered trees, so that on looking over them from our low elevation they had the appearance of being almost wooded and brightly green. There were many villages and hamlets nestled down among palms, fruit orchards, and broad, spreading banyans. We made our beds in the cars, slept well, and in the morning had our first view of the dark foothills of the mighty backbone of Asia. These hills rise abruptly from the plain to a height of nearly 4,000 feet. They reach the plain in well defined spurs. Behind them rise mountain upon mountain, running back to Kunchinjinga, the second mountain of the world. This mighty pile, with its eternal snows, 12,000 feet above the snow-line, should have been visible from Siliguri, where we left the broad gauge and boarded the little train upon a two-foot road, but it was veiled in cloud and mist.

At the next station, just at the foot of the hills, we were only 12 miles from Darjeeling, as the crow flies, but had to make a run of 46 on the road to reach our goal. We were to make this, not by long detours, diverging far away from the straight line, but by bending, winding, curving, doubling, looping, and zigzagging along the direct route, never more than a mile or so away from it, and crossing it again and again and over again many times. I cannot describe in words this climb of 7,400 and odd feet better than by saying, we ran up the curvings of a corkscrew. From this point the tea-gardens, which cover many of the slopes as far as Darjeeling, came in sight. Through the glass the deep-green bushes,—on terraces or in long rows covering the smooth slopes,—the white bungalows and factories, looked very pretty and picturesque. They mount the hills to a height of 4,000 feet. Deep valleys and gorges, covered with dense forests, or frowning, rocky crags, separated garden from garden. This was the commencement of the celebrated "Darjeeling tea plantations." The plant is of the Chinese variety, spreading into bushes from the root, differing from the Assam plant, which spreads from a single stock. At this season the bushes are being pruned down flat on the top—about two feet high—so as to give a larger surface to the air and sun's rays, and to permit a greater number of shoots, from which alone the young leaves are plucked for merchantable tea. There are now in this district 25,000 to 40,000 acres in producing gardens, and the government refuses to sell more land for tea-planting, hoping thus to prevent disastrous over-production. Cinchona is being cultivated largely, the government making the first experiment in a 2,000-acre plantation, which has proved successful and very profitable.

Soon after taking the narrow-gauge road we plunged on an easy grade into a dense forest, which looked as if it might be the lair of tigers. On the plain, a few miles back, we passed the edge of a wild jungle of tall reedy grass, canes, and rushes with plumes two feet long, 10 to 15 high, and of almost impenetrable thickness, in which are several herds of wild elephants and many tigers, several of the latter proving themselves lately to be bad man-eaters. A planter aboard told us of a coolie who was caught and carried off a few days before; he was at once followed and overtaken. The man seemed as yet not much hurt, but the tiger was determined not to abandon his dinner. The pursuers fired at him, trying to avoid hitting the native; the balls did not strike the monster in a vital part, who at each shot gave the man's shoulder a crouching bite. The poor fellow screamed to his keepers to shoot to kill, that he was being eaten. One of the planters, seeing the necessity, took good aim and sent his ball into the tiger's heart, but, unfortunately, also through the man. Full-grown buffaloes are frequently carried off.

Our train consisted of nine cars, each one being nine

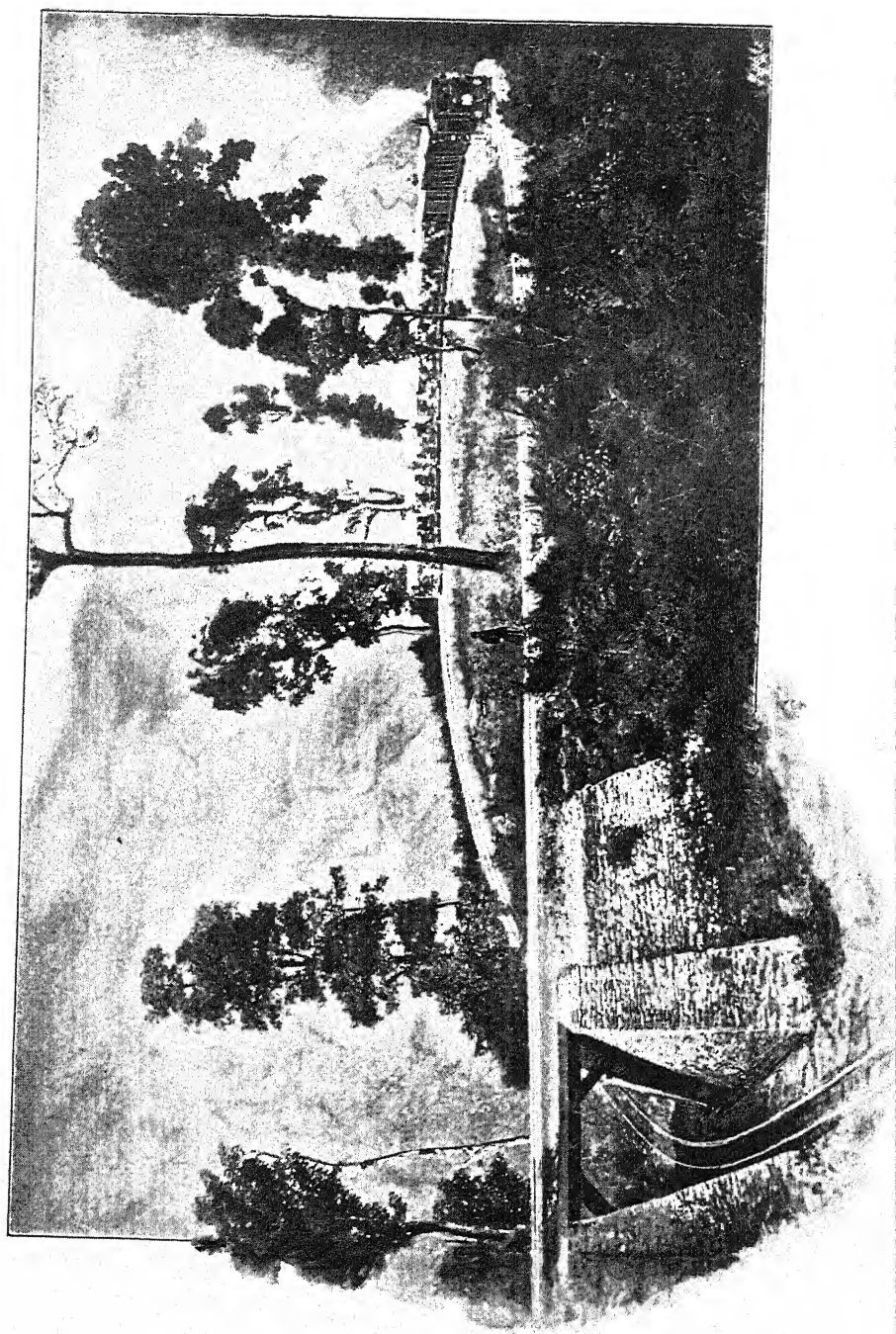
feet long, the most of them open, so as to permit a full view from either side. We sat only 60 feet behind the engine, yet so short were the curves, after the ascent began, that the locomotive was rarely out of sight on one or the other side. Several times it seemed to be going nearly at right angles to the line of our car. We wormed along, now to the right then to the left, never on a level, and often climbing grades of one foot in less than 25, the average grade for the entire hill road being one in 28. We passed over four different complete loops, two of them double ones. These loops are none of them over 900 feet around. One, a perfect circle, was between 500 and 600 feet in circumference, or less than 200 feet in diameter. The loops are made by the road passing on a bridge over itself in making the circle. The double loops are made by the track passing over itself, and then circling the hill on a higher level and to within a few feet of its first line of approach. Imagine a mountain spur ending in a rounded half cone of say 200 feet in diameter on its levelled summit. A railroad comes up on one face of the spur from the valley below; it reaches the cone, makes a complete circle around it on an ascending grade, passing over itself, then makes another circle, and continues its ascent along the other face of the spur but nearer its top ridge. Several curves are made nearly completing a loop, and one describes the figure eight. At one loop we met a descending freight train on a switch. In a few moments we saw it 100 feet below us, running in the same direction we were going. At one point a boy could throw a stone over three tracks, each some hundred feet below the one next above it.

We were at one time climbing an hour or two through dense masses of richest tropical growth—thickets of wild bananas, of great bamboos of several varieties, some of them 60 feet high, of taro and other broad-leaved plants, and waxy, green, lofty trees. For several hours we looked aloft upon wooded mountains and at tea plantations far above us. Then we passed beyond the altitude of great bamboos and bananas. We were among tree-ferns 10 to 20 feet high, their great fronds spreading wide and beautifully. All trees were covered with moss from root to branch. The branches and limbs were loaded with orchids, some of them in masses like hanging shrubs. Mighty climbing vines clung to the trees, their winding stalks having the appearance of huge serpents. Some of the trees seemed to have been strangled by the serpentine folds of these monsters. Many of the climbers had leaves a foot or more long. There were huge vines standing unsupported, looking like trees growing in corkscrew windings. They once wrapped about large trees which they strangled. The trees died and rotted, leaving the vines, resembling great corkscrews a foot and over in diameter, and able to support their own weight. Their long, snake-like branches were clinging to the tops of trees 30 to 50 feet away; they had caught them many

years ago, when their main supporters were yet alive. Still we climbed. Tea plantations and factories which we had looked at with glasses a while since far above us were now far down below. We wound around precipitous heights and looked over steep descents, dropping like precipices 1,000 feet almost under us; deep valley gorges lay in mossy green far below; green mountain heights lifted far above us. An Englishman asked me what I thought of the scenery. I replied: "It is beautiful." He looked at me with contempt and said: "You should have said grand." "No," I rejoined, "it is too green, too fresh, too flowery. The almond-trees are too pink; the verdure is too tufted; the flowing outlines are too soft for grandeur. There are here all the elements of the beautiful." An hour later, when nearer the crests of the spur, and the mountains towering above thousands of feet were freer from trees, and rocky heights were predominating, I said to the Britisher: "Now we have grandeur." He answered: "Your criticism was true. I was wrong."

We passed through several mountain villages, and saw new races of men. Bright, active Nepaulese, men and women. Sturdy, dirty Bhootas, men and women, carrying great loads on their backs, suspended by a band over their forehead; their cheek bones as high as American Indians', and their faces of the same hue, if the Indian's copper were only added. The women had their foreheads and cheeks stained as if with pig's blood. In their ears were huge drops studded with turquoises. Around their necks were all their wealth in silver, corals, and jewels; bracelets covered their arms and silver anklets ran around the ankle; stuck upon one side of their nose were ornaments like jewelled buttons. They were nearly all dirty, but many of them decidedly handsome. All were good-natured and had mouths of pearly teeth. These are the doers of hard work, and came from Bhootan, up against Thibet. Here were Lepchees, the old inhabitants of these hills, very active and very lazy. They quit the land as cultivation approaches, preferring jungle fruits, roots, and berries to the produce of industry. The people of different tribes become easily distinguishable, and commend themselves to a traveller's favor by the brave freedom of their eyes, and the entire absence of the slavish servility which so characterizes the people of the plains.

At four o'clock we had reached an elevation of over 7,400 feet, the highest mountain railroad station in the world. Darjeeling, three miles farther on, is a very picturesque town, with pretty houses, all in gardens, scattered along the steep side of a sort of amphitheatre, looking down over a deep valley and over slopes of tea-gardens. Over the valley in front of the town rears a succession of mountains, 8,000, 10,000, and 12,000 feet high, with magnificent sky lines; and farther over and beyond them, 45 miles away, mighty Kunchinjunga, 28,156 feet high, and next to Everest the loftiest peak on the globe.



Darjeeling is a summer resort for the Europeans of the plain, the summer home of the Lieutenant-Governor of India, who is also Governor of Bengal, and a sanitarium for the English troops. On the top of the hill, 1,000 feet above the town, is a barrack and hospital. In the town is a bazaar, in which on Sunday we saw a most interesting mass of 5,000 or 6,000 people, from Nepaul, Sikkim, Bhootan, Thibet, and Darjeeling proper. It was one of a regular set of fairs for trading, and was food for several days' study. Trade was going on in sheep, goats, and ponies from Bhootan and a few from Thibet. People were there from Sikkim with maize, beans, peas, oranges, and grain; people from Nepaul with knives and produce of several sorts. The stocks were small, frequently only so much as the dealer had brought on his back over the mountain passes. One had two or three bushels of Indian corn, a poor article. Another a little quantity of beans or millet. Here was a woman who had travelled for two or three days with two bushels of oranges hanging from her forehead. She had climbed a pass 18,000 feet high and slept in the cold open air on the bare ground, and was happy when she sold her stock out at retail and received three rupees, or \$1.05. There was a man who had journeyed in the same way from just under Mount Everest, a five or six days' journey. His stock was four Roman-nosed sheep and half-a-dozen Nepaulese knives. The sheep, which had been the pack-horses for his knives and provender, are worth three rupees each, and the knives one. The dealers were generally squatted on the ground, with their little stores in baskets or on mats before them. Their worldly wealth was small, but they had a contented look.

It made us, on arrival, almost blush to permit a good-looking, soft-eyed girl take our satchels from the station to the hotel. One of them makes our arms ache to carry a hundred or so yards, yet this little girl swung two from her forehead, climbed nimbly the high hill to the hotel, a few hundred yards off, and was perfectly satisfied when we gave her two annas, or five cents. There are many fine rides in the neighborhood of Darjeeling; one, through a dense forest on a steep mountain side, gave us a fine insight into the growth of these latitudes. So close and dense is the forest that the sun never penetrates to the ground, and a fallen stick never dries. The rainfall here is about 125 inches a year; the soil is as rich as loam can be made, and the forest vegetation simply astonishing.

We reached Darjeeling exactly 24 hours after leaving Calcutta. The gray and green mountains around were visible, but thick clouds shrouded the snow-clad frozen heights. Our landlord said it was rapidly turning colder, and the morrow would be bright. We went to bed to hope and dream. I was awakened just before five by the mournful howling and queer chattering barkings of jackals close to my window. It seemed to me there was a pack,

but I had an indistinct recollection that where two or three of these brutes are gathered together much noise is there with them. I went to the front of the house, and before me rose the viceroy of mountains—mighty Kunchinjinga. His glaciated peak caught the pale rays of the ascending morn, and sent them back as if from a rugged mass of cold, burnished silver. Grand and gloomy, he pierced the sky, a sceptred monarch. To his right and to his left stood his royal aids, each succeeding one a little lower than the last. For half a hundred miles these royal attendants stood in grand array, each a king, and crowned in silvered diadems. I could scarcely tear myself away, but looking to the north I saw a clear sky over the lofty foot-hills, and had reason to think the monarch of all was unclouded.

I aroused the boys, and ordered ponies out. We drank a cup of hot tea, mounted our ponies, and were quickly tearing like madmen through the crisp frosty air, up the pretty gravel roads, along the mountain side, toward Tiger Hill, from whose summit, 9,000 feet high, we might catch the rising sun as he gives his morning kiss to the world's acknowledged monarch—imperial Everest. Our coolies afoot, one to each horse, tried to keep pace with us, but the ponies were brave little fellows, and we three, though not at all first-class equestrians, were racing to beat the sun, and paused not to consider that the narrow steep roadways were frosted and icy, and that a single misstep might send us hundreds of feet down the precipitous gorges yawning far below. Wildly we galloped on. We reached diverging paths. We knew not which to take. Two of the coolies were far behind, but one bright, lithe, young Nepaulese was panting 100 yards back. Glorious Kunchinjinga was now catching the early dawn. The boy came up. I made signs for him to take me by the hand. On we rushed. My tawny boy took strides unknown since classic footmen thus ran by the side of mounted soldiers. But his young mountain limbs were unequal to the task. Johnnie, who is ever ready to lend a helping hand, now offered two helping legs. He put the boy on his horse and, taking my hand, ran for a half-mile; they then exchanged places. On we dashed, riding harder than ever, for a fleecy cloud resting high over Kunchinjinga's snowy peak was dyed in rosy pink. The sun would soon be up, and might throw a blush upon Everest's brow, and we not be there to see it. The road was now climbing Mount Sinchal, a little lower than Tiger Hill, and on the way to it. From it Everest is seen nearly as well as from the other. Our boy could not hold to me along the narrow ragged path. Trusting to our mountain craft we left him, and rode as hard up the side as our panting ponies could bear us. We reached the summit; we turned to the northward and there, far away, over a depression in the lofty gray mountain spur of Kunchinjinga, stood apparently close together three burnished snowy peaks. The centre one was

Everest, just catching the mellow tint which precedes the rising of the sun. We had won the race; we had beaten old Sol!

I sat upon my panting horse, my heart too full for speech. I had dreamed of yon far-off frozen pinnacle, and had yearned to see it ere I died; had yearned, but hardly hoped. Countless thousands of men had fought and battled that they might win the laurel wreath from human kind, but the world had not yet determined, and never would, who had been its greatest warrior. Countless thousands of men had racked the aching brain, had burned midnight oil, and had worn their souls away that they might win the laurel wreath from human kind, but the world had not and never will decide who had been the sweetest songster, the grandest poet, the loftiest orator, the smoothest writer, or the profoundest thinker. Man's ambition—his love of glory—is but a mockery, a delusive snare, so fragile are the foundations, so evanescent the superstructure, of his fame. Accident or purchased support lifts the all-unworthy to giddy heights; calumny, detraction, and selfish envy gnaw away the keystone of the arch over which honest merit climbs into the light. Purchased history draws a sponge over the record of noble deeds, and distils from a lie a figment with which to swell pigmy actions into heroic achievements. Even if true worth should win its place on the historic page or have its record deep cut into monumental stone, the stoutest book written by the muse of history easily melts into smoke, and the hardest marble quickly crumbles into dust. But yonder mighty pile had its foundations welded in the white heat of the world's ever-burning central fires. Its corner-stones were laid over the earth's solid arch. Its superstructure was spread with cement crystallized by the breath of the Mighty Chemist of the boundless universe. It knows no peer, it brooks no rival, and the world concedes its supremacy—a supremacy which can know no derogation until the ribs of the earth shall give way, and its high places shall sink into its bowels; when the dark depths of oceans shall be lifted into heights, and the seas shall give back to light the buried cities whose as yet unattained knowledge lived in Egyptian tradition and Indian legend, and has furnished the nations and peoples with their many religions and their countless superstitions. Until then proud Everest will rule, the one loftiest imperial chief, or until, in the crash of worlds, this globe of ours shall be scattered into cometic dust.

We looked now to the far-off peak in the northward, then to the glaciated heights of the next highest, spread out at the north-east. The sky was absolutely clear, save only the filmy cloud which poised like a lifted veil over Kunchinjunga's highest peak. It grew each minute redder as the sun climbed higher. After a few moments we turned our back to Everest and galloped towards Tiger Hill summit, but looked over our shoulders each minute to keep the snowy peaks in view. The morning light crept down the

mountain side and lighted up the deep valleys far below us. The cloud over the viceroy began to catch a golden hue. We paused and looked back: a slight flush was upon Everest. The flush grew more mellow. We looked and a yellowish brush was drawn across the pinnacle. We turned toward east of north. A flood of rosy hue was upon Kunchinjunga. Again we turned toward the west of north. We were just in time, for Everest's peak was a burnished point of golden light. The sun was soon shining upon the two mighty ones.

We dismounted, and led our ponies leisurely to the top. We were now nearly 9,000 feet up, and had a glorious panorama spread around us. Far below us were deep valleys green in virgin forest, or bright in hamlet and plantation. White bungalows were stretched along the ridge back of Darjeeling. Tea-factories and tea-shrubs brightened the side of the lofty hill toward us, and a Bhootan village was picturesque upon the almost precipitous end of the spur. Lofty dark-green mountains lay in a confused pile between the valley under us and the snowy range some 40 miles away. To the south, through the pass we had climbed the day before, the great plain was stretched, its rivers and fields and jungle patches where nearest us but dimly seen, and vanishing in the distance where all was swallowed in dusty smoke. The air was crisp, a hoar-frost was white upon fallen leaves and low bushes; a little pool a few feet across had a filmy coating of ice. We walked about the little level to keep warm. It was a glorious morning, and a glorious vision. I felt that if I could but keep pace with the sun I would like to get home in a half-day, and thus make this the culminating point in my "race with the sun."

We had two splendid days at Darjeeling, watching the fine tints upon the 12,000 feet of eternal snows along the great range when the sun was sinking; watching the gray silver tone when the morning moon was shining upon them; and watching the rosy tints mellowing into a delicate orange when the sun was rising. We took a wild ride along a narrow mountain road through virgin forest jungle, and left the picturesque city with regret. The ride down the narrow-gauge rail was much finer than the ascent. We could see where we were going, and could look upon the bending, winding, and doubling of the road, and comprehend the daring engineering skill which laid it out far better than when going up. A train comes down the road nearly every day by gravitation alone. Indeed our own train practically did the same. Our iron horse did not take his drinks a fifth as often as he had done on his upward bound.

And now something of the society of Calcutta, and I shall have done. The Europeans live in considerable style, own fair horses, and the ladies are finely dressed. All have a large array of servants, whose demeanor toward their employers is more servile than was ever that of the slaves of our Southern States. This

perhaps is entirely outward, and has characterized for ages the deportment of all inferiors toward their superiors. The foreigners look in good health, but are guarded to make but little violent bodily exertion, and none in the sunshine. The children are fairly ruddy up to four or five years of age. After that they are pale, and it is thought not safe to attempt to rear them here. They become debilitated, and painfully lacking in vital energy. All avoid great exposure to the sun, even at this season. We are constantly warned on this point.

The day after our first arrival here, I called upon the secretary of Lord Dufferin, Viceroy, and presented a special letter I had; I then disclosed my intention to leave the next day for the Himalayas. This was just at noon. When I went to my room from the lunch-table, I found an invitation from the Earl and Countess of Dufferin to dinner that evening at 8 o'clock. On the invitation were the words: "Mess dress." I do not know what they meant, for I found the company in what seemed full evening dress. Lord and Lady Dufferin received me with great cordiality. I had met them years ago, but only casually. The dining-room is a very fine one, handsomely decorated. Stalwart servants in brilliant red stood one for each guest, and behind the earl several splendid fellows, I think of his guard, in dazzling crimson. The table, at which there were 18 plates, was brilliantly lighted with candles in three lofty branching candelabra of 12 and 18 lights. The porcelain and glass were of costly pattern and ware. A large quantity of plate, and spurs, horseshoes, and roses, all of gold, of great value were the table decorations. I conducted to the table Lady Helen Blackwood, the Earl's very distinguished-looking daughter, I sitting next to the countess; both were very affable. Opposite, across the narrow way of the table, sat the Earl and the beautiful young Duchess of Montrose. The menu was excellent, and the cuisine perfect. The Earl was exceedingly kind, and gave evidence during our talk of the tact which has so marked his long and successful career. We left the table early, to drive to a Shakespearian reading at the institute. The hall was well filled, seats being reserved for the viceregal party at the front, a sofa in the immediate front being for the Earl and Countess. With great courtesy the Earl placed me at his side, his lady taking a chair. During the intermission he passed to several ladies, having a few pleasant words for each, and the Countess sat with me. When the reading was over, every one arose and stood until the Earl and Countess and aids passed out. When they drove off the aid in waiting, Captain Gore, informed me that he was ordered to get immediate information of our return from Darjeeling. I promised to inform him by telegraph. I give these little incidents to show the politeness of the viceregent of the empress in her vast Indian dominions.

On our return from the mountains we found invitations to a state ball on the 12th. On the afternoon of the day before, the

Countess gave her annual garden party. All who have the entrée of the government house have the right to attend. There was a brilliant assemblage of people, including a large number of natives, in gorgeous attires of silk, gold, and diamonds. The Earl and Lady Dufferin made the boys feel easy when presented. They wished us to be present at the state ball, regretting that we would see so few of the leading natives. But they have adopted the rule to invite none to the balls who will not bring their wives. This the majority of natives cannot do, their wives being kept in absolute seclusion. I was told this rule was adopted at Government House because of some insulting criticisms made by natives on the *décolleté* costumes of European ladies. Their own wives being absent, they were free in bandying ribald jests. We saw eight chieftains from the mountains near Afghanistan. The Earl told me they could bring into the field 25,000 good fighters. They were dressed in plain flowing garments, wore massive turbans, and were profoundly respectful to the viceroy, but had none of that servile manner which characterizes those who live on plains. They were being carried over the country at the expense of the government in a sort of pleasure excursion, for the purpose, I suspect, of impressing them with English power.

The next night we attended the ball. It was a very brilliant affair. The ballrooms occupy the entire third story of the large palace. The consular representatives, except our own, were in state dress. The large number of officers in their red coats covered with gold lace and cords were very bright and rich in appearance, and did more to make the room brilliant than did the beautiful dresses of the ladies. Many of these, however, were in gorgeous array and wore many diamonds, and some of great cost. A native lady, the Maharanne, the pretty wife of Maharajah Kuch Behar, wore diamonds of great beauty and enormous value. Lord Dufferin's court dress was very rich, and the costume of the Countess was both beautiful and costly—jewels on her neck, and a coronet of stars in brilliants lifting from her brow. The governors of Bengal and Bombay were over for the occasion, and both in court dress. Lady Reay, wife of Bombay's governor, was beautifully attired. Lady Dufferin presented me. She kindly invited me to call when in Bombay. Taken altogether, the ball was most brilliant. In the dining-room, on the main floor, a buffet was spread during the whole evening. Champagne and other wines were freely offered. A little after 12, all went to the rooms in the entresol to a full supper, at tables where all could be seated. These rooms are large enough to seat 1,000. The menu was extensive, and champagne flowed recklessly. When the viceregal party and the governor left, all arose and stood till they had gone out.

When taking my leave I asked Countess Dufferin if she had any message to send to America. Her handsome face beamed with a

bright smile when she said: "Tell the people of America I have a warm place in my heart for them." The Earl, when shaking my hand, said the thing he most missed here was "the ability to run over the line, as he often did from Canada, to get the warm treatment he always received from Americans." He certainly possesses tact, and a kindly heartiness with it.

On leaving I saw a thing queerly Oriental. The entrance to the palace is on the ground-floor in an archway under the great portico and steps, which are used alone for state purposes. Along the outer wall of this archway, there were facing us 200 footmen or runners, squatted down upon their haunches in four long rows, as close as they could be packed, like so many frogs. They were awaiting their respective masters to run before or beside their carriages going homeward. Style is somewhat measured by the number of runners. They looked bright in their many colored turbans and various wrappings, but presented a most grotesque picture. I wrote till near daylight and every now and then paused to listen to the howling of Calcutta's hundreds, if not thousands, of scavengers—the night-prowling jackals.

CHAPTER XIX.

CALCUTTA TO BENARES—THE HOLY CITY AND PILGRIMS—SACRED
BATHING, AND BURNING CORPSES—SARNATH AND
BUDDHISM—LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

Agra, India, January 20, 1888.

FROM Calcutta to Benares by rail is 556 miles. The country at first, for 100 and more miles, is in general appearance and production practically the same as that on the road to Darjeeling, already described—a great flat plain with only a single elevation—a short range of low hills lifting in a single ridge from the dead level. After running 100 and odd miles the plain looks very unproductive. The soil is a light-gray, and in the short cut rice paddies looks as if it could produce but little. Large numbers of cattle were browsing in the bare rice-fields and uncultivated lands. How they find any thing nourishing I could not see. The ground looked absolutely bare, and yet the poor brutes were picking it over, if not licking it, and had not a starved condition, being fed, I suppose, night and morning. There had been no rain for some months, and all was dusty. Much of the land is in wheat. It grows very low in stalk, thin on the ground, and of short head. A couple of hundred miles from Calcutta the country put on a greener appearance, in wheat, gram, castor-oil, dahl, pea, and poppy. Some of the fields of the latter at a distance in full flower looked like snow fields, so white and pure was the bloom. England will require long generations of piety to undo her great wrong in coining gold as she does out of the mania and misery of so many millions. Like the poppy flower, she boastfully spreads to the breeze a banner of light, while she kills and destroys in her greed. Her people decry the Yankee because he has such love for the almighty dollar. But, thank heaven! America as an aggregation, as a nation, has never oppressed for gold. Her only semblance of a shame was slavery fastened upon her by English cupidity. England's opium policy is one of her shames. Preachers who believe in special providence and national retribution for national sins could pour from the pulpit fearful anathemas upon this sordid nation for its crime in encouraging for gain in gold the most frightful of all degrading vices.

On the road we passed near coal-fields, said to be rich both in

the quantity and quality of the yield. For the last 100 miles toward Benares much of the country was very pretty. The mango and other orchards were abundant, and every plain had its many scattered trees. Barley was added as a growth, and was well headed and green. Hedges, where there were any, were of a prickly pear and cactus. The spider webs over them covered with dust looked like great gossamer veils spread over spiky frames. Rows of aloes or century plants lined the road. Now and then as far as the eye could reach, through openings in the trees, the prospect was that of a perfectly flat plain, relieved only by trees and villages. One odd thing is frequently seen—small round circles of mud wall topped by cactus, three to five feet high, and say four to six in diameter, and built for protection for young trees. They protect against intrusion and also against hot sun rays. The railroad is a good one, cars comfortable, and stations handsome. Several fine school-houses with large and good grounds were seen.

In 18½ hours we reached Benares, the Holy City of India: a city already old three centuries before Christ, and at one time consecrated by eight centuries of Buddhistic sway and sanctity, and followed by 17 known centuries of Brahminism. Here annually come pilgrims, probably a million or more, from all parts of India—the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the strong and the decrepit, crowded in railway cars, packed like hogs, or hobbling along dusty roads, suffering every kind of privation, spending the hoarded savings of years of toil, dirty and weary, for they perform no sort of ablution from the time they leave their far-off homes until they can wash away the filth of the body and the pollution of the soul in the cleansing water of the sacred Ganges.

Here comes the prince in his silken robes, with diamonds and rubies in his coffers, ready, if occasion arises, to have them glitter upon his neck and arms; and there a poor farm peasant in a scanty cotton rag. Here the bold soldier who would quail in the presence of no danger, and there the high-born woman who trembles if looked upon by any man not her father, brother, or lord. They know that disease is rife in the midst of huge multitudes, yet they falter not, or rather come all the more cheerfully, for to die in the Holy City, to have their cold limbs laved in holy water, to be burned on the banks of the sacred river, and have their ashes scattered upon its broad stream—these things will insure them a blessed eternity. Strange faith! Unconquered and unconquerable. Blind, abject superstition! Slavish yet sublime, because of its human intensity. For countless ages this thing has been going on year after year. It began before history had learned to grave imperishable annals. Its origin is as impenetrable as the Himalayan heights, where their ruling god sits in his frozen home. Millions as countless as are the sands reached by

the ever-surging swell of old ocean, have believed in and performed these pious duties with sublime earnestness. We call these things grovelling idolatry. *They* say our faith is a silly superstition. Who can say to another: My way is all right, your way is all wrong? One thing, however, we can determine—charity to the opinions of others, and kindness and good-will to all, are teachings of all religions which acknowledge a supreme ruler, and make them all somewhat akin to the divine.

The railway enters Benares over a magnificent iron bridge just completed across the Ganges. It springs by noble spans along great stone piers, the foundations of some of which are sunken 230 feet below the bed of the river. We paused at its northern end to let off several hundred pilgrims. A strange sight they presented in their various conditions. There were old women, almost bent double with infirmities or age; there were young women with half-naked babies straddled on their hips, and leading others but a few years older; there were proud men, of noble, manly bearing, and poor men, cringing and servile in their poverty; there was opulent comfort, with servants bearing its bedding and its fine gear; there was abject poverty so weak that it staggered under the weight of a single basket or bundle which contained its owner's worldly wealth. All, when stepping from the crowded cars, turned wistfully toward the holy city; their eyes betrayed the delight felt that now at last they were about to bathe in this holiest of holy rivers; and that the bath would cleanse them from earthly pollution, and would prepare them for eternal bliss.

We went a couple or more miles to another station behind the town. There in line were red-coated cavalymen to be an escort of honor for Bombay's governor, Lord Reay, and his lady. They were conducted to a victoria drawn by four horses by the heir apparent of the Maharajah of Benares, whose low turban cap was wrapped in a cord of diamonds and pearls, and around whose neck hung a necklace two or more inches deep, a mass of enormous brilliants. His dress was flashing in gold and jewels. His sword-hilt glistened in gems. I could not tell if the jewels were of first water. If they were, then this dusky prince must have had a million or more upon his person. Strange contrast, this lavish extravagance and luxury, with the poverty, squalor, and misery we had left two miles below.

We found a very nice hotel. Hotels in India are the product of the last few years. Early in the morning we added an egg to our "chota haziri" (early breakfast of tea and coffee and bread), and with a guide proceeded to the river, and then on a row-boat to see the points of interest best seen from the water. To our surprise we found the stream clear and of a greenish tinge. From a point nearly opposite the lower end of the town it presents a most picturesque appearance. It is built on a bank 60 to 80 feet

high above the water, and extends along this height fully three miles. This entire stretch is covered with what appears to be a succession of palaces of stone, with domes, conical temples, and minarets wedged in among them in confusion, yet artistic confusion. Under many of these palatial buildings are walls ornamented with buttresses and relieved by loop-holes and small windows. They lift from high-water mark. Here and there small temples of conical form crowd down to the present low-water line. All of these are of beautiful design and of elaborate ornamentation, and some richly gilt. Every few hundred yards apparently coming out of handsome portals in the palaces, are narrow flights of steps, spreading as they descend, until toward the water's edge they are broad enough to belong to royal residences. Now and then are elegant buildings rising out of the water's edge, with their turreted upper stories still below the buildings on the high bank. One of these structures of large front has slid into the river in such way that its rear is sunken several feet, its well-laid front, except for one break, looking as if it had been chiselled from solid stone—so solid that it has stood for perhaps a century, and will yet last for other centuries in spite of being fully 30 degrees out of level. Crowds of people were descending or ascending these many flights of steps, and in front of them were hundreds bathing in the sacred stream. Our boat was broad-keeled, with a sort of arched roof, on which we sat, while several oarsmen slowly stemmed the strong current close to the bathers.

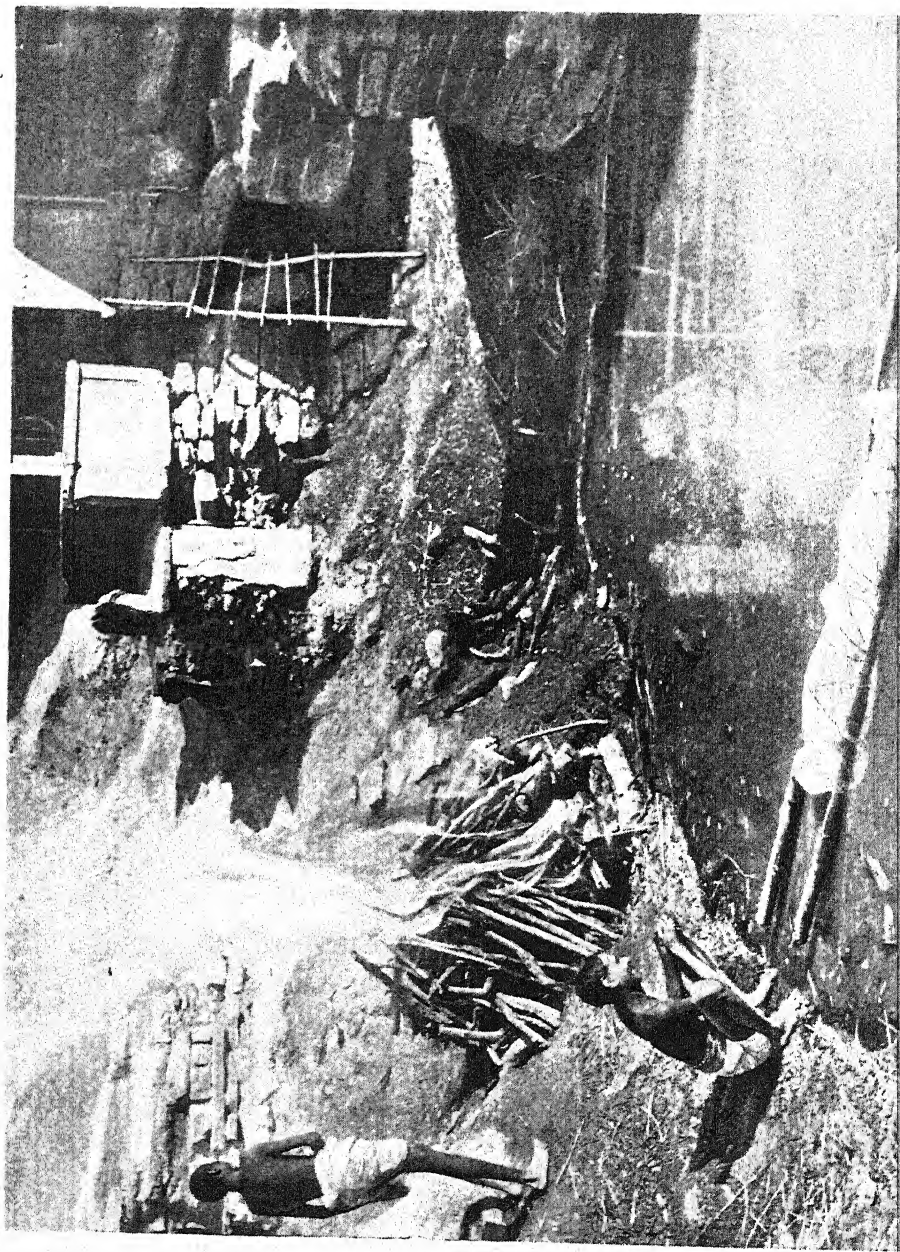
The view of the city from the distance was very fine, and the bathing pilgrims when closely seen were wonderfully strange and interesting. They were of all ages and of both sexes, and of many conditions: the well-to-do and the very poorest; the most robust and the emaciated and diseased; the most athletic—their half-naked forms fit models for a sculptor's chisel,—and the deformed and shrunk-limbed ascetic. Some sprang down the long flights of steps as if fatigue had never been known; others were tottering and leaning upon long staffs, or were supported by friends or servants. Some entered the water with joyous faces, and eyes sparkling with hope; others slowly and reverently, as if they could scarcely be sufficiently thankful and humble enough for the boon they were about to enjoy. After wading out to nearly waist-deep, all would place their hands reverently together before them, utter a prayer, evidently in deep earnestness, and then dip themselves, generally, I thought, three times. After this they washed themselves with great care, scraping the bottoms of the feet, and scrubbing the inside of the mouth as if doing their best to take some thing out of it. Many had flowers as offerings; these they threw in one by one as they prayed.

The stairways of which I spoke are the ends of narrow streets and are called "ghats," and all bearing individual names. The

several sects bathe at different "ghats." Many of those we saw were so weak from age or from disease that they must have suffered to no small extent in the chill water of this season. But no amount of chill would cause them to abstain. Persons about to die are brought to the stream to expire with their feet in the water. After cleansing themselves the pilgrims wash their garments and fill a vessel with water to sprinkle with it certain of the statues or figures of gods in the city; for the wily priest has fully impressed all with the benefit arising from, or the necessity of, visiting its many sanctuaries and receive fees for their holy ministrations. Before departing for their homes all have certain marks put upon their foreheads by the priests, to show that the great pilgrimage has been made. There are now large numbers of pilgrims in the city, but we were advised to remain a few days longer, until, owing to the eclipse of the moon, there would be at least 100,000 more than usual.

At three of the ghats crematory piles were erected; at each of two there was one body, but at the other, five pyres were burning, and two other corpses were wrapped in white cloth, one lying with the lower limbs in the water, to be cremated when the pile should be ready. A sewer from the city was emptying its reeking, filthy sewage into the river not 20 feet above the spot where the body was lying, and several bathers were gulping down great mouthfuls of the water about ten feet below the dead body;—strange infatuation! Not far from this and above it was a deep tank in which was as nasty a compound as one could imagine;—it was, say, 15 by 30 feet in dimensions. Its waters had not been changed for months. Thousands have bathed in it, and great quantities of marigolds, and other flowers, milk, and confections are daily thrown into it as offerings, until it looks as fetid as a cesspool; yet dainty women, whose necks, arms, and ankles are weighted down with rarest jewels, lay aside their outer garments of embroidered gauze and silk, and lave their faces and rounded forms in the stinking slime, and believe themselves washed from impurities, and are followed by withered old men and women, whose very forms seem reeking with fetid disease.

We rowed slowly up the city's front, now on close observation bereft of much of its picturesque beauty, for the majority of the palatial buildings are in more or less dilapidated condition, not observable from a more distant view. These fine places are residences built by rajahs and other Indian princes from every part of the land, and are occupied when the owners come to use the holy water, and, if possible, to be the places in which they may take their flight from sublunary things. One very pretty and costly edifice was the property of Nana Sahib, the butcher of 1857. After going up stream to the last ghat, we descended near the farther shore, but the illusion had been somewhat marred by



the too close observation. Yet I shall always remember Benares as one of the picturesque cities of the world.

We visited many parts of the city and the sacred wells, and Johnnie came to the conclusion that one of the big baboons at the monkey temple, which slipped up behind him and snatched a guava from his hand, was slicker even than an Italian boot-black from the neighborhood of the levee in Chicago. One peculiar Nepaulese temple which we saw, is styled "picturesque," from a frieze of queer ornamentations, which lady travellers are never shown. Our guide, an orthodox Brahmin, gave with much gusto a racy explanation of them, evidently glad to hit hard the schismatic worshippers. From the lofty minaret of a mosque close by the river, we had a fine view of the compactly built native city and the country for many miles round, green in barley and grain, and studded by clumps of tropical fruit-trees. I did not enjoy this as much as I would have done a few years ago, for it is hard for a man of 63 to climb 150 feet over high steps, not two feet wide, winding around a spindle only 16 inches in diameter.

This city is noted for its workers in brass, many of their products being as beautiful as chased gold, and costing less than Britannia ware with us. We could have spent several days here, but the sun will be north of the equator before we shall be out of India. At the station we found the Governor of Bombay was again to be our co-traveller. The young Hindoo heir to the maharajahship was there to see him off. When he had seen his visitors seated he happened to stop near where we were standing. I had never shaken hands with a man whose garments glistened with \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds. I boldly walked up to him and introduced myself. He seemed really glad to meet an American, and regretted I was going away, saying that he would be glad to see me again. The boys declared I had exhibited "gall" quite worthy of Chicago.

But I had nearly forgotten to speak of Sarnath, the old Benares of many centuries ago. It lies some four miles out of the present city, and is all cultivated over, except where great heaps of broken brick, mark the spot where its costly edifices once stood. A lofty old round tower-looking structure, about 100 feet in diameter, and over that in height, solid mass of brick, marks the spot where Gautama (Siddhartha of the Buddhist) taught his creed, and probably beneath it were buried some of his bones or hair. A part of its outer casing of stone is in good condition, exhibiting exquisite design and finish in its elaborate and intricate carving. It is said to be over 2,000 years old, and is probably the original from which the pagodas of Burmah were modelled, they however taking more of a bell form. It was a touching thing to sit under this old "stupa," and go back in fancy twenty odd centuries, and to imagine myself listening to the gentle tones of the man who abandoned the luxuries of

princely possessions, the power of royal position, to become for long years a recluse; left the couch on which Yasodara dreamed—"Yasodara of a form of heavenly mould; a gait like Parati's; eyes like a hind's in love time; face so fair words cannot paint its spell"; the idolized Prince abandoned all, that he might spin from his brain the thread which was to bind and unite man to his God. "In a wild and desolate spot far removed from men's abode, the brown sands his seat, the blue sky his only covering, for long years, in silent meditation, Siddartha—

" Lord Buddha, sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves;
Wearing for all men's sake the yellow robe;
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable; at night
Couched in grass, homeless, alone; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.

Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That at times while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves picked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand"—

and who, after he believed he had found the soft, silken bond, gave himself up to a life of labor and deprivation, while he preached his beautiful philosophy, teaching loveliness of spirit, absolute purity of life, love to God, and a boundless charity toward all living things. Here, close by, he lived for many years, preaching a religion which has more votaries than any other faith professed by men; here he preached that exquisite charity which can give pain to nothing breathing; which can take life from nothing into which God has blown the breath of life; which teaches that no living thing is so degraded that it may not hold a soul which God has created and which can never die. Here he lived, who to-day is worshipped by countless millions as a god. Here he walked and here he sat, uttering those maxims which soon crystallized into a faith, and is claimed to be the "Light of Asia." I sat and thought. Around me were more than a dozen little boys and girls, bright, but all begging—lithe, healthy and pretty, but all steeped in poverty and ignorance, and all followers of Buddha, or rather the children of his followers. How much had his teachings to do with their degradation? Though his philosophy be so beautiful; though his religion be so full of charity—that quality which proves that man is akin to Deity;—though he taught love for God and for every thing He has created, yet his religion has depressed and repressed his followers.

He taught that a life of purity was a life of tranquillity and of calm, inactive reflection.

Man must constantly step forward. He must not stand still. The moment he pauses in an upward and onward progress, that moment the dead weights of the earth, from which he sprang, begin to pull him downward. His mental as well as his physical being sprang from a germ of life,—side by side with which was the germ of decay. When growth stops decay begins its deadly work. Gautama may have caused the "Light of Asia" to spread over the mighty East. It was a light, beautiful, poetic, calm, and sweet, but it was not a light which warms the torpid into activity. It lacked glow and warmth. The pale moon rises in the east, spreads its mild light over a sleeping world, and all nature continues its slumber. The sun rises; its intense rays not only light but warm nature, and all its children awaken from slumber into activity, man and beast, tree and flower. Buddhism may have been a "Light of Asia," but it was not till, close to the Mediterranean, a new and better brightness was born, that "The Light of the world" arose. Under the one light—the sweet, calm moonlight—the earth lies in the lap of a lethargy, from which it may not for ages free itself. Under the other—the warm, burning sunlight—the west marches with giant strides.

Among the debris of old Sarnath, growing from a poor soil, half made of broken brick, there is a scanty growth of grass, very thin and now without a spear over an inch long. We saw men and women with a sort of chisel cutting this meagre grass up by the roots for food for cattle. A man cannot gather two bushels of this in a day. And yet these men live. Ah! the changeless East. Is there no resurrection for its poverty-stricken children? When will there be a dawn from the true light, not of Asia but of the world?

From Calcutta to Benares we had passed over 500 and odd miles of flat land densely populated. The peasants were as poor as people can be and live. The villages were miserable mud huts, or rather hovels. They draw water from wells in buckets, either by their own hands or with oxen yoked to the long well-rope, to fill the ditches which irrigate the fields, or they scoop it from bayous or canals with canoe-like troughs, one end of the trough being at the edge of the ditch, the other end dipping into the water, and lifted by a sweep like the old well-sweeps at home, long since discarded as being too laborious and slow a process even for supplying the kitchen and the wash-tub. These people cut their rice and wheat with a knife hardly half so good as the reap-hook of our grandfathers. They thresh out the grain by whipping the sheaf over a stone or by beating it with bamboo flails, and winnow it by throwing it into the air, over a dirt floor. They carry the winnowed crop to market on the backs of bullocks or little asses, or if they be

of a richer class, in wooden-wheeled (all wood) carts built on models in use centuries ago. With boundless plains where forests might be grown, they cook their meals over fires made of burnt straw and grass, or of cakes of dried cow droppings. This they gather up and knead with their hands, and then cover the sides of the houses with the dainty cakes to dry, as we ornament our parlor walls with pretty plaques. The cow and the goat, the buffalo and the sheep, the donkey and the chicken all share with the master his miserable abode, faring as does his wife and his little naked ones, only having a larger share of the house for their sleeping-rooms. When will the real "Light of Asia" arise for its poor and miserable children?

On a train crowded with pilgrims, all with marks upon their foreheads, proving that they had satisfied the priests of holy Benares, we traversed a country in no way different from that we had seen a few days before, and after a run of 190 odd miles reached Lucknow, famous in song and in the history of the fights of 1857. It was the capital of Oude, or properly, "Oudh," and with its 250,000 people does a large amount of Indian production—carpet and brasswork, gold lace and embroidery and tinsel. It was the glory of its kings, until, after the mutiny, it was swept into the absolute ownership of the sea-girt kingdom of the west. Its people were poor and oppressed, but its kings supported a luxury and jewelled magnificence, unsurpassed in India since the mogul sultans built mausoleums at a cost of countless millions in honor of their dead queens. The remains of magnificent palaces and splendid tombs attest its former grandeur.

A great many, if not all, of the king's residences have been razed to the ground, but a vast quadrangle of palatial edifices and detached palaces—the homes of the begums (queens) and their great retinue of attending ladies and their servants—show that the late king, for so many years a state prisoner at Calcutta, had good reasons for regretting his former splendor, and for hating his despoilers. He had no hand in the mutiny of '57, and was known to be friendly to England. But his independent kingdom, with its 14,000,000 of people, ready to be led by ambitious intriguers, was dangerous to the peace of India, and England, which rarely hesitates when her policy requires the destruction of a power which may become hostile, gave to the king a city for his prison bounds, and added his jewels and possessions to the diadem soon to deck an empress' brow. Several of the mausoleums and mosques of Lucknow are exceedingly fine and well repay a visit, and the crowded, narrow streets of its native quarters give food for more than one day's digestion.

We gave a day to Cawnpore, 30 miles farther on. This is a city of 140,000 souls, has a large native leather industry and some fine rice mills, and a jute manufactory which was very interesting, and where we had an opportunity of watching nimble-

fingered boys and men mingling with the buzz and whirl of steam-driven machinery. We drove over the vast military cantonment; admired its comfortable officers' bungalows, and its long line of large two-story barracks, arranged *en echelon* on one side of the great parade-ground. Here the fury of the mutiny was unrelenting, and the tiger-like heart of Nana Sahib had an opportunity to exhibit its ferocious quality. I stood by the monument which covers the great well into which he hurled 700 men, women, and children—unoffending non-combatants, murdered in cold blood—and many thrown in while yet alive, some of the children as yet unhurt. I then ceased to wonder at the bitter feeling so many English here have for the natives. The memory of the butcheries of '57 is yet fresh in their hearts. A colossal winged angel in pure white stands over the spot, and in marble beauty looks down with touching pity, which every one must feel who recalls the horrible massacre.

From Cawnpore to Agra, 107 miles, we travelled by night.

CHAPTER XX.

LAHORE TO PESHAWUR—CENTRAL ASIATICS—WESTERN HIMALAYAS—CASHMIR—A WILD RIDE.

Peshawur, India, January 30, 1888.

I AM writing this at Peshawur, about 1,600 miles to the north-west of Calcutta, and close to the border-line of Afghanistan, that bone of contention on which Russia and England have been so long mouthing, and over which they will growl for probably many years to come. We have passed through the heart of the mighty empire of the moguls of Hindoostan, whose luxury and splendor made the fairy tales of the 1,001 Arabian Nights a reality, and has furnished to the minds of Europeans and Americans their idea and ideal of "Orientalism." We have passed days in studying the remains of their palaces, thrones, and tombs, monuments of a magnificence which makes Moore's gorgeous lines truthful descriptions rather than dreams of Hibernian imagination. We have visited their three capitals, Agra in the south, Delhi the central, and Lahore in the north. In these they built palaces and mosques which are dreams of beauty, inlaying their stone or alabaster walls with precious marbles. They built thrones for themselves and tombs for their predecessor or their queens, of an architectural beauty never excelled, with gems and jewels for adornment, and lavished upon them in elaborate finish the spoils of conquered kingdoms. Although the bulk of the work performed in building these structures was that of the unpaid multitude, yet so rich were they in construction that millions were expended to furnish material which could not be crystallized from the sweat of the down-trodden people. One is almost lost in amazement that men, though kings, could be so reckless in their extravagance, and can account for it only by recalling the fact that in their veins flowed the blood of Genghis Khan and Timur, whose visions of splendor were as boundless as the vast steppes in which they were born, and whose luxuriousness was in reverse proportion to the poverty of their past. They were like beggars mounted upon winged steeds.

We have tried to move as leisurely as was compatible with what we had to do within a given period, but so thick are the relics of past grandeur that they have been constantly crowding

upon us, and are still so crowding our memories that I would not hazard the attempt to tell of them were I not reminded of Shakespeare's advice to the traveller: "Think of thy friends when happily thou seest some noteworthy object in thy travels, and wish them partakers of thy happiness."

We found the same flat country which I mentioned in my last, and the same productions, except as they gradually changed from those of the torrid zone to those of the more temperate as we moved northerly; rice became scarcer, until it disappeared almost entirely, and wheat more and more took its place, and other small grain and seed replaced the sugar-cane, which is grown, however, far north, but rather for fodder and for being eaten green than for grinding. *It* seems to be the favorite sweet of all Indian people, and sticks of it are everywhere seen in the hands of men, women, and children, who bite it off as they walk, and up farther north it is peeled and cut into short bits and sold like candy. Near the city, where elephants are used, its leaves are their principal food. Large areas appeared planted in wheat after we left Delhi, until, on reaching the Punjab country, it is seen in broad expanses. This is not, however, because of large farms, for there are no such things in India, but there being no distinct demarkation between the lands of different owners, many fields appear as one.

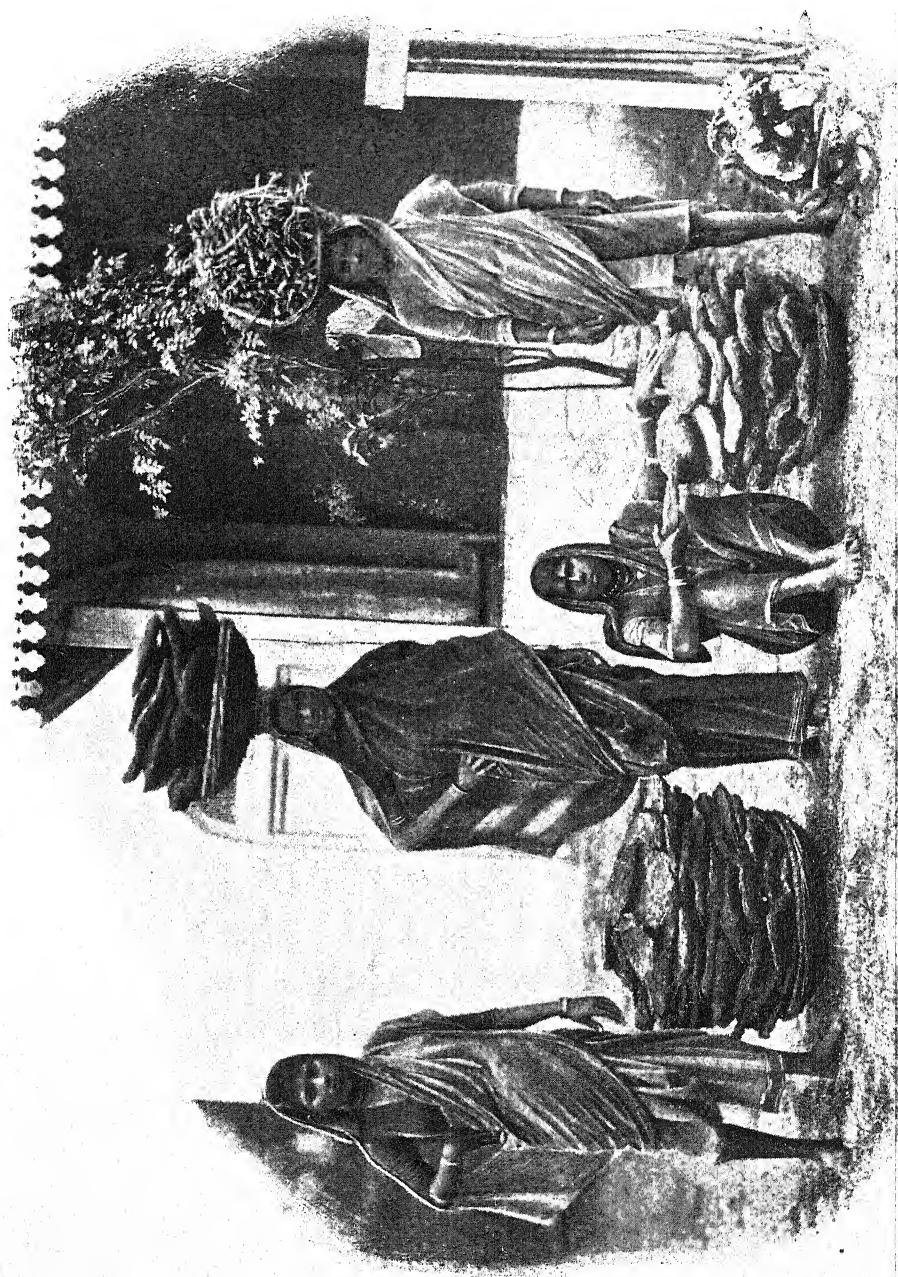
At Delhi we had our first rain since leaving the neighborhood of the equator. It continued for three days and extended over all northern India. It saved the wheat crop of this great competitor of our wide prairies. There had been no rain since October, and there was good reason for fearing that the spring harvest would be a total failure. We noticed the change immediately, even from the railway windows. There are two crops a year here, one sown in October and harvested in early spring; the other in May and harvested in August.

Our farmers need never fear Indian competition in good wheat. These people are too slovenly in their manner of cleaning it ever to send a good article to England, and, as the commissioner (governor) of this district told me, they will not change their habits. They hand-weed the fields, so that no foreign seeds mix with the wheat, but they clean it on the ground, and the middlemen throw in dirt and coarse sand to increase the weight. We have examined quite a quantity here in Peshawur in bags in the bazaar, and found it shamefully dirty. One seller wanted us to buy. I told him we were from Chicago in America. He innocently assured me that he would make his bags tight so that it could be taken home with us. I will explain that, in hand-weeding fields, every thing is saved; what is pulled up becomes food for cattle. Another thing will ultimately tell against India as a wheat country. Manure is carefully picked up and dried for fuel. The land needs it and cannot get it, and cannot continue wheat-

producing. Rice takes the bulk of its nourishment from water, and thrives on land which cannot produce wheat. Trees are scarce; leaves, coarse grass, and excrement of cattle keep the natives in fuel. These people are poor beyond any others I have ever seen, and will not become well enough off to become land improvers. They are not lazy, they work hard but keep themselves poor by the ceremonies which their very religion seems to make necessary when their children marry. This hardly seems credible, but they save almost exclusively for this purpose, and cover themselves with debt and mortgages when savings prove inadequate. A man's importance in his community seems to be measured by his display when his children marry.

It is painful to look into the huts of the farmers and laborers. They are merely mud-walled pens, and lack every thing for comfort. Here, to-night, I am shivering in the house before a wood fire, yet I am well clad. These people wear little more than a light cotton cloth, and fire-places and chimneys are unknown in the native house. They wrap up their heads and vital parts of the body leaving the legs nearly bare, and rarely cover the feet at all. They squat before their little huts around a mere skilletful of fire, and a few put a small pot of coals under their cotton covering, and drawing this about them, husband the scanty heat. The pay of a cab- or cart-driver is from four to six rupees a month. A rupee is worth at present rate of exchange 34 cents of our money. Out of this he has to clothe and feed himself. We give our English-speaking servant a rupee, and four annas a day for food. An anna is worth two and one-quarter cents. Thus he gets his food, even while travelling with us, for nine cents a day. But *his* wages are quite princely. The pay of a laborer on the construction of railroads is three annas a day. That, too, between this and Lahore, where there is frost nearly every clear night from December to February.

One can scarcely realize when passing through much of this country that it is thickly peopled. One sees large areas of cultivated lands, but apparently no houses. But every now and then, half-hidden among trees, one sees a mud wall 10 to 12 feet high, and covering some hundred feet, others 400 or 500 feet square. This mud wall contains a farm hamlet or village, and has within it little hovels and cow-yards for 12, 20, or more families. Women and children constantly ask for "backshish" (presents). They do it very good-naturedly, and never get angry when we drive them off with a good-humored thrust from our canes. About the large cities the old ruins cover many miles more or less cultivated, and with hovels among old crumbling walls. Along the roads in these, children by the dozen ran by our carriage crying "backshish" in all the tones possible to youngsters from three years old up to ten or more. Boys half-naked; girls with rings in their ears and noses, and bracelets and



anklets jingling. All have beautiful teeth, and grin and laugh and pat their stomachs to assure us they are quite empty, and some of them look as if ready for a collapse. A jollier set of beggars one never saw, and quite able to keep up with our carriage for a mile. A cent thrown to them makes them happy. A crack from the driver's whip, if not reaching their naked backs, makes them break into a peal of laughter. None are so poor that they do not put rings and bracelets on the girls. I had a woman beg of me to-day, and yet she must have had a dozen or more of these ornaments. Much of the wealth of the family is thus carried on the females. When necessity pinches, they sell or pawn them. The women are thus the bankers of the men.

The women in towns and villages above the coolie class rarely show their faces, and the better classes never. Some travellers speak of their peeping at one from under their veils, or from behind their latticed windows, and often coquettishly lifting the veil. From what I have seen and can learn from people who have long lived here, such coquetries are only indulged in by Nautch girls (dancing girls) of a low order showing themselves, or by a still worse class. The education of a woman is such that she honestly thinks herself degraded should she permit her face to be seen by a man; rarely is it done, even to a father-in-law or brother-in-law, especially if the brother-in-law be older than her husband. A well-to-do Hindoo, with six brothers all younger than himself, told me he had seldom ever seen the face of a single one of his sisters-in-law, and when he had done so it was under peculiar circumstances religiously permissible. But his brothers had seen his wife's face oftener. This thing is not simply a social custom; it is mixed up with their religious requirements. Religion has a very powerful hold even on the men, who are generally more or less educated, for now common schools are throughout the country. But the women are wholly uneducated, except in religious rites and duties. With them their religion is all despotic and powerful, leading them in the past to the burning pile of their dead husband. That, however, was not always the cruel order of force, but was frequently eagerly sought by the victim, first because she believed it a religious duty, and next because the burdens, deprivations, and self-denials, forced upon a widow by inexorable religious and social custom, made death preferable to a life of widowhood. Many women regret deeply that the government so rigidly enforced its decrees against this self-immolation, for through it they could not only escape present misery, but they could merit a blessed future. This latter they lose if they commit suicide.

General education must ultimately break down much of these people's superstitions and conservatism. But the less the interference with religious belief be apparent, the quicker will simple education really sap the very foundations of their superstitions. Mere argument rarely reaches the issue. A shrewd Indian will

argue with you, and seems to be certain that he has the best of it. He is full of casuistry, and vain of his powers.

I think I called India the land of dreams. I have reached the conclusion that more than half of what has been said and written of it was the chimera of dreams. Travellers have indulged in fancy when telling of what they have seen, or have taken exceptional conditions, and written of them in such a manner as to make the reader suppose they were the rule. Reading their books one would think this a land in perennial bloom, that the monkey is seen everywhere capering along the roads, and that brilliant wild peacocks and other birds make the wayside bright and gorgeous. We have travelled over 3,000 miles of Indian road, and have not seen a single wild monkey or pea-fowl, and while birds of bright plumage are often seen, they have to be closely watched to catch their beauty; one bookmaker who wrote beautifully, dilated upon the gorgeous "birds of paradise" seen from car windows. I doubt if there was ever one of these birds in India, either wild or caged. The same exuberance of fancy has even painted this as the land of gems and riches. The wealth of Ind has furnished the orator and poet with similes from the days of Rome down to the present. Alexander halted at the Indus, which we crossed two days ago, because his Greeks knew there was more of disease to be met in the hot lands beyond than of gold and gems to furnish them plunder.

India is fearfully poor to-day, and I find internal evidence that it has ever been so. There have ever been the few who coined gold out of muscle, and crystallized sweat into gems. The few here were perhaps smaller than in any other country. They built its palaces and tombs of wondrous beauty, but there is absolutely no sort of monument of past peoples or masses. These have ever lived in squalor, their mud houses melting under summer rains; their little accumulations vanishing in the smoke of their poor funeral piles. Oppression has so sunken into their natures that they have no conception of any thing else. If eels were half as fond of being skinned as these people are of being ground down, they would wiggle from their mud-holes into the frying-pan. Like spaniels, these people delight in licking the hand that smites them. There has been nothing in this land to make it one of wealth, but every thing to make it the opposite. Its climate enables its people to live on what would be starvation elsewhere, and to clothe themselves in the lightest garments. Such a people never are rich. They have been able to manufacture articles at almost a nominal cost, whose rarity in Europe makes them of great value, and Europe imagined these things were riches, whereas their very cheapness here was evidence of the poverty of the country. Wealth is accumulation; and accumulation is the offspring of habits arising out of the necessity of saving for the morrow. There was never such necessity in India.

England is trying hard to make its Indian subjects prosperous, and to elevate them, but since her first step was taken in the land, she has found the nature of the people has a tendency to make rulers corrupt. A trial is now going on in Lahore, which shows that it is hard even for English civil-service examiners to escape the temptation of taking bribes. It would be amusing to read the testimony of candidates for a higher grade of lawyers, if it were not painful ; amusing because of the simplicity of the people in taking it for granted that nothing can be had except for pay, and the ease with which they invite themselves into traps. The climate seems to have acted on the people as it does upon their wooden furniture and doors. If one twists in a chair, he breaks it down. If he moves a table he is liable to have it drop in pieces, and I have not seen a door in the land that fits as it was made. In the rainy season every thing takes water as a sponge, and in the dry months it shrinks like a cake of country-made soap. It acts in like manner upon the moral nature of the flexible people.

One sees everywhere throughout India one general characteristic, a sort of kindness of disposition to man and brute. All domestic animals are as gentle and tame as fireside petted kittens. The cow and ass, the sheep and goat, the camel and horse, the chicken and duck, all seem absolutely a part of the family, Pigeons in flocks are frequently seen whirling in great circles in the cities for several minutes, and then swooping down upon certain house-tops. Often several flocks unite and fly together and then separate as people do in dances. The owners of the different flocks are on the tops of their respective houses waving flags and directing the flights of the birds, and by a motion calling them down to them. I thus one day saw six different flocks flying at once—now mingling, then separating, and all done under the orders of their respective owners. They are kept in a sort of coops on the house-tops, and are thus sent out for exercise. After flying for a half hour or so, they are fed and quietly go into their coops, and such as are deemed fit for the market are taken out. One gets pigeons at almost every meal in all cities here. Crows are as tame as sparrows are with us. Indeed, more so. I saw one in Calcutta stealthily taking its meal from a quarter of beef which a butcher had on his head, and several times have seen one steal food from a man's dish when he was eating before his door. They come within five or six feet of natives at every railway station, but eye very suspiciously a foreigner, and can hardly be tempted with crumbs nearer than 10 or 15 feet. There are vast numbers of them in every part of the land. In Burmah they are black ; here they have a mouse-colored neck, and look as if they wore a cape.

A native hurts nothing if he can help it. Ants are the terrible pest of the land. The white ant eats up the houses and destroys the trees, yet I have seen more than one native carefully step so

as not to crush these little workers, travelling from their nest to a neighboring tree. The Hindoo, like the Buddhist, believes in transmigration of souls. Though Buddhism exists to only a small extent at the present time in India proper, yet when it did exist it made its teachings take a deep hold upon the Brahminical religion, and has left its traces throughout the land, very greatly softening the cruel nature of the older and more dominant theology.

The people from Benares to the north of Delhi are much more stalwart and manly than are the Bengalese, but they in their turn are greatly inferior to the men of the Punjab. This word means and expresses the country lying between the five great branches of the Indus. In this country is a magnificent race of men. The Sikh soldiers in the army are the handsomest body of men I have ever seen, and indeed I have never seen any European or American who came any thing like being as perfect model of manly beauty as do many officers seen in the native Sikh cavalry. We witnessed the practice of a native regiment at company target-shooting near Peshawur. The officers on horseback were simply superb; afoot all show one universal defect among the entire people of India—an almost total absence of calf to the leg. Even in Punjab men and women have none. I can say this of the women, because up here there are two things quite antipodal to our customs. Men wear what seem to be skirts and the women all wear trousers—and very tight ones, too, below the knee. The other singular thing is, one sees hundreds of men with beards dyed a brilliant red. A gray-bearded man is rarely seen from Lahore to Peshawur, for they take on a bright vermilion, evidently not for the purpose of concealing age, but as a sort of beautifier. This seems a custom borrowed from, or at least common with, the Afghans and other people from central Asia.

The men of Punjab proved themselves brave by giving England harder fighting to subdue them than perhaps all the balance of India. But when once they acknowledge the supremacy of their new rulers, like brave men they have shown themselves true. They have little of the servile demeanor of the Bengalese. They look a foreigner in the face—respectfully, but with an apparent consciousness of their own dignity. The English here, too, seem to meet them more as men and less as slaves than they do the more servile people of Bengal. I suspect they cannot do otherwise.

Not only did the people change from those previously seen but after leaving Lahore behind us a few hours the face of the country became quite different. For about 100 miles in width along the Jhelum River, the earth is corrugated by strange chasms, fissures, and gorges. The soil is an exceedingly friable clay. This is rain-washed into gullies of 50 to 100 feet in depth, running in every direction, and presenting a most grotesque appearance; great domes, and spires of clay; walls with

flying buttresses, cathedrals, fortresses ;—for miles and miles these are seen, as wild and picturesque a landscape as one can imagine. This clay is now as red as terra cotta, then of a yellow ochre color, then of a brown and a white, at a distance resembling great bands of woven stuff in different colors.

Parallel to the railroad ran often the great trunk road, which, starting at Calcutta and ending at Peshawur, I suppose, the grandest wagon road in the world—1,600 miles long, beautifully gravelled, everywhere smooth enough for a bicycle, and generally having a fine row of trees on either side. In the lower countries these trees are evergreen oaks or shiny-leaved fruit-trees, or some other of that character ; up here it is the bulbul, or gum-arabic tree, with its delicate mimosa leaf. We frequently saw long lines of camels slowly wending their way, and large caravans of asses and cows, showing that the country has much of the characteristics of central Asia.

Peshawur is a very interesting city, wholly central-Asiatic. A very large caravan had come in only a day or two ago from Afghanistan and Turkestan. In the bazaar are bold-looking Afghans, with noses so aquiline that one is ready to believe them sprung from the lost tribes of Israel, clad in sheep-skin coats, and fierce in their demeanor ; Kafirees, who looked at us as if they regretted we were not over in the mountains, that they might cut our throats and empty our pockets ; Cashmirees, clean and fair-skinned, some of them with blue eyes. In the great yard we walked among 400 or 500 camels squatted around in circles, their heads close together and eating from common centres. We passed over 300 of them in a long line wending their way toward the frontier, loaded with bales of English goods, great goods boxes, and six-inch iron water-pipe fresh from England. I wondered what use the pipes were to be put to in central Asia. With this caravan was a wild, hardy set of men, and more or less armed. In this locality men are permitted to bear arms. Nowhere else in India is this allowed—that is, to natives, but here self-protection makes it necessary. Indeed, we are no longer in India, except in name. We are in central Asia, and only 12 miles from the border of the land of one of the fiercest people in the world.

We had intended stopping at Amballa as we came up, and thence making a trip a day long to Simla, the summer vice-regal palace or residence. I wished from that point to look upon the mighty peaks of the western Himalayas. Years ago, Bayard Taylor gave me a glowing picture of them ; I wished to look upon them as he did, and thus in fancy renew our old associations. He looked upon the eternal snows of Gungootree from not many miles away from Simla. I wished to do the same, but it was pouring down rain, and we were told it was snowing violently at Simla. We therefore left it for our return trip, if the weather should be more favorable. Not having any guide-book to tell us

what we were to see on the road to Peshawur, we were most agreeably surprised to find that the mighty snow-clad Himalayas of Cashmir were visible shortly after leaving Lahore, and continued so until night, and here we have had the opportunity of looking upon their cold grandeur. Much of the snow seen, however, passes away in summer.

We have now stood near the waters of the Brahmaputra, which rises in Thibet, and, flowing easterly, drains the northern slope of the Himalayas, the mightiest of mountains, then bending around the eastern end, empties into the eastern Bay of Bengal. Between Lahore and Peshawur we crossed the Indus, which rises close by the fountain of the other great river, and running westward under the northern slope of these same mountains passes around their western end, and empties into the Sea of Arabia. Mighty rivers—of what mighty monarchs do they wash the feet?

When we first looked upon the lofty mountains of Cashmir, there was a long line of fleecy clouds hanging over them. One of us could not resist the temptation of calling them "the veil of Cashmir." At the crossing of the Jhelum we were close to the border of the land of bright valleys and brilliant shawls. We would have been glad to have visited it, but its road was barricaded with almost impenetrable snows. We have a letter from Lord Dufferin bespeaking for us the good offices of all officials throughout his empire. Armed with this, upon our arrival here, we called upon the deputy-commissioner, and asked a permit to go into the Khyber Pass, leading into the land of the Ameer as far as possible. The result was that, accompanied by one of his native officials, we drove 11 miles to the fort at the foot of the mountains. Here we found our liverymen had sent a relay of horses to carry us part of the way up the pass, where we expected to find saddle-horses, also sent from the city early in the morning. Accompanied by an escort of eight cavalymen, splendidly mounted, and carrying lances, we dashed toward and into the foothills. On every high point for a few miles a couple of soldiers would step from a little stone hut and present arms as we passed by at full speed. Sometimes these sentries were 100 or 200 feet above us. They made us realize that we were in a neighborhood where dread war might at any hour break into wild whoops, and where border robbers were more than comfortably plenty. But our escort were splendid-looking fellows, and were fully armed. We passed a caravan of camels, mules, and cows, all packed and accompanied by wild-looking armed men.

We had not gone two miles upward into the mountain road before our carriage-horses balked. We got out and walked. One of the soldiers dismounted and offered me his horse, a beautiful stallion, full of mettle and horse-sense. I mounted and rode ahead with two soldiers, the others coming slowly up with the

boys till they should reach the next relay. The pass is through a wild, desolate, and grand gorge; bold, rocky, and bleak mountains lifting far above the road, which is a fine but steep military one. My two "Sikhs" were splendid-looking fellows. In about an hour, having crossed the summit of the pass, one of them said something to the "sahib" (gentleman), which I understood to be that I must ride slowly. He dashed forward at full speed (we were now on a down grade), leaving the other soldier and myself to follow slowly. We met men in couples, armed and wild-looking. Wilder-looking men and a wilder gorge do not often exist anywhere. Several rocky points had small Afghan round-houses, with loop-holes for muskets or rifles. I guessed rightly that my departing escort had gone forward to see if we would be permitted to proceed, for I felt pretty sure from what the commissioner had told me that my permit only took us to the top of the pass. The corporal knew this, but the men with me did not, and it was not imperatively my duty to tell them. I was going as far into Afghanistan as they would accompany me, for I knew England was at my back. Presently we saw our advanced guard beckoning us from a far-off point. On we dashed. We reached a little stone hut against a steep precipice. My men dismounted, motioning me to do the same. They brought out of the hut a chair, and planting it against the cliff told me to take a seat. Hardly had I done so, when there came down a steep hill from a sort of fortress high above, a fine-looking fellow, with a dozen wild-looking armed retainers. It was the chief of the tribe, the head of Ali Musjed. When he approached I grasped the situation. He was an independent chief, in whose charge and keeping was this part of the pass. I received him with a dignity worthy of the 50,000 democratic voters of Chicago. He was very polite, but could not speak a word of English, nor could any one of them. Yet we talked. I showed him Lord Dufferin's passport, and also that with Mr. Bayard's name attached, with the seal of my own glorious land. He could read none of them. I picked up a large round stone, made a mark upon it, and said, "Peshawur"; another, and said, "Calcutta," giving their relative positions. He understood. I then made another, and said, "England," "London." This, too, he comprehended. I turned the stone over and drew a big country, and said, "America." I made America too large, for he looked at me in a way that plainly told me he thought I was lying. I then drew a pretty big chart, and pointed to it, and told him that was Ali Musjed, where we were, and that he was rajah of it. He grinned. I turned the stone around, and with my pencil made a mark the size of a pea, and told him that was Chicago, and I was its "rajah." He seemed pleased that his territory was bigger than mine, and motioned to me to be seated. I wanted him to sit, trying to explain that his rajahship on the stone was bigger than mine.

But he was my host, and I must have the seat. He invited me to his stronghold on the hill to partake of food. I showed him my watch, intimating that I was sorry not to have the time, and that my companions would be awaiting me. We shook hands, he touching his heart, face, and forehead. This is the token of highest respect. I suppose my escort had convinced him that I was a mighty man. Thus parting with the lord of the territory of Ali Musjed, we rode forward, deeper into the great Khyber Pass, and well into Afghanistan.

We reached Ali Musjed, a bold-looking Afghan fortress, and as picturesque as can be imagined, perched upon a lofty, rocky point overlooking the gorge not 50 feet wide, through which the road ran. It was stormed by Roberts' men, and is now dismantled. By the road under it was a stone hut, large enough, I thought, for four or five people. A dozen armed cut-throat-looking fellows came out of it. They were some of the chief's wild devils who convoy caravans through the pass. The chief is under the pay of the government, and guarantees safety to all peaceful passers who have a right to go through. After a little palaver with them, my guard intimated we could go no farther. But I rode on, one of them threw his lance lengthways across the road and followed. I saw then that an armed English soldier could not pass that line. I suppose it was the end of our last chief's jurisdiction. But I made signs I must ride a little farther into the narrow gorge. He looked rather perplexed, but followed me. On I galloped until the line of Ali Musjed was far behind me, and I was in a narrow defile as bold, wild, and rugged as any Colorado canyon. My escort was some paces behind me, for I was splendidly mounted. He called to me. I paused. He rode up and pointed to my holsters and his, saying something rather apologetic in his own language. I saw he meant we wore English arms, even if his lance were behind; but I was going through that defile a little farther if possible. I dashed forward. It was a beautiful gallop, almost a wild run, into as wild a pass as the wildest of lands could afford.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIA'S VAST PAST—A GLORIOUS MODERN DEED—DELHI AND AGRA—EXQUISITE HALLS AND TOMBS—THE TAJ— REFLECTIONS.

Delhi, India, February 4, 1888.

IT is needless to say, I got out of Afghanistan with a whole skin. I have, however, been informed that my cavalry caparisoned horse, with the holsters at my saddle-bow, might have invited a warning from an Afghan gun. But as the chief of Ali Musjed did not seem offended, I am glad that I made my little gallop beyond his jurisdiction, or at least beyond his safe-conduct. I said in northern India there were occasional frosts from December to February, yet plants which with us are killed by the first frosts are throughout the Punjab green and blooming. Peas continue in full blossom, but the pods do not fill during the frost periods. Roses are in full bloom, etc. By the way, from Benares for several hundred miles north is the land of this queen of flowers. At Agra I measured one resembling a jaqueminot in the Taj garden, seven inches in diameter. Our hotel in Delhi had upon the table seven flowers-pots with 12 to 15 roses in each, with other flowers, and eight small ones with two or three in each. These were all renewed every other day; the whole at a cost of five rupees a month, say \$1.75. The great clumps of deep purple "begum bola" and yellow and coral bignonias, in masses 10 to 20 feet in diameter and 10 feet high, make the public gardens gorgeously brilliant. Outside of natural gardens the whole country has a parched appearance as far as grass is concerned. Fields of growing crops are green, and nearly all trees, though deciduous, are ever green, but at this season not brightly so.

Our ride of 600 miles from Peshawur back here was even more enjoyable than the one going up. We saw by day what we passed going by night. It took 43 hours, with abundant time for good meals. The mountains of Cashmir covered with snow, some of them 17,000 feet high, were in view for hours. We crossed on magnificent bridges the five great branches of the Indus, now comparatively small streams. But the great river-beds, a mile or so wide, deep sunken with their bars of rounded pebbles, showed what mighty torrents they become when the snows of the Himalayas melt.

After leaving Umbala the lofty heights of the main Himalayas and the immediate foothills were in view for several hours. Their lofty, rugged peaks far over the foothills, from 20,000 to 25,000 feet high, with their eternal snows outlined upon the blue sky, presented a magnificent spectacle not far inferior to that of Kunchinjinga from Darjeeling. We had from the car windows what I so much desired, a splendid prospect of those grand heights, which my old friend Bayard Taylor travelled so far and under such difficulties to see from Landowr, only a few miles from the line we were so comfortably moving along. There were no railroads here 34 years ago. He travelled night and day in an open cart, and caught only a passing glance, between clouds, of these stupendous heights. We had together, a year or two before, looked upon and passed over Hermon and Lebanon, had encamped in a wild gorge of the Taurus, and had slowly climbed the green slopes of frowning Olympus after a long journey across Asia Minor. He knew he had my hearty sympathy. When speaking of this, his only vision of the Himalayan monarch, he said: "It was only for a little while, but oh, Harrison, it was worth a lifetime of toil!" How his brown eyes glowed! He enjoyed nature as only one can who has a heart full of sympathy. I watched for hours those far-off frozen monsters of silver, enamelled upon the azure sky, and they were all the more beautiful because my dead friend had so enjoyed them. At least I thought, when looking upon the mighty snows in the distance, that they were the same he had seen, and enjoyed them accordingly. I now have doubts if either of the two monarchs of the western Himalayas are visible from the line of railroad. For the time being, however, our sensations were as complete as if we were looking upon the rivals of Everest and Kunchinjinga.

Americans visit countries, cities, and battle-fields in Europe sacred to them because their forefathers lived and died there, or because they were the cradles of their learning. There the soil is dyed in blood in the name of freedom or for religion's cause. In Rome they live over a world of history, and see legions of long dead heroes marching before them. In Greece they watch genius chiselling breathing forms from cold marble, and listen to undying song flowing from the lips of the muses. If India had a written history as have Rome and Greece, and had as grateful posterity as they have, then would millions visit the 20-mile-square in whose centre I now sit in Delhi, and would revel in a mighty past, compared to which the past of Rome and Athens is as a decade to a century. Here for thousands of years history has been acted, but never written. Acted not centuries ago, with a vast vacuity to follow, but acted continuously as the ages have marched slowly along. Not 200 yards from where I am writing, 30 years ago a deed was done more heroic than was the stand of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. The murderous mutineers seemed safe behind

Delhi's impregnable wall. A breach must be made, but how, and by whom? Two brave soldiers, with nine followers, offered to blow up a massive gate. With bags of powder they ran to it under a galling fire, knowing well that if they escaped the bullets they must be buried under the ruins they hoped to make. One by one they fell. A single man reached the arch, applied the torch, the breach was made, Delhi was won, and the mutiny, which was one of the most cruel recorded in the annals of war, was virtually ended. A plain slab leaning against the gate gives the names of those heroes. A national anthem should carry their fame down through undying time.

Here within a small circuit the mighty moguls ruled 200 years ago, and during several centuries made this their capital of a mighty empire, the centre of an art all their own,—an art so full of fancy and dreamy splendor that even Aladdin's lamp could find nothing to surpass its creations. Under the ruins of the palaces, mosques, tombs, and forts of the moguls lay the ruins of the cities destroyed by them, and out of whose sculptured walls and temples they found materials for their own superb edifices. Still lower down were the relics of yet older cities, layer upon layer in stratified debris, is the work of the enslaved millions, who have lived, toiled in misery for thousands of years, and died, only to make room for other slaves yet to follow.

Here one sees a red-coated English soldier quartered in the colonnaded cloister of an old mosque erected two or three centuries ago. Sculptured stones cut by hands of Hindoo worshippers over 2,000 years ago are built into the walls of the Mohammedan temple. The Brahmin temple, a part of whose cloisters became the corridors of the conquering Mohammedan, had for its foundations some structures yet far older; at one of these places, piercing through all, stands the most unique monument in the world—a wrought-iron pillar nearly a foot and a half in diameter, and over 40 feet high—how much higher, or rather longer, no one knows, for an excavation nearly 30 feet deep failed to reach its foundation, and at this depth of excavation it was yet so firm below that it could not be shaken. This strange pillar is not hollow, but it is a solid shaft of malleable iron, and is claimed by the natives to have its foundation on the centre of the world.

Cities lie here in strata, as the ribs of the earth do in its mighty rocks—sandstone, shale, limestone, and marble. Can we hope that under British rule will overlies all a stratum of rich loam, to be yet watered by the sweat of a happy and prosperous people, till it waves as a field of grain and blossoms as the rose? Close to the iron pillar stands one of the most interesting and beautiful monuments ever seen, the Kutab Minar. This is a species of column with a diameter at its base of nearly 50 feet,

and rising to a height of 240 odd feet, with a diameter at its apex of nine. At one time it continued to a still greater height of 20 feet; the upper part was thrown off by an earthquake within the present century. It is divided into five stories, graduated in perfect symmetry. Each story is surmounted by a balcony supported by an exquisite bracketed cornice. But, as a still further relief, each is divided into what appear to be other stories, by broad bands inlaid in white of Arabic extracts from the Koran. The column is fluted for most of its height, and built of red, buff, and pink sandstone and white marble. For what purpose it was built no one knows. It is as beautiful in its form and construction as it is unique in its conception. The Kutab Minar is 11 miles from the present city,—the space between being a mass of ruins of older cities.

We counted from the top of the Kutab Minar over 100 tombs, some in ruins, others more or less preserved. One of these is that of Humayun, the second of the mogul rulers; the first, Baber, was buried where he lived, somewhere in central Asia. This, though not near so ornate as those of several of his successors, is to me the most appropriate of all mausoleums. First there is a structure of red sandstone considerably over 300 feet square and about 30 feet high; on each side are 18 saracenic-arched doorways, divided by massive square pillars. The sandstone is relieved by inlaid white marble. Within each of these doorways are vaulted chambers containing tombs. This structure is really the platform for the true mausoleum or main tomb, which is about 170 feet square, with cut-off corners, and probably 70 feet high. On the four sides are lofty arched doorways 60 feet in height, inclosing the segments of rounded vaults. On either side of these doorways are arched windows. All the arches are pointed Oriental. The whole of the main body is of red sandstone, picked in and relieved by beautiful white marble inlaid work. Surmounting it is a majestic dome of white marble probably 60 feet in diameter. Around this, along the outer walls, are small white marble minarets, and at each corner a small dome. Under the main dome is a vaulted chamber about 50 feet across. In this is the cenotaph of the monarch. Under each of the smaller domes are vaulted chambers containing tombs of his immediate family. The whole stands in a walled inclosure of many acres, with noble gateways on three sides. A remarkable feature of this structure is that there are many masonic emblems inlaid into the walls in black marble. The surroundings of the tomb are very desolate, and, as we found, haunted by jackals; fit resting place for one so unfortunate as was this monarch in his short reign.

Near this is a group of remarkable tombs of a different character, being simply spaces inclosed by screens of marble cut into open network pattern, of a finish as delicate and beautiful as

if cut from ivory. One of these is the burial-place of a Mohammedan saint; adjoining it is the mosque in which he officiated several hundred years ago. A few poor monks still have charge of it and protect the tombs surrounding it. One of these is that of Jahanara, who shared the seven years' captivity of her father, Shah Jahan. We saw it when here before going to Peshawur, but were so much touched with Jahanara's pure devotion and sublime faith that we visited it again. The light network screen of snow-white marble in beautiful pattern surrounding her tomb, seemed a fitting inclosure for one whose spirit was so pure and whose filial devotion was so true. She is covered by a plain block of white alabaster, simple as was her nature. She asked that no inscription be upon her tomb.

"Place naught save one green herb above my head,
This alone befits the poor and lonely dead."

To carry out her dying wish the alabaster block is hollowed out on top and kept by pious monks always filled with green grass. A slab stands near the head of her tomb, inscribed in Arabic: "God is the life and the resurrection." The "Taj" made me bow at the tomb of Montaz, whose name its wondrous beauty for a moment almost sanctified. But Jahanara's loving, gentle spirit beautifies the simple stone which covers her dust. Montaz was a beautiful, proud woman, whose every caprice was a law to her doting husband. Her life was said to have been one of cruelty, perhaps not untinged by crime. Her mausoleum is the perfection of architectural beauty. Poets look at it and, forgetting the woman's frailties, sing of her as if she were fitted by her nature for the tomb in which her ashes rest. She loved and brightened the pleasures of her prosperous king. But when that same king for long years pined in captivity, poor Jahanara shared it with him, and by the sunshine of a daughter's love lightened up his hours of gloom. I felt one should tread lightly and speak in low and gentle tones when near her resting-place.

Delhi, like Agra, has a magnificent fort, covering nearly a mile square, built of red sandstone, with majestic gateways, and lofty crenulated walls. In both cities the forts are on the river bank and are grandly imposing in appearance. Within each is a marvellously beautiful temple, each called the Pearl mosque. Both have exquisite palaces and audience-halls. The Diwan-i-Am, or "public audience-hall," in Delhi is 180 feet long, 60 feet deep, and 25 feet high, supported by three rows each of 16 columns, and one row of pilasters upon the rear wall. From the outer columns spring saracenic engrailed arches. The whole makes rather a portico than a hall, in western acceptance of the term. The structure—roof, ceiling, and all—is massive and dignified, and of red sandstone, a fitting place for a mighty monarch to give audience to his subjects. In the centre, back against the rear wall,

is a white marble throne, about 12 feet square and 10 feet high, surmounted by a canopy supported by four corner pillars. The throne, canopy, and wall behind are richly carved and covered with inlaid ornamentation—flowers, vines, and buds,—all of precious marbles, and finely wrought.

Not far from this is the Diwan-i-Khas, or private audience hall, the bath, the pearl mosque, and the zenana or queen's apartments. The mosque is a gem of clouded white marble, with three beautiful domes and exquisite marble arches, supporting marble, vaulted, engrailed ceilings. It was for the sultan and his immediate court alone, and could not accommodate over 100 persons. In fact there were not prayer slabs for that number. It will be well here to explain that mosques are never provided with or intended to have seats. In fine ones the floors are composed of slabs of marble often of different colors, about five feet long by about two and a half. On one of these the worshipper kneels when praying, and during any services upon these, sometimes prayer-rugs are spread for the rich. The small Turkish and Persian rugs, seen in the houses of our rich people, were woven and many of them possibly once used for this purpose. The number of slabs indicate the number of worshippers a mosque will accommodate.

The Diwan-i-Khas is also a portico, 70 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 20 high, with 36 massive square white pillars, supporting a roof of closely fitted slabs of marble, decorated in gold and colors. The lower parts of the pillars and outer walls are richly carved and elaborately inlaid. The material used for inlaying all the interior of these buildings are blood-stone, lapis lazuli, cornelian, jasper, agate, goldstone, and other precious marbles. In the rear of the audience-hall is a large alabaster table. On this stood the famous peacock throne, the most dazzling and costly thing of the kind ever fabricated: a gorgeous work in gold and rarest gems, said to have cost somewhere from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000. All interior inlaid work, both in this and other buildings, I shall name, is in vines and flowers, of a perfection of design and finish equal to the tables manufactured in Italy, and owned only by a few very rich people. The floors are generally of Florentine mosaic; sometimes, however, they too, are in flowers and vines. Separated from this audience hall by a court, is the zenana. This I shall not attempt to describe in detail. It is about two thirds as long as the audience-hall and is a gem of alabaster, inlaid work and frescoing upon white marble. Across its centre runs a screen partition of panels of open lattice-work in marble slabs, say 3 x 5 feet and 4 x 5, cut into open works of flowers and vines. Some of the marble is cut so finely and delicately as to be nearly as thin as knife-blades. One can hardly believe that stone could be cut and stand when so delicate. At a little distance it appears to be of slabs of ivory. A balcony from this zenana, overlooking the

plain running down to the river, is entirely of this fine work. A charming place for a petted queen to sit and look out without herself being seen.

At the other end of the audience hall, and also separated from it by a court, is the bath. Here one gets a true idea of the luxury indulged in by these masters of men. There are three vaulted and domed apartments about 30 feet square, with corridors between and anterooms at the side, with baths for hot and cold and fountains for perfumed water. These walls are all inlaid and the ceilings frescoed. A long marble rivulet runs from the bath across the court, then through a channel under the audience-hall, and on to the zenana. The floors of these three structures are inlaid in vines, flowers, etc., and of costly, precious marbles.

The government here, as in other cities, is repairing the finest buildings, thereby gaining somewhat the good-will of its native subjects. In many buildings the most valuable precious stones were picked out by the soldiers years ago. The reparations, as near as possible, give the appearance of the original without the cost, the precious marbles and gems being supplied by imitations in fine cement.

There are many other buildings, mosques and tombs about Delhi which I have not time to name. Only will I add that the Jamni mosque is a noble structure—perhaps one of the largest and most imposing of its kind in existence. It can accommodate 2,000 people, under the roof, and 40,000 in the court. In the courts are the poorest worshippers and more closely packed than in the mosque proper. The front of all are open so that those in the courts have the full benefit of all ceremonies. The mosque is of red sandstone, with zigzag inlaid white marble, giving it a very airy appearance. It must deeply affect the imagination of the followers of the prophet. Mosques throughout the world are of one general pattern. The dome and minaret constitute the imposing features. To my eye it is the fittest design known for an edifice in which to worship the one God. If Mohammed had only left out the sensuous characteristics of his religion, and in its place had inculcated the purity taught by Jesus, what a blessing he would have been to the East!

Humayun did not reside in the present Delhi, but in a city two miles off—all now melted away except the great fort and the tombs of a few of the great ones. Not only are the new structures here built of the material of older ones, but the very roads are macadamized with their debris. The bulk of the inner material of all having been brick, causes the roads built from them to have frequently a terra-cotta color. By the way, pulverized brick is mixed with lime for making mortar. They say it is better than sand.

Humayun's son, the great Akbar, lived at Agra and Futtehpoor-Sikri, a city of his own building near-by. There he erected gorgeous

palaces at vast expense. But the monarch who bent India beneath his rod, and whose simple order was an inexorable law, could not dispel malarial fogs from his pet city. Its marble halls were soon deserted, its alabaster baths ceased to be cooled by pellucid streams. Its palaces and stables remain almost as they were erected. For they are too much removed from any highway or new town to be quarried into for construction material. Akbar was forced to abandon his new-built city, and returned to give audience in the Diwan-i-Am, overlooking the broad Jumna in Agra's fort. Here, upon a huge slab of black marble, the mighty warrior administered justice to cringing slaves crowding the hall below. He was a harsh and unbending tyrant, but practised a rude justice,—often cruel, never kindly, yet never having the tiger-like ferocity of the hot Indian jungle, but rather partaking of the character of the wild winds which swept over the steppes of his Tartar forefathers. He looked over the broad plain waving in fields of green along the river; he looked over the interior of the fort, and there, crowding each other like tents in the mogul camp, were domes and minarets, palaces and kiosks, zenanas and pavilions of open network marble, light and airy as bird-cages, in which the dark-eyed beauties of the harem sat and sang and gossiped and chirped the livelong day, like prison birds of gorgeous plumage, and like them, too, with throats attuned to no songs of real joy. The parrot, in golden feathers, croaks its coarse, discordant jargon amid crimson flowers and lofty bowers, while all around is a torrid prison-house of malarial damps. But the lark pours out his soul in delirious joy, while with fluttering wing it beats the free, bracing air of a frosted zone. The linnet carols its song of love, when hidden among new-born buds, on a bough lately bared by wintry blasts. O freedom! wilt thou ever make thy home where frosts never blast?

Akbar conquered India, and was buried at Secundra, two miles from Agra. His tomb has nothing about it to remind one that its tenant is dead. It is rather a mosque-like palace of the living. His fame will live for ages. Did the genius of exuberant mogul art think of this when it conceived this last home for one of the immortals? It is the only one of its kind, and was perhaps, after all, a stroke of highest art. One enters a vast garden through a noble gate of red sandstone, beautifully inlaid with white marble, in scrolls of huge Arabic texts from the Koran and finely proportioned panels. The gateway building leading to the garden containing the tomb is 100 and odd feet long by nearly the same in height. It is nearly square, and surmounted by four lofty minarets in white. Of itself it would be a noble tomb. The great arched gate and two recessed windows fill the front façade. The mausoleum consists of five platforms, the first 20 feet high and 500 feet square. In the centre of each side is a lofty gate through which steps mount. On this rises the second platform, 350 feet

square. The four sides are supported by some 30 columns. At either end of this rise a half-dozen domed white pavilions. The third and fourth platforms are over 200 feet square, each supported by pillars. Then on top of these is the fifth, which is of white marble with domed pavilion at each corner. The upper platform or roof is supported by beautifully carved white marble pillars, making a rich corridor, within which, enclosed by net-patterned marble lattice-work, is a room about 70 feet square. This is airy, light, and beautiful. In its centre is the cenotaph of the great ruler, inscribed in Arabic quotations from the Koran. His ashes lie directly under this, but in a dark vault in the basement of the structure, with no marble immediately covering them. Just at the head of the cenotaph above is a short marble pillar, with a sort of cup on its top. In this was kept the "kuri-nur"—the light of the world—the great diamond, now the brightest jewel belonging to the crown of England. The entire mausoleum, except the top platform, is of red sandstone, lighted up by white marble inlaid in graceful forms. The grand arch of the main entrance is illumined by arabesques and flowers in precious marbles, as are also the floors and lower panels of the inclosure above containing the cenotaph. The several stories or platforms sit back upon the one below, so that the entire structure artistically diminishes as it rises. The entire structure is from 130 to 160 feet high, and is by some thought the grandest of all the mogul structures. It is the most dignified, and fittingly enshrines the greatest of the line.

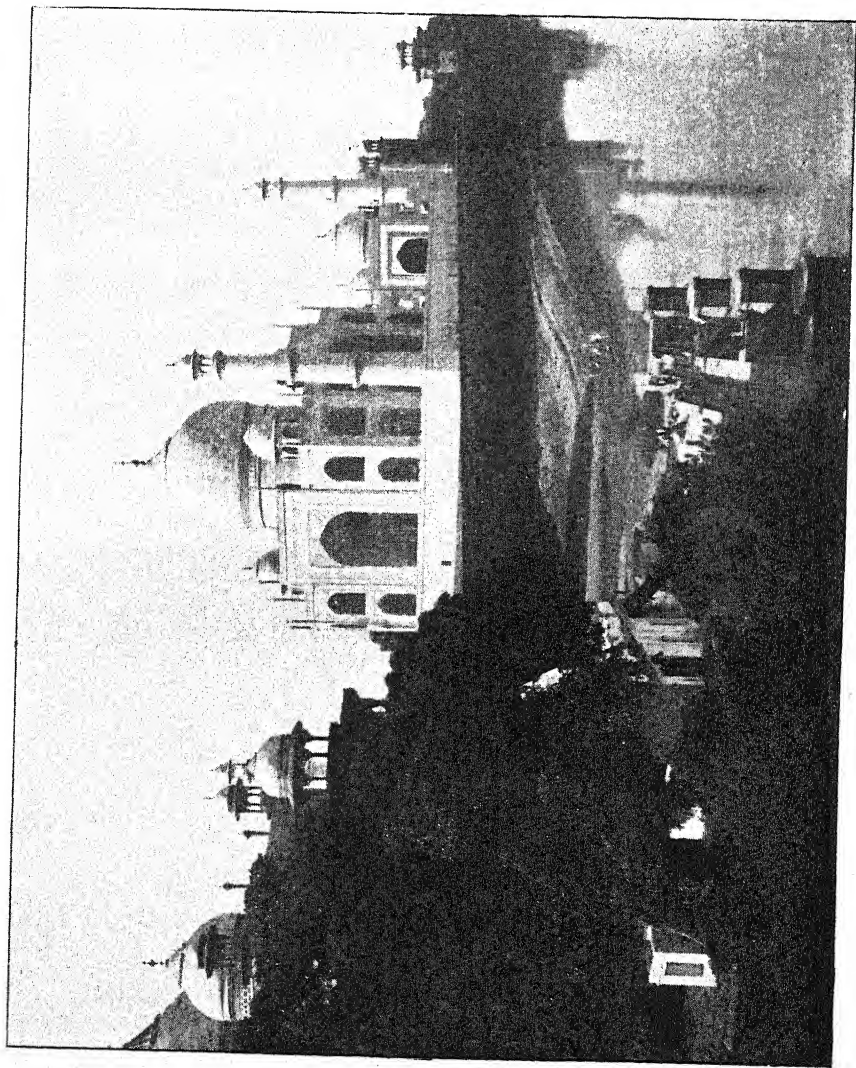
The Agra fort is a noble citadel nearly a mile square. It contains many beautiful buildings. One of them, the Pearl mosque, is a perfect thing in pure marble, as fresh and clean to-day as when erected. It is very beautiful, but to me is too cold, lacking too entirely color and tone. Probably in a hotter season this would not seem the case. Akbar's son, Jahangir, built his palace in the fort. Each emperor seemed to consider it a duty to create a new city or to erect new palaces. None of them resided in the house of his predecessor. It must be understood, however, that these palaces in no way correspond with the vast edifices now used for such purposes, with great state halls, numerous private saloons, and innumerable sleeping chambers. A mogul's palace for himself and main queen, with audience-hall and baths, would not cover 200 feet square. They were all rather open,—pillared and arched porticos than houses. A simple screen and the king's command made privacy complete. A guard of soldiers made immediate outer walls useless. The great wall of the fort, guarded by an innumerable army, kept the open enemy at a distance. A body-guard kept off all idle or dangerous intruders. The king's palace was like his tent, except that marble and alabaster screens took the place of canvas and silk cloth. Curtains of woven gold and silk divided off rooms, and no man except the monarch ever

invaded the sacred precincts of the zenana or harem. In this lived the queen or queens, with their handmaids and servants, all female. They ate, prayed, laughed, and sang, and were happy when their lord deigned to smile upon them. They were generally simply toys for his amusement. Now and then a favored one won his heart, and became his idol. On such he lavished untold wealth. Was she happy?

The Jasmine Pavilion is an exquisite vaulted little kiosk, composed entirely of jewelled, enamelled, and lacework marble screens. This overlooks the outside of the fort. Close by it sat, for seven years, Shah Jahan, when kept a prisoner by his son Aurungzeb. It was there that the ill-fated monarch had leisure to repent his own faithlessness to his father Jahangir. Jahangir's tomb is at Lahore. It is a noble structure, and is now being repaired and restored by the government. Jahan's years of captivity had one consolation, the devotion of his daughter (heretofore named) Jahanara, a Mohammedan girl, whose beautiful faith in the one true God was as sublime as that of any Christian woman around whose brow shines the halo of a saint.

Shah Jahan was the founder of the present Delhi. He built the palaces, baths, and audience-halls which are its beautiful monuments. His ashes lie by the side of those of his queen, Montaz, in the Taj. Aurungzeb's reign was a long one—nearly 50 years; but it may be called a half century of intrigues, murders, poisonings, and imperial disasters, woven in with a lavish splendor unknown in any other age and impossible out of India. Here every little principality had its own language and its own people. Cohesion was an impossibility, except the cohesion of slavery and despotism. There were millions who could at any moment have broken the cobweb rope which fettered them. The rope cut into their quivering flesh. They themselves held their limbs together while their wounds festered; they had not will enough to swell the muscles which with their own simple expansion could have sundered the fragile cord that bound them. Aurungzeb's fears and luxury awakened his Nemesis. The cobweb net, which for centuries had lain over India, dropped into pieces. His reign was so luxurious that Moore's dream of "Lalla Rookh" was not an unreal picture of the reality—a reality of which the Irish bard was wholly ignorant. Drawing colors from his own fervid fancy he painted a picture he supposed all unreal, but which in fact was true to nature. I know not where Aurungzeb was buried. A guide at Lahore said the tomb was 12 miles from that city. It may be so. I cared too little for the hypocritical brute to find out the truth.

At Agra, Delhi, Amritsin, and Lahore are private native houses, surrounded by uncouth and slovenly structures, which show, in latticed balconies and in engrailed pointed arches and delicate pillars, how the strange, wild, and beautiful art of the moguls sank



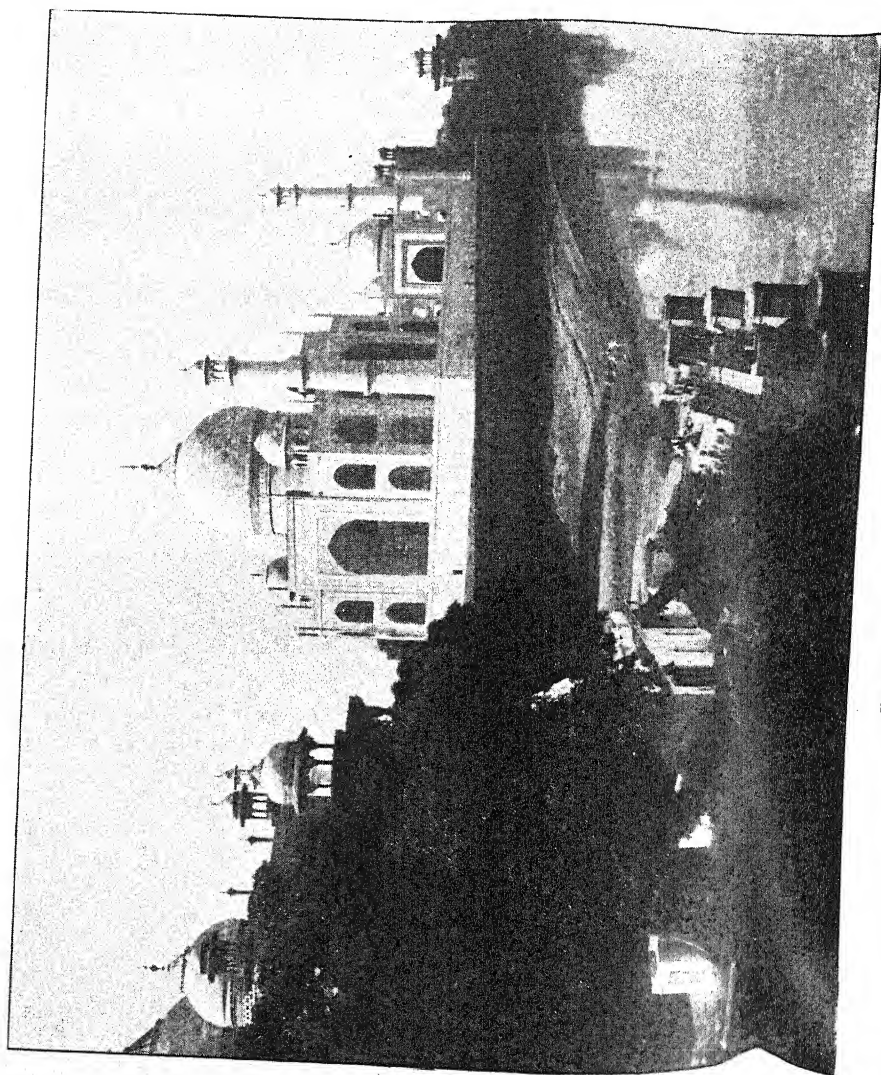
THE TAJ FROM THE RIVER AGRA

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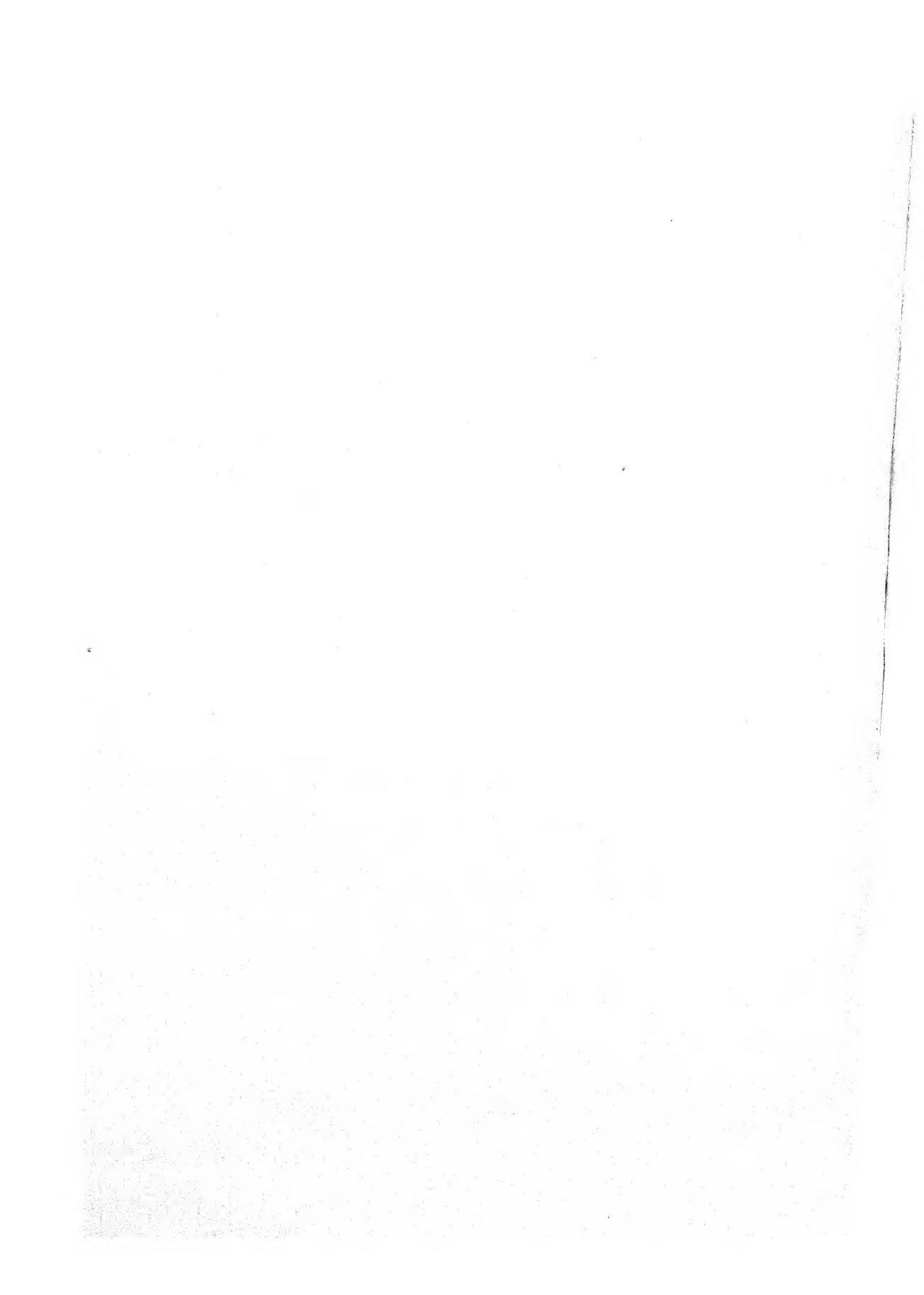
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THE TAJ MAHAL



into the native heart. It was not Hindoo, it could not be mogul, so lately burst from its wild, ungenial plains. It sprang from the delicate instincts of the careless Hindoo, quickened into life by the wild extravagance of the untutored Tartar. No simple word-painting by a traveller can enable the reader to be "partakers of his happiness" in looking upon such "noteworthy objects as here surround him." With a picture he could make you see them.

I will, however, give a short description of the tombs at Agra, and then I shall have done. First, the mausoleum of the treasurer of Jahangir and father of his celebrated wife Nur-Mahal—the light of the harem. The main structure stands upon a raised platform of red sandstone and is about 70 feet square, with octagonal towers half projecting at each corner and lifting two stories high, and surmounted by open-domed pavilions. The main building is only one story in height, but on its nearly flat roof and in its centre stands a pavilion 25 feet square and one story high surmounted by a canopied roof. The roof of the main building and upper pavilion has a broad eave supported by pretty brackets. A pointed arched doorway enters the middle of each of the four sides, with window recesses on either side. The entire structure is built of pure white marble beautifully sculptured and inlaid within and without in Florentine mosaic or in vines and flowers. The inlaid ornaments are of pretty marbles, the interior being of precious stones and some gems. The windows in the recesses of the first story and in the inclosure of the pavilion on the top, are of most delicately wrought open lattice in network pattern. This structure is in perfect preservation, except that many of the gems have been removed and replaced with imitation in stucco. While it does not show the highest artistic design, this mausoleum is of a finish in detail unequalled by any thing seen in India. Viewed from the diminishing end of a glass it looked like a perfect card building. By many travellers it is thought the most perfect thing left by the mogul empire. This, and all the things I have named are of wondrous beauty or of lofty grandeur, and will live in memory—but all of these pale and dwindle when brought into comparison with the one perfectly beautiful thing, not of India alone, but of the world. I almost dread naming it, lest you deem me extravagant or call me a follower of fashion. For I confess it is the fashion to rave over it. I have myself seen travellers visit it, saunter about it for a while, then stop to examine some paltry detail, or to watch the flight of gay paroquets, or gaze at some curiously dressed native visitor. And then I have afterward heard these same people rave about the beauty of the thing. It is the fashion to do so. I refer to the "Taj." I had read much of this famous structure. I expected much, but had an undefined impression that I was to be disappointed—a vague feeling that my expectations *could* not be realized. I almost dreaded this when approaching it through the great south gateway, itself

a magnificent building of red sandstone, 110 feet square and 140 feet high, pierced by a portal 75 feet high at the keystone of its pointed arch. This outer structure is so relieved by inlaid white marble in arabesques, friezes of vines and flowers, and entablatures inlaid with quotations from the Koran that it looks light and cheerful. The gateway alone would be a grand mausoleum for a queen or for the proudest monarch. Between this and the tomb is a garden 900 feet square, planted in trees of richest foliage. These so hid the mausoleum that I did not see it until standing before the great arched portal of the gate. This made a framework showing only the tomb proper. At first it looked small, for so perfect are its proportions that it seemed quite near, and so light and airy as to seem a phantom picture thrown upon the azure sky. The picture was so beautiful that I paused for some minutes. A man passed along the platform, on which the tomb is erected and just in front of the main doorway; he appeared a mere pigmy, thus showing the distance and proving the perfect proportions of the structure. I soon knew there was to be no disappointment. The Taj was even more beautiful than I had anticipated. As I walked forward through the outer gateway the picture widened into full view. As it widened I could almost fancy the dome was lowering. Yew and cypress have made a broad avenue partially concealing the lower portion of the wings and minarets. In the middle of this avenue is a broad marble walk, with a long pool of pure water confined between marble walls, and a broad fountain bed half-way down. I walked slowly along this walk looking at the building before me, dazzling and white in the Indian noonday sun, and still it seemed to be growing lower. But removing my eyes from it when passing around the central fountain this effect disappeared, and as I still approached it grew taller, until standing in front of the great platform on which it was built I realized the grandeur and immensity of the whole. Its whole length from minaret to minaret, and the height to top of dome, all was fully before me, with its pinnacle 250 feet above me. The entire structure is of white-veined or rather slightly clouded marble; is square, with the corners cut off, and is surmounted by one grand dome, with a smaller one at each corner, and four lofty minarets over 130 feet high at the corners of the wings. In front and on each side is a wonderful doorway, 60 odd feet high, being the segment of a Saracenic arched vault. Flanking these doorways are four lofty arched window recesses in two rows one above another to the level of the arch of the great portal. The whole is inlaid in beautiful figures and arabesques in dark marble, thereby relieving the structure of too glaring appearance.

Under the great dome is a noble vaulted room of polished white marble, and wainscoting exquisitely carved in vines and lotus flowers, and above inlaid in costly marbles. In the centre

of the vaulted room, immediately under the apex of the dome, is the cenotaph of Montaz, called Taj Mahal, or "crown of the house." It is cut from a great block of snow-white alabaster. A part of it is richly carved, and the whole made very beautiful by graceful vines and pretty flowers, composed of lapis lazuli, cornelian, topaz, blood-stone, jasper, onyx, moss-agates, goldstone, turquoise, and other costly stones, inlaid in tiny bits so as to give the blended hues of the flowers. In one small flower I counted 30 separate pieces. By the side of Montaz is the cenotaph of Shah Jahan, of the same pattern as that of his wife. He built this wonderful tomb and buried his wife in it. Afterward he was buried by her side. Around the cenotaph is a guard or fence six feet high, of open lattice-work in alabaster, of most delicate workmanship, representing vines and flowers. Inside of this inclosure we sat leaning back against the tomb, and John gave an octave of tones, skipping one and then descending slowly; these were echoed with supernatural precision—the notes were caught and swelled till they would ring, and then died like a far-off sigh. A deep bass note was sent back in terrible musical groan, and then would melt into a dying wail. We could not give a note in so low a tone that it would not return to us in rich volume. We tried them so low that we could scarcely hear each other, though not four feet apart, yet they would swell until they would fill the chamber and come back to us louder than we at first heard them.

We visited the Taj several times, and each time tried these marvellous echoes. An imaginative tourist in his book states that he tried the recitation of a celebrated poem with wonderful effect. This must have been a long afterthought. The echo lasts far too long to make any recitation or any song effective. A single musical tone rises and then falls away, taking several seconds to die out. We found that a pure round note made a greatly more prolonged echo than a harsh one. I had no admiration for the character of Montaz—she was cruel and crafty; but after listening to these sweet echoes, I almost imagined I had heard her spirit in chastened repentance. I arose, brought some flowers, and laid them reverently upon her tomb. Art for a moment sanctified the woman.

We visited the Taj again and again—the first time when it was blazing under a mid-day sun. We spent several hours walking about it, without close inspection, but imbibing its glorious beauties. The next day we watched it as the sun sank in the west, and gilded it in delicate gold, and then tinted it with rose as he dropped below the horizon. Then, as twilight deepened, the dark inlaid marbles in cornice, entablature, and spandrels, so effective as relief under full daylight, vanished, and the mighty structure was one dream of pearly-gray. The twilight became yet more deep, and gave a weird effect almost spectral. The

light clouds which had obscured the waxing half-moon rolled by, and then the pale queen of night bathed the Taj in its silvery flood, and shadows of minaret in lofty arched portals and in deep window recesses came out. The fleecy clouds chased each other across the zenith, now throwing the whole structure into light shadow, and then permitting the moon to wash it in frosted silver. Then it became what some one has aptly called it—a “dream in marble.” I wrote, when close by, the impression this marvellous structure left upon my mind. The next day, under a species of reaction, what I had written seemed extravagant. It was over three weeks ago, and now in my calm moments, with the whole thing indelibly fixed in my memory, I transcribe what I then wrote.

The Taj! The beautiful, the marvellously beautiful Taj Mahal! The inspiration of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream!” The offspring of a miraculous marriage of the Muses with the Graces! A poem without words! A song without voice! A rhythmic dance without motion! A zephyr from angels’ wings moulded and hardened into marble! A chord from the music of the spheres dropped and crystallized into alabaster! A dream of love enshrined in a translucent pearl! The *one* work of human hands which *is* perfect! The sublimest of poets sang the Odyssey and chanted the Iliad. Who he was no one knows. But an admiring world has made him immortal, and calls him Homer. The sublimest of architects conceived and built the tomb of Montaz. Who he was no one knows. But an admiring world will make him immortal by naming him “Builder of the Taj.”

CHAPTER XXII.

REMARKABLE MOUNTAINS—A MODEL NATIVE CITY—MONKEYS
AND PEACOCKS—OLD AMBER—A RIDE ON AN
ELEPHANT—CROCODILES.

Bombay, India, February 12, 1888.

WE came from Delhi to Bombay, 890 miles, via Ulwah, Jey-pore, Ajmere, Ahmedabad, Baroda, and Surat. For the first 50 miles the road traversed a flat plain, gradually ascending; then it was cut by short ranges of low, barren mountains practically treeless, but having a sparse growth of brush or spreading bushes, and resembling somewhat the low mountains of our western plains. These hills rise abruptly from a perfectly flat surface, and are frequently isolated peaks. The plains looked parched and dry, except where irrigation made fields of wheat and gram look like patches of emerald. Quite a large area, however, of what appears to be desolate waste, was grown in wheat during the wet season, but now being harvested, the large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats constantly seen, have grazed into the very soil itself. The grass plains, too, seem to be eaten so close that scarcely any vestige of herbage can be seen; yet thousands of cattle were feeding upon them. There is evidently some quality in the dried-up grass here which, like the bunch-grass of our far West, affords much nourishment for animals.

After passing Ajmere, some 250 miles from Delhi, we entered flat valleys between quite high ranges. All of these mountains seem to be metamorphic, of marble and quartz and fissured sandstone. Often the crest of the hills were great ledges of quartz, which gleamed in the hot sun and looked as if they were masses of ice. The road was ballasted with it, and the plains were covered with it in broken bits, which glistened and sparkled like thousands of acres of diamonds. I do not exaggerate when I say that at one time, for a good many miles, the eye was pained by the sparkling of these quartz or micaceous stones. A mountainous land appeared to our south, broken and picturesque, but wanting beauty from the lack of green. In the rainy season, when, I am told, vegetation springs forward with marvellous rapidity, it must be very fine. We entered these mountains and found a most wonderful formation. As far as my glass would enable me to see, the hills rising several hundred feet, were a

mass of granite, here broken, piled up, and there in huge natural masses, and all water-worn as if a mighty torrent had tumbled over them for countless ages. Deep holes and pockets were worn into the solid stone of all sizes, from that of a peck measure up to caverns which would shelter a dozen men. Some were as round as mortars, others irregular; great masses of rock weighing tons were cut nearly in two, and rested as if on stands. Masses of 1,000 tons were as smooth as if rubbed down. Masses of 100 or more tons' weight were piled one above the other and all rounded. I asked a railroad inspector the name of this range. He said it was called the water-worn mountain. The base of these hills is about 600 feet above the sea, and the peaks are from 200 to 500 feet lifted. What mighty torrent thus washed these granite hills, and when? Were they once under the sea and afterwards lifted?

Ajmere is in the western edge, as Ulwah is in the eastern, of Rajputana—an irregular rounded district lying in the centre of northwestern India, about 500 miles in diameter, and yet under the sway of several rajahs and maharajahs, called independent princes, who govern their people, so they think, by divine right, but in reality by the will of sovereign England. She has a "Resident" in each of the capitals,—a well-paid adviser to each of them, but a spy upon their actions. The rajahs tax their subjects, live in splendid palaces, have their zenanas filled with many wives, keep elephants, and stables filled with hundreds of horses of noble breeds, protect the game of their dominions for their own sports, let tigers live in their jungles within a few minutes of their capitals to eat the unwary peasants, because these poor peasants are not allowed to keep fire-arms or to shoot game, which depredate upon their little fields of wheat; this these native princes will be permitted to do until England wishes an annexation, and then an excuse will be found for such annexation, and the aforesaid rajahs will be pensioned off, and their dominions will become another province of her imperial majesty's empire of India.

The country of Rajputana is considered rather desolate, but from what I saw the soil is rich, but can never do its full duty to man until a better and more general system of irrigation shall be introduced, and trees can be cultivated to superinduce a regular and generally diffused rainfall. There are districts in India where the rainfall is over 100 inches a year, and yet not far off there are other districts which suffer greatly for water. The fields are irrigated in these by water drawn from wells by oxen, lifting it in great skin buckets. Fields so irrigated have wheat waving in as great beauty as I ever saw, while just over the irrigating ditch there are thousands of acres of land which produce scanty crops in the hot rainy seasons, but are desolate at this time, which is the best for good crops under the burning sun of India. The Rajputs are a fine-looking people. They look a European (*i. e.*, a white

man) full in the eye, are polite, but not servile like the Bengalese, and have ever been a fighting people. They claim, from the highest to the lowest, to be children of the sun. They were a constant thorn in the sides of the mogul padishas, and probably will not over-freely yield to England now, unless she convinces them that her dominion will be better for the masses than is that of their present rulers.

We spent a couple of days in Jeypore, which is said to be the handsomest native city in India, and is claimed by its own people, and admitted by some travellers, to be the model native state. The principality has 6,000 to 8,000 square miles, and 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 population. The people are cheerful-looking, but I found many begging, a thing which some other travellers say does not here exist. It is less, however, than in other parts of India where more Europeans go. The city was founded 160 years ago by the philosopher Prince Jey Singh, because his priests told him there was an old Hindoo theory that no city should be occupied over a thousand years; so he quit the old and built the new capital a few miles off. He marked the city off nearly two miles square, built its walls and its palaces, and then induced the people to build after his own designs. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are very broad, the main ones being 60 feet wide, and one of them 111. In all other native cities the streets are but tortuous lanes, like little paths through an irregular haphazard camp. The houses on the four or five broadest streets are to a considerable extent of a common design, a sort of mixture of Oriental and Portuguese. On these streets they are from two to five stories high, and are of stone, plastered over and tinted a sort of peach-blow color. The effect is very striking and pretty. We found much, however, to be a pretty sham; many of the houses seeming of more than one story are, in fact, one-story structures, the second and upper ones being merely walls, with their pretty cut-stone lattices opening upon the tops of the houses in the rear. The town is lighted by gas, the only one (native) I have so far seen. At night these streets are, at this season, very bright and interesting. Their New Year is about to commence, and for a month there is a sort of high carnival, bands of young men going about singing, and bands of women, in brilliant colors and but partly covering their faces, laughing and chattering like magpies. The songs of the young men were evidently to amuse the women, for these would titter and pass on. Our guide said the songs were of a kind we would think not fitted for ladies' ears. By the way, I am told that throughout India the wit of theatres and dance-songs is very broad, and not by any means chaste. Much cotton is grown in the principality of Jeypore, and there is considerable wealth among the natives of the city. The palace is a handsome six- or seven-story building, erected on the model of Akbar's tomb, at

Secundra, each upper story resting on the platform of the next under story, and some eight or more feet less in size. A museum is now being finished, having the same features, and of great architectural beauty, and with much exquisite carving in white marble. The portion already finished has many instructive specimens of mechanical arts and of natural history.

On the friezes of some inner courts and of the halls are Hindoo inscriptions, with English translations, some of which I give as specimens of Hindoo maxims, taken from its sacred writings :

" A man obtains a proper rule of action
By looking on his neighbors as himself."

" Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show."

" He only does not live in vain
Who all the means within his reach
Employs his wealth, his thought, his speech,
T' advance the good of other men."

" If I now take this step, what next ensues ?
Should I forbear, what then must I expect ?
Thus ere he acts a man should well reflect,
And weighing both sides, his course should choose."

" Do naught to others which if done to thee
Would cause thee pain ; this is the sum of duty."

" There is no religion higher than truth."

" To injure none by thought or word or deed,
To give to others, to be kind to all—
This is the constant duty of the good."

" Whate'er the work a man performs, the most effective aid to its completion—the most prolific source of success, is energy without despondency."

" The little-minded ask : Belongs this man to our family ?
The noble-minded regard the human race as all akin."

" The wise make failure equal to success."

These are some of the shorter ones, the longer ones being frequently the best, but too long for my note-book. About the museum is a public garden of 70 odd acres, beautifully and most expensively laid out, with an aviary containing all the birds of rich plumage found in India and Malasia. It was a revelation of beauty. There is also a very valuable collection of animals.

One set of cages was very attractive to us. They contained ten huge tigers, all caught in pits after proving themselves bad man-eaters. Huge brutes which sprang at us as we passed with such ferocity that they hurt themselves against the iron bars. The tigers of our menageries are puppets compared to these fierce monsters. A few annas to the keeper obtained for me the privilege of doing

a little practice. Looking a fierce fellow steadily in the eye, and speaking in a stern but steady voice, I tapped him sharply over the head with my rattan cane. He blinked his eyes. I followed up the action with a sharper stroke before he had opened his eyes, and made him quiet down. I tried another, and actually made him lie down on his side and purr like a great cat. I did not fail once. The native looked at me admiringly, and asked our guide if I was not a keeper of man-eaters. What an amount of nerve a *brave* man has when he knows danger cannot reach him!

The Maharajah has established a public library, a school of arts, and a school for girls as well as boys, and, either of his own will or under the advice of the British, has made the city not only a very pretty and unique one, but also one which apparently is a blessing to his people. He has brought much land under cultivation by an increased system of irrigation. But the many bands of deer we saw close to the wheat fields proved that his preserved game was more agreeable to him than beneficial to the people's crops.

Along this road to Ahmedabad we saw many troops of monkeys of all sizes, from that of a terrier dog up to a large setter—now romping over the fields close by the track, or springing from branch to branch on the trees, or sitting up on some prominent limb wisely watching us as we whizzed by. They are sacred, and the natives never hurt them, although they are fearful thieves, and make destructive raids upon fields and orchards. We also saw large numbers of peacocks—noble birds, with tails and plumage of great beauty. They, too, are sacred. A foreigner would be mobbed should he shoot one. They are not wild, as travellers' books would lead us to suppose. They are simply free and roam as they please, but are hardly less tame than the same birds are on an American farm. They are rarely seen far away from villages and farms. The monkeys and peacocks along this road were the only wild ones seen by us since we left Penang.

We have now been the whole length of India, from Calcutta to Peshawur, and back to Bombay, on the other side of the land, and except at the foot of the Himalayas, have not seen a single forest, or indeed what we would call a wood. Trees there are everywhere along the roads, along the hedge-rows, scattered about the fields and plains and dotted over the hills and mountains, but nothing like what most of us at home have supposed to constitute an Indian jungle. All uncultivated or waste lands are called "jungle." "Out in the jungle" means about the same thing here as with us to say "out on the prairie"—that is, on the uninclosed lands, whether treed or bare, or in grass. The "mountain jungles," where the tiger has his home, and from which he comes down to carry off people or domestic animals, have no trees of considerable size, but are dotted over with shrubby growth resembling haws and thorns, and covered by low scattered bushes

and rocks. On these no native thinks of going alone at night or even by day in some of them.

Snipe, duck, geese, cranes of many kinds—some of them standing four feet high,—several species of starlings, robins, wild pigeons, and crows are in vast numbers throughout the land, and are very destructive to the growing crops. In many localities each field has a watchman to drive them off. Often these watchmen are on platforms built on the tops of low trees, the branches being trained flat for this purpose. Here he watches at night to drive off monkeys and deer, and to be ready for the early bird. He is generally armed with a bow or a sling with which he throws a pebble, and so dexterous is he that many a bird is killed even when 100 yards away.

We visited parts of the palace at Jeypore. The billiard-room excited our cupidity. It was carpeted with many tiger, leopard, and other beautiful skins, the trophies of the ruler's dexterity in the chase. The princely stables have 300 horses, each with his or her full pedigree at the tongue's end of the groom. Many of them were beautiful animals, but too fat, for they are but rarely used. Every horse is not only haltered, but tethered by each foot, so that he can move only a little way. Each animal has its special groom, who sleeps in a sort of cuddy-hole over the horse's head. On our second day, being provided with a permit from his highness, we visited Amber, the old city, now deserted. It lies a few miles off, high in a rocky gorge or narrow valley. The mountains around are crowned by forts and castles on dizzy heights, making them very picturesque. Lofty walls climb the spurs of the mountains, and the old palace or regal castle sits superbly on the crest of a high hill overlooking a beautiful little lake of clear water, on the rocky shores of which were several crocodiles basking in the hot sun. Our road going to Amber lay through a wilderness of kiosk memorials of the past dead. Little domes supported by the most delicate pillars and prettily carved. Then we came to a lake of stagnant water of perhaps 500 acres, in the centre of which is a large and stately old palace now deserted, its lower arches dipping into the water and its balconies and domes reflected in the placid sheet. This water is dark and unhealthy, covered with all sorts of wild fowl, and filled with crocodiles. We counted 20 odd of them. Skirting this we reached the foot of the gorge leading to the old city. To this point we went by carriage.

Here we found one of the rajah's huge elephants, of which he has 80, which was to carry us on over the steep pass. His face was oddly painted in Oriental characters. We made our obeisance. He soon came down on his haunches, shot his huge legs straight behind, while his front legs stretched before him, and on a short ladder we mounted the mass of meat. Then, with a motion which made Johnny think feelingly of the swell of the Pacific, our

mastodon trudged slowly up. When we reached a particularly steep place he groaned and grunted and sometimes gave a whistle, which plainly told me that he thought a Chicago 200-and-odd pounder was more than the law should allow. Along our up-hill road gray monkeys with black faces and long tails, ran about the trees. Some of them, with their old-folk faces, made me feel like saying: "Be good-natured, old fellow; I confess to our kinship." After passing the clear little lake I before mentioned, we were carried up a very steep road into the court of the old palace, which is kept in fair repair, and is yet occasionally used by the rajah for a few days at a time. It is a princely old place with a noble audience-hall and many rooms exquisitely decorated with carved marble and inlaid work, the vaulted ceilings being ornamented with a sort of glass or gypsum work. Small pieces of mirror were laid on a background, then the whole covered with a plaster peculiar to Jeypore, made of lime and ground marble, and bearing a polish as hard and fine-grained as pure ivory. The artist then cut through this thin pearly plate to the bits of mirror, working out beautiful designs in delicate tracings, so that the whole looks like ivory flowers and vines drawn over mirrors. The bits of glass are convexed, so that they reflect any person below and make him look large and multiplies him in infinite numbers. This palace is built on the model of the padisha's palaces at Delhi and Agra, and served as a key to many things I did not before fully understand. For seeing how parts are now used I understood better how the old palaces were occupied centuries ago.

In a temple within the palace inclosure a daily offering of a goat is made to the blood-loving goddess Kali. We did not see the day's sacrifice, but the blood was yet fresh on the floor, which had flowed before our arrival from the neck of the little offering. The neck is severed by one blow from the high-priest. I was looking at the little goddess, with her necklace of skulls, sitting back in a deep shrine, through my opera-glass. I saw the priest suspected me of some disrespect to the deity. I gave him the glass. He marvelled at the huge size the image assumed. I then turned the glass and made him look through the diminishing end. "Wow! wow! w-o-w!" was his exclamation of surprise. After making our offering I was about to light my cigar in the court with a magnifying or sun-glass. I saw his reverence wanted to see the thing. I motioned him to hold out his hand. His face wore an expression of sweet innocence as the rays of the sun began to brighten on the back of his fist, but when they got to a little focus and shot a hot spike into his brown skin, he uttered another "Wow! wow! o-h, wow! o-h, w-o-w!" I never saw such merriement as the other priests and attendants exhibited, and the good old chap himself seemed hugely to relish the joke. But I noticed that every now and then he looked at the little roasted spot and rubbed it with his other hand. He will know a sun-glass hereafter.

Sitting in the beautiful Diwan-i-Am, or hall of audience, we enjoyed a magnificent view far down the narrow valley, the old deserted city nestling down beneath the frowning heights, all surmounted with huge crenulated walls and strong-looking forts, once making the place almost impregnable. Here the ruler even now holds audience once a year, sitting in this noble pillared hall with its curved arches. We ate a nice lunch, and drank to the health of the rajah, wishing that his line may continue to rule his people for yet ten successions before the haughty lords of the far-off island in the west may demand his country for themselves. He claims the sun for his ancestor, to whom he traces his lineage through 140 known names, the oldest pedigree of any ruling king, compared to which that of Wales, who laid the corner-stone of the Jeypore museum three years ago, is that of a plebeian.

Bidding the good-natured cutter-off of goats' heads good-bye, we walked to the foot of the hill, where Jumbo's cousin had preceded us, and on bended knees took us upon his broad back for our homeward voyage. At the end of the gorge our mahout bade us hold on, when the great hulk again came down upon his haunches for us to disembark. We placed a token of good-will upon his trunk, which he handed to his keeper, and then gave us a parting "salaam." I thought I saw a twinkle in his little shrewd eye, which said he would not care to climb steep mountains with many such denizens of the far-off Porkopolis upon his back. We parted with him under the shade of a sacred tree, near whose roots was a little fane sheltering a Hindoo god. Behind us, but hidden by the hills, was the city of past ages, in the distance before us were the walls of the living city with its gay people. A huge black-faced monkey looked wisely at us from an overhanging bough. A sacred peacock, mounted upon an old ruin close by, spread his gorgeous fan of emerald and sapphire. The sun blazed down upon our heads, reminding us we were among His chosen children. Below us was the stagnant lake, with its crocodiles and its thousands of water-fowls and its partly sunken palace, once the brilliant summer-house of a monarch. It was a weird spot, with a long-dead past. We wished some of our far-off friends could have been with us to partake of our happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEAUTIFUL SARACENIC REMAINS—WOOD-CARVING—PURCHASING
SHAWLS—NATIVE DIPLOMACY—BOMBAY—TOWERS OF
SILENCE—ELEPHANTA—THE 15TH OF FEBRUARY.

Bombay, India, February 14, 1888.

AHMEDABAD, the principal city of the province of Gujerat, and once the capital of the kingdom of that name, was built by the conquering shah, Ahmed, who poured his myrmidons over this side of India when the fifteenth century was young. There were no natural reasons why a city should be upon this level land, but the dark eyes and brown skin of a daughter of the neighborhood did what her father's arms could not do, subdued the conqueror. In those old days cities were created like a greenbacker's dollar—by decree. "Fiat urbs" thundered the sultan, and a city would spring upon the teeming Indian soil. So the sultan, with Sipra's kiss yet warm upon his lips, said: "A city shall be thy home, sweet daughter of the sun," and Ahmedabad grew from the materials plundered from two or three other cities near by. Warm was the faith of the conquering followers of the prophet. They levelled Hindoo temples of idolatry, and decked their new city with those jewels of Islamism, the beautiful mosques of marble and stone. The ruins or remains of these abound in the place, and attest the zeal of the people who built them, and show how the nimble fingers of the artisan could cause cold marble and rough stone to catch the warm tints of dawn and to assume the softness of woven fabric. Many of these ruins are very beautiful. They lack the evidences of painful toil and lavish treasure-waste shown in careful detail at Agra and Delhi, but evince a freer hand with the chisel and a more artistic design. The sculptured friezes and brackets of the balconies of the minarets and the cornices about tombs and mosques, though weather-worn and looking somewhat rough, are very fine.

In their hatred of idolatry the followers of Mohammed so abhorred its every form that they would not even carve any breathing thing about their own places of worship. Vines and trees, shrubs and flowers soon weary the eye when they are fixed in marble. No art has yet been able to make them wave and bend in the breeze. Animals and men have expressions of limb and face, which seem to vary as the beholder looks. Not so with any

vegetable thing. So Saracenic genius, forced by religion to discard every representation of a living thing, invented a design which never wearies the eye—a design which, fixed in the hardest stone, seems ever to vary and to change. The eye cannot hold a single detail long enough to become tired of it. It cannot be described by language. No word-picturing can make one see it. The eye alone can take it in. When a writer, however, says a thing is adorned in painted or sculptured “arabesques,” every one comprehends that the ornamentation is of that strange mixture of vine and twig and Arabic lines, letters, and characters which no memory can so carry off as to reproduce with accuracy. Pencil, with scale and compass, can make a true copy, yet something is always wanting; the sun alone in photography can give one a true image.

In no place that I have seen is there such a wealth of ruined Saracenic art as in Ahmedabad. Yet to the casual traveller it offers but little attraction. An artist, however, could walk again and again through its tortuous streets and crooked lanes, and be delighted by the carvings in wood on cornices and friezes and in large brackets and dentals. On many an old tumble-down house are seen specimens which our plutocrats would be delighted to have on their sideboards or in their libraries. The houses were never decorated by the painter's brush. The woodwork is softened down by time to a velvety shade; the delicate design is thus all relieved from any taint of the shop, but looks as if it had been cut or worn in by nature's own perfect craft. I saw some brackets three to four feet long, no longer supporting the balcony or cornice above, but hanging down and loose, and nearly ready to fall. If I had known the language I would have gone to the owner of these, and for a reasonable price probably have been permitted to carry them away, to be the envy of a home artist. In the rear of an old ruined mosque are two blind windows of half circle, cut into solid stone in veins so artistically as to seem as wavy and soft as a spider's web. They have been copied into photos, and appear on many a piece of carved cabinet-work now sent from this city to the rich in every quarter of the globe. In the show-rooms of a manufacturer we saw its imitation in a beautiful cabinet just finished for some New York man of money.

By the way, in every shop we have visited the most costly articles were for the American market. In this shop we saw 20 or more men at work on friezes and entablatures for a Mr. Forrest, of New York. It will be a pleasure, when he sips his wine and looks upon his elaborate sideboard of teakwood, to know that some of the most exquisite of its rich carvings were done by a father and son, the little fellow being only seven years old. How his taper little fingers did handle the tiny chisel, and how accurate was his eye, when he wrought from the hard, meaningless wood a flower that almost had an odor, so soft was its petal! The child

had inherited the talent of his father, as he had done from his parent, and so through a long line, perhaps, far back to those people whose handicraft made the rich relics in marble and wood of three to four centuries ago. Here children follow the father's craft. It is deemed a sort of family disgrace for them to permit the profession of their father to die out in their generation. A boy steps from his mother's very breast (for children are not weaned until four or five years old), into a companionship with the father, and a partaker of his toil and a copier of his art. We have been in several small carpet-weavers' houses at Amritsir and Lahore and other places, and everywhere a large part of the weaving was done by little boys.

Carpets are not woven with a shuttle, but each thread or yarn of the wool is put into the warp with deft fingers, the left hand opening the one for the right to insert the other. A piece of yarn is run through and then cut off with a knife to make the even, velvety tuft. The weaver does not have a design before him, but in some shops another boy sits in front with the design and calls in a sort of chant the next color to be inserted. The weaver repeats this as he runs the color in. The first boy calls out for several who are on the other side of the web, and thus dictates for them all. To one not understanding the thing, the chant would be taken for a sort of religious exercise. In one shop in the Punjab there was no fixed design at all. There were four weavers on a rug of say 10 x 15 feet. They had a common idea in their heads, but each worked out his portion of the carpet simply with a free hand as he went. They progress only a few inches a day. The manager, to my inquiry as to the cost of these, simply replied: "They are very costly. That is what Americans want." It seems a general impression throughout the world that our people value a thing by the amount of money which is worked into the fabric. An American to whom I was showing a charming curio, and which I told her had cost me a mere trifle, warned me not to disclose the cost at home—that it would not be appreciated unless it was supposed to cost much money. And there is a general impression throughout the East that Americans are all very rich. A native will at any time quit an Englishman to ply a Yankee, whom he thinks ready game. These people are natural-born diplomats.

A famous Frenchman said words were invented to conceal ideas. Certainly the shrewd Indians rarely permit their words to express their thoughts, and a dealer in works of art or *objets de vertu* considers a lie a proper part of his science in trade. He lies while he tries and weighs his customer. They catch us at the stations, at the hotels, on the streets, and on the thresholds of the temples. What they ask is no indication of what they will take. After they try us with their price, they invite our offer. We have to be guarded or we shall be taken up. A fellow wished to sell me a bracelet of silver. His price was 30 rupees. I offered him

six. He looked insulted, but soon plied me again. I stuck to six. He assured us there were seven rupees of pure silver in the thing, and took out a pair of scales. The bauble balanced six and a half rupees. He assured us there were 4,000 separate pieces in it, and had cost 15 days of labor. We replied: "We do not want it." "Yes, but master rich, I poor man; make proper offer." We offer eight. He puts up his pack. We go to our rooms. He follows and says: "Take it; I want master's certificate." Every one purchasing is asked to state the fact in a little book, and is pleaded with until the statement is made that the purchases were cheap.

I looked at cashmere shawls at Manich Chung's in Delhi. It was through his house that the now famous Gen. Roberts, then a subaltern, made his break upon the streets in which the mutineers were carousing, and helped to win the city. I was shown shawls with asking price at 400 and 600 rupees. I looked at them, examined them with my magnifying glass, Manich all the time chattering. He finally said: "Ah, those not for you; you good judge—you expert"; and he brought out a beautiful thing, a dream in wool. "That's the thing for you; Americans want the best." "How much?" "Two thousand," the reply. "Why, what do you take me for? I am no Vanderbilt." "But you good judge; you want best; make offer." I offer 800. He laughed at me. I said: "All right; good-by." He followed me to the door. We part. He comes down to the carriage. "Ah, just come back up my house." The fly walks into the trap. We sit down and talk. He plies me with many fabrics. But all the time he wants me to take the 2,000 shawl. He wants my certificate. He knows it will help him sell. But I reply: "I am not buying shawls; I really do not want any." "Yes, you do; you rich; you rajah of big America city." "Who said that?" "Man at hotel last night told me you are rajah like governor-general." He touched my weak spot. I like to be thought rajah of Chicago. He then wanted to know if I would like to see some Nautch girls dance. I intimated that I had outlived that sort of thing. He said: "Oh, no; you old in head, young in heart!" Again a tender spot was reached. He then regretted that I had not come three days sooner. His grandmother had died. The funeral was beautiful! I offered a tear of sympathy. He felt my kindness. He said it was sad, but she was ninety years old, and they had a splendid time at the funeral. He had shut up his shop two days. Had not sold a thing. I said that was most bad. He admitted it, but said he had no more grandmothers. I wished to know how many wives he had. "Not many," he said, but was not specific. I intimated that I would like to see his wife. His eyes expressed painful regret, but religion would not permit. He gave me a cheroot. I asked him to smoke one. He said he could not smoke those—they had been touched by a

low caste. That is, by me. All this while a handsome young Hindoo was standing before us with a beauty of Cashmere gracefully draped over his lithe form. We still talked of Hindoo matters, but he managed to round up to the shawl. One man had been three years weaving it. To shut him off I said: "Eight hundred." With a sigh he said: "Take it, but I lose much rupees on it. But all right; I want Chicago's governor's certificate."

We have witnessed several marriage processions, but none so perfect in details as one at Ahmedabad. It was in a narrow street. First came a band of music, three little boys and girls on richly caparisoned horses. One of the little ones was not two years old, being held on by his father. By the side of each little rider, all of whom were gorgeously toggged out, were several of their nearest of kinsmen. Before each horse was a band of music. Then came the groom, about ten years old, all in gold and fine silk, and mounted on a superbly gotten-up animal. Then another band was followed by a troop of 20 or 30 women, richly clad, and all singing. The burden of their song was the hope that the bride would be kind and obedient, and that her mother would not domineer over the bridegroom. There were a dozen or more bands. The drum was the predominating instrument, and of all sizes. Such a din and clatter! There was apparently no attempt at any air. The main thing was noise, and it was made. The procession was going to the bride's home, where all were entertained and received presents. Then the bride was taken to the groom's home, her lady friends accompanying her and singing. The song of the latter was a wish that the groom would be kind and would listen to the advice of the mother-in-law. At his house presents were again given, this time to the bride's friends. The little couple then saw each other, and were required to be affectionate. One night she stays with him at his home and then returns to her own. They will not see each other again for six or more years, when they will be old enough to be really husband and wife. This was simply the betrothal marriage, but entailing many binding obligations. If he die before they meet again, she will be a widow and will be doomed to all the hardships and self-denials which make a Hindoo widowhood worse than death. She can never marry again, can never wear fine clothes and jewelry, cannot eat delicate food, nor sing and dance. If poor she will have to become a servant, perhaps a cook, but is forbidden even to taste the dishes she prepares. No wonder widows lament the prohibition of the "suttee" or widow-burning pyre. He, however, may, after their real marriage, take several more wives if he wishes. One of the songs of her lady friends bears an invocation that he would love her and not take another wife to steal away his love from this his first and real bride.

Here in Bombay I saw a Parsee marriage procession. It was very quiet. A European band preceded it and played nicely.

Then followed some 40 or 50 Parsee men all in white. After them, carriers with presents. Following them were nearly as many Parsee women dressed in their charming robes of gauze and silk.

At Ahmedabad we visited the splendid Jain temple. The Jains are a sort of mixture of Brahmin and Buddhist. They do not believe in any Creator; nature was its own self-creator—a sort of pantheistic creed. Charity and good-will to all living things is their religious rule of action. They kill nothing and eat no flesh. The temple is exceedingly rich in decoration. They were to have a grand festival in a few days, and were decorating an image in the inner shrine, a sort of deified child of nature. Its face wore a most kindly and gentle expression, and evidently was intended to be beaming with love. A very intelligent man took us around and through the temple, and explained their tenets. When I had heard him I said: "Your God, then, is a God of love?" He looked quite horrified, and said: "Oh, no; we abhor sensualism." He had misunderstood me. I explained that I meant by "love" that holy feeling which goes out in affection for all created things. "Exactly, exactly; that is exactly our religion." It is quite a large sect in India, and embraces many good and learned men.

The country for some 50 miles from Ahmedabad, and thence on to Bombay, is quite heavily wooded, that is, in scattered trees about roads, hedges, etc. The main crop is of cotton; much more than half of all the cultivated fields were in this plant. Some were just opening in bright yellow blossoms; others white with bursting bolls.

We stopped a few hours at Surat, once the chief town of India, first under the Dutch and then under the English. Before the rise of Bombay it had a population of 900,000. It then sank to less than 100,000. Bombay took away its Arabian and Abyssinian trade. It is now again improving and has 130 odd thousand. It wears a general air of decay, but its old winding streets were interesting.

Here coolie women do the heaviest kind of work. One delicate-looking young woman I saw carrying on her head bags with four bushels of potatoes in each. At the pier they were unloading a cargo of coal. Each would walk up a steep bank with a bushel of coal poised upon her head. Another gang was discharging a load of cobble-stones. They are as straight as arrows, and when walking, step with great gracefulness of motion. Their dress, as of the same class in Bombay, is of cotton cloth, so caught about the legs as to make a sort of trouser, coming half down the thighs and fitting like the breeches of our unweaned babies, but caught behind instead of in front. The men's trousers of the coolie class come below the knee. As everywhere else so far visited in India, they have scarcely any calf to the leg. I suppose that has ever been a characteristic of these people, for the

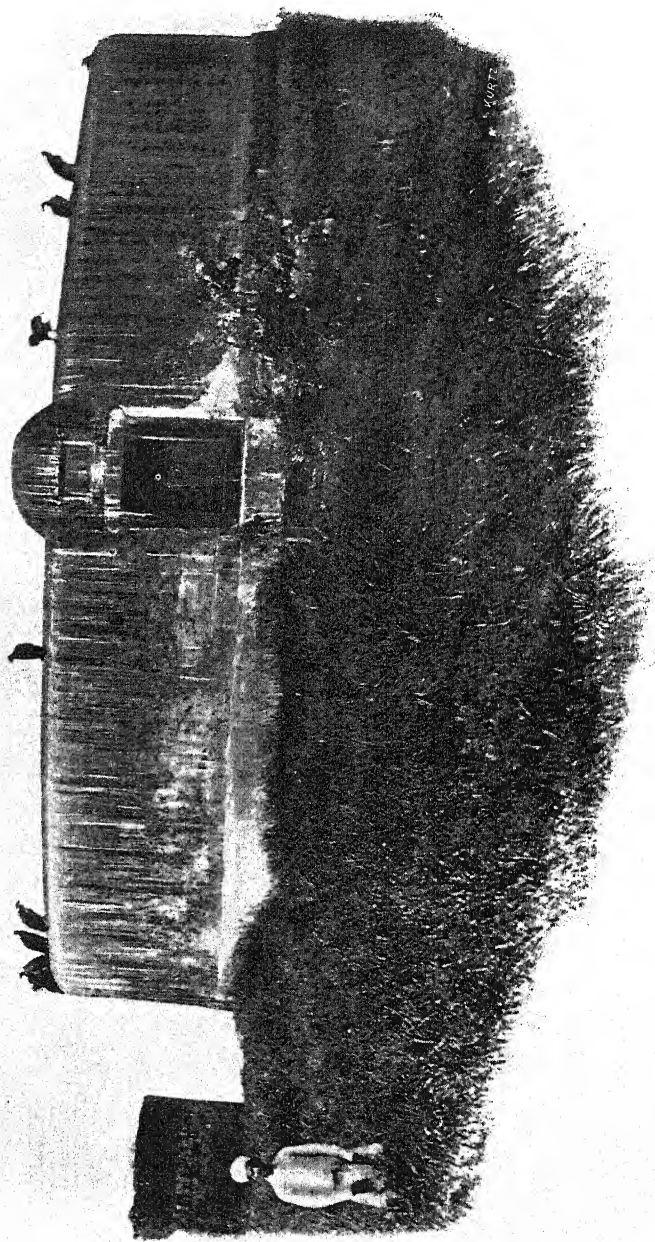
images of the gods in the caves of Elephanta, executed several thousand years ago, have the same deficiency. In all old images the leg tapers from the thigh to the ankle. The African has a high calf and a long shank; the European a well-developed calf and short shank. With these people the shank may be said to run up to the knee. The Japanese have calves remarkably developed. These people were evidently intended by their Creator to sit upon their legs. They did it in Buddha's time. His oldest image represents him as sitting, with the soles of his feet turned upward. Indians can sleep thus for hours. We had for a day a fat high-caste native officer for a fellow-passenger. He had room to lie down, but instead of doing so he gathered his legs under him and slept for several hours. It is very convenient. If I were a believer in transmigration I would pray that after my next birth I be so trained that I may thus rest myself. When the native people come to a stop they squat down as instinctively as does a dog. It is amusing to see a crowd enter a station and await a train. Everyone at once squats on his haunches and takes his ease. It is, too, a great saving of chair legs, and this is a decided convenience in this water-saturated atmosphere, where chairs have a constant tumble-down habit. I have not used a single one in India which did not creak ominously when I sat upon it.

Bombay is a magnificent city of 800,000 people, and is rapidly growing. Somehow or other I had expected to find it otherwise. I suppose from reading years ago. The high price of cotton during our war gave it a tremendous impetus. It was metamorphosed in a dozen or so years from a rambling town of mean houses into a city of palaces. The public buildings already completed, or being erected, of light-colored sandstone, of a deep olive-tinted trap or porphyry rock, or of dark brick, are magnificent structures, comparing favorably with those of any European capital. The city is rich, and the Bombay presidency pours its treasures into its capital. If it meets with no decided reverses, the next quarter of a century will make it one of the handsomest cities in the world. It is on an irregularly shaped island, with a pretty little bay looking toward the ocean, of half-moon shape, inclosed by two long narrow strips or necks of land running far out like the horns of a new moon; one of these is low, the other of some 200 or more feet in height. This latter is Malabar Hill, on the extreme point of which is the governor's residence. It is a commodious, low building, surrounded with fine trees, and with the swell of the ocean breaking in gentle murmur close by. On the other end of this narrow ridge, say a mile off, where it widens into the main island, are the Parsees' burying-ground and the famous "Towers of Silence." Here the Parsee dead are given to the vultures. Between these two points are fine residences of the rich, their front windows looking over the city, two miles away, and their rear overlooking the broad Arabian Sea. The main harbor of the

city is at its rear, on a narrow strait separating the island from terra firma.

Much has been told of the Towers of Silence, and very much of exaggeration. One writer speaks of the dismal surroundings and death-like silence; another of the fetid atmosphere; and still another of his having climbed up on the wall and accidentally dropping his hat and following it; and ending with an amusing account of his escape from the birds and the watchful eyes of the keeper. All pure imagination and pretty writing. The towers are five in number, apparently 25 feet in height, and the largest from 70 to 100 feet in diameter. Within the outer wall, some five or more feet below the top, are three consecutive tiers of slabs, sloping and slightly troughed: the outer tier for men, the next for women, the inner one for children. Within the whole is a large well-like chamber covered by a grating. Leading from the bottom of this well are drains into outside wells. The dead, whether high or low, rich or poor, approach these solemn precincts on a perfect equality. All are borne by mourners afoot, no pageant or evidences of worldly vanity being displayed. Two men regularly employed for the purpose (none others ever enter the tower) bear the body through a small opening into the tower. All garments and ornaments are then removed. "Naked you came into the world, naked you must go out," said Zoroaster. The garments covering the corpse are then immediately burned. "Fire cleanses from all impurities," said Zoroaster. The bearers then retire, and in one hour every vestige of flesh is removed from the bones by the mournful birds. The bones are afterward dropped or are washed down the grating, and falling below are, under the action of the sun and water, and sometimes aided by chemicals, in a year or two dissolved into lime, and flow out into the other wells. "The earth is a good mother to all, and should not be contaminated by the fetid remains of her children." Thus taught Zoroaster. The lime which flows into and becomes a part of mother earth does not contaminate.

There can be no noxious odors; for the dead are brought here before decay sets in. There are about 500 vultures hovering about the locality. The average burials are four to five a day, but scanty feed for so many voracious birds. There is nothing awful about the premises more than about any ordinary graveyard; but, to the contrary, there is a beautiful garden, bright with cheerful and sweet flowers and many trees. No traveller could climb any of the walls, for they are as smooth as any plastered piece of masonry, and there is nothing close to them to permit any one to mount upon. No Parsees even, other than those employed for the purpose, ever enter the towers. Into which tower the dead of any day will enter, is decided by a regular committee, and simply on sanitary grounds, so as to enable each to take care of its proper proportion. Perched upon the



parapet walls of one of the towers were probably 100 vultures mournful and silent. A smaller number were on another tower, and a few were soaring aloft. I may be callous, or I may possibly rapidly adapt myself to my surroundings. From one or other of these causes I felt no shock at the thought of the occupation of the birds; and the manner of disposing of the dead created no feeling of disgust. After all, is not man more a creature of habit than of animal instincts? Nothing proves this more than the readiness with which we lay our loved dead in the ground, to rot slowly in oozy slime, or to be devoured by nasty worms.

The Victoria station is a superb building, costing several millions; I know of no railway building at all comparable to it. It looks like a splendid palace. The architecture adapted to and employed in this climate is admirable for artistic effect. It admits of deep shade and shadows. Corridors, deep recesses, buttresses, and balconies which with us shut out the light, here protect from the burning sun-rays, and permit those effects of light and shade so dear to the architect. He can and does employ all these adjuncts, and is building a city truly magnificent. Even the native portion of the town, with balconied houses of all heights, from two to six stories, and of many tints, and lying between the old foreign settlement toward the northern end of the island and the new foreign quarter, which occupies the site of the old forts and fortifications in the east, is both picturesque and somewhat artistic. The fortifications, no longer valuable with the new processes of naval warfare, have been razed to the ground and noble public buildings and private business houses have been reared in their place. The native city is densely packed with a seething mass of people of many nationalities, all in their respective costumes.

The caves of Elephanta, on an island back of the city, are interesting. Great temples are cut in the solid rock, and colossal statues of Shiva, the first offspring of the one unknown and unknowable God, the most popular deity of the Hindoos, are carved from the natural rock of the high hill, in a cave hewn out, leaving pillars and columns of the solid stone to support the overhanging mass. Shrines and inner temples are chiselled into the hard porphyry. The god in colossal proportions, with his worshipping mortals at his feet and his attendant heavenly beings floating around above his head, are a part of the original rock-built hill. Shiva is shown in his dual nature, one side male, the other female, even to the minutest feature and ornament. In one niche is the creation in accord with the Mosaic idea, borrowed from or loaned to the Hebrew law-giver. When God made Adam, "male and female created he them." Then, as Mother Eve sprang from Adam's side, so Parvati bursts from Shiva, and becomes his wife. The god, wearied with the sins of man, his creature, became the avenger, and hurls destruction in thunderbolts over the world. Then he demands the sacrifice, and receives victims to appease

his wrath. In another shrine he has become the redeeming god; and finally he sits in placid peacefulness in the heavens. All of these incarnations of the attributes of the Deity are represented in huge statutes or in bold *alto rilievo* in the different shrines. In the middle of the cave is the main shrine of the great creator of man in three awful forms—the “Creator,” the “Preserver,” and the “Destroyer.” Strange similarity between the revelations of Moses and the old legends of this land. The Hebrew says Moses was the leader. These people say he was the borrower. May not the truth be that both got the legend from a far-off prehistoric people of great civilization, the very thresholds whereof we have not yet passed in our boasted enlightenment,—a wise and virtuous people, whose homes and cities were contiguous to Egypt and India, and now deep buried beneath the Indian Ocean? This is a land of dreams. Why may I not dream as others have done, and speculate in my dreams? High beyond yon blazing sun lives the mighty primal cause. May not I bow my head in adoration of the one unknown and unknowable God? Unknowable, because utterly incomprehensible to human brain, and inconceivable to human thought. All-powerful and all-wise, He cannot be other than all good. Am I rash when I find myself unable to believe that He fails to hearken to the sincere worship of all His creatures, whatever be the form of their worship? I will here say that, according to one of the Brahminical ideas, there was from the beginning one unknown and unknowable god, who deposited an egg, from which burst by his own individual strength Shiva, the known all-powerful God, the Creator of the world and of man. He was male and female, and answers somewhat to the Mosaic Adam. The idea and analogy would have been complete had Adam been deified in the record of Moses.

Lady Reay, wife of the governor, has a successful fancy fair now in progress, inaugurated to extend a noble charity founded by a warm-hearted Parsee. The Duchess of Connaught, a fine specimen of German womanhood, occupies one stall, Lady Reay another, and beautiful Parsee ladies others, and so on. Native games are exhibited, in which native cavalymen are the performers on horseback. Concerts, where ices are sold, and titled English ladies are the singers and players. Hindoos and Mohammedans—with ladies closely veiled,—English women in the wretched European costumes, and Parsee ladies in their exquisite robes of gauze and with spirituelle faces—every kind of people crowd the grounds, and are full of enjoyment and anxious to purchase, all for sweet charity. The bright wife of the governor kindly recognized me, and after shaking hands, asked me what she could sell me. “Your smile, my lady, the memory of that I can carry. My coffers are too full for any thing more ponderous.” “But this is better; my photo for one rupee.”

"Two, if you attach your autograph." It is done, and the lady invites me to call at Malabar Hill, as she turns to give a kind word to a native in lofty turban. I then ask the Duchess of Connaught if an American can carry home with him her photograph. With a winning smile she regrets she had not sun-pictures of herself, and I pass off, my republican heart full of delight because the daughter of a prince and daughter-in-law of an empress had smiled upon me—oh, *vanitas vanitatum*!

To-day I called upon the Governor's lady. Lord Reay is a kind-hearted Dutchman, who, by the accident of a death in a far-off line, found himself all at once the owner of a Scotch title. He married then a very bright and very rich woman, and fills one of the finest positions in the gift of the English crown. It is whispered here that the lady really wields the governorship; a slander, of course. With words of regret the lady excuses herself because of her great fatigue at the fair yesterday. A half-dozen grand natives in blazing red see me into my carriage close by. The road leading from Government House is being repaired, and native women with forms as delicate as that of my lady are carrying upon their heads huge baskets of stone. I think of the fearful fatigue of God's anointed one in the cool palace I had left,—fatigue almost insufferable, because she had been on her feet *two* whole hours the day before, and now at noon was trying to pass it off on a soft couch. I looked at the poor women carrying heavy burdens beneath the blazing sun. I thought of the two vast extremes in this land, and uttered the off-repeated ejaculation: "How long, O Lord?" A coolie water-carrier came by; she was high caste, for none other can handle any thing to be eaten or drunk by people of the upper castes. Another woman of low caste wished to drink; the carrier let water run from the goat-skin bag into the hands of the thirsty one. Lord Reay himself, could not touch that goat-skin with his lips without contaminating it. Were he to lay his hands upon the mouth of the bag, it would be thrown away. Of such hue is the reign of caste. The high-caste English governor would not permit a man not socially fit to grace his board. The high-caste, half-naked Hindoo woman would consider her rice-bowl contaminated should the Empress of all India touch it.

At a ball at the Yacht Club there were handsome women in toilets worthy of Worth. But how awkward and ungraceful compared to the light, flowing dress of the Parsee beauties the night before!

The very beautiful "Queen's statue" here is of life-size, seated on a rich throne, and surmounted by a canopy of great beauty in Gothic style, the whole of white marble. It is a little singular the *old* lady empress cannot sit or stand in marble. It is always the young queen. Her rich maturity appears only in photos. She was a young lady when she mounted the throne, and she will go

down as a young lady into the long future in bronze and stone as empress, although she did not become one until nearly 50 years after she was anointed queen. After ages will think her possessed of perennial youth.

The sweet chimes on the clock tower close by tell me the first hour of morning has come, and tell me this is the 15th day of February, the anniversary of the most important event of the world to me. Sixty-three years ago I came into this breathing life. To the young this seems a long time, yet how quickly has it sped! How poor and meagre its results! I open memory's book and sadly turn back its leaves and read its pages. I go a little farther back even than memory can carry me, and read a page all fresh as if it had been just written and I had known it all myself. It was fastened in my brain by a mother's words. It is the picture of a virgin forest on the other side of the globe. In the centre of the forest tract is a small opening, a Kentucky canebrake of two or three acres. On one edge of this opening is an Indian mound a few feet high, when and by whom built no one can know. A noble tree grew upon its crown, and the roots of a far older one were moldering on its side. Here had been a camping-ground of red men dead ages ago. I see a field being cleared by belting the trees and burning their dead trunks. A one-roomed log-house is built upon the lower edge of the brake. There I was unexpectedly born. A new-made trough, cut for the coming sugar season, was my extemporized cradle. It was a rough house for two young, refined, and educated people. But western energy and new-born hope filled their hearts.

Pressed upon this page is another, printed ere the year had taken its wintry leaf. The young father lies upon his dying couch. His weeping wife holds before him their baby boy. His blanching lips try to speak. She bends down to catch his dying words. They are a message to his child.

I turn over a leaf. I see the saddest spot of all seen in my early years—the graveyard behind my grandfather's orchard, all silent, deeply shaded, and solitary. This picture is the earliest that lives in my own memory, graven into the very heart's core. My mother is holding me, now three years and three months old, by the hand. We stand over a grave. Not a spear of grass nor a weed was green upon it. For long years its mould was kept as fresh as if it were newly made. Long we stood. Tears were running down her pallid cheek; a dove was cooing mournfully in a tree close by; crickets were chirruping in the warm May noon. They seemed to make the very silence more silent. My mother knelt upon the edge of the grave and prayed. I remember but one sentence: "Thou hast promised to be a father to the fatherless and the widow's God." When she arose her eyes were dry though her cheek was still wet. She pointed to the silent grave and said: "Your father lies there, my child; his last words were for

you: 'Tell our child that an honest man is the noblest work of God. Teach him not to tell a lie'; and then he died." Oh, mother in heaven! that message has been given to me a thousand times—in angel whisperings, upon the briny deep, upon the mountain's side, in the turmoil of angry strife, in the silent watches of the night, in the loving glances of your own dark, honest eyes, in the far-off land where was our home and where your ashes lie. My father left me lands, but those dying words watered by a mother's tears, were a richer legacy than all the lands. They have checked erring steps a thousand times, and have taught me to hold that "there is no religion higher than truth."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ACROSS THE DECCAN—KARLI CAVES—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—HYDERABAD—OLD GOLCONDA—TITANIC ROCKS—ELEPHANT RIDE—CHARMING HOSPITALITY.

Madras, February 24, 1888.

OLD Sol was blazing down as if the very air was a great sun-glass, focusing ten times ten thousand burning rays upon our heads, when we left our hotel at Bombay to commence the hot journey across the Deccan for Madras, and thence by rail through extreme southern India to Tuticorin, and over to Colombo, on the Cinnamon isle. We felt some dread of this trip. Every one to whom we had mentioned it told us we would suffer at this late period of the season, and that the country was too barren of interest to repay us for our discomfort. Few tourists make the journey, and the few writers who have written of it seemed so anxious to get over the great table-lands that their descriptions of the country have been meagre and uninteresting—all the greater reason for our seeing it.

The effect of an Indian sun on a white man is simply marvellous. It seems to strike the very roots of his nerves. A native will work or sit for hours with his bare head beneath the scorching rays and feel no unpleasant sensation. But if the sun pours down upon a white man's head or shoulders, or along the spine, he may escape sunstroke, but will feel the ill-effect for days. The atmosphere seems to be for him a convex lens and burns the heat into a focus. This, too, is the case all over the land, even as far up as in the Punjab, throughout Rajpootana, in Bengal, and down in the Deccan; indeed, it is said that the direct effect of the sun is more powerful in the north than in the south. I have discussed the matter with men who have been in every quarter of the globe—commercial men and English officers, and all assert that they fear an Indian sun more than that of any other quarter of the world. In China and on the table-lands of central Asia the sun heat is intense, and men almost melt and are sunstruck. Here quick sunstrokes are not usually the immediate effect of over-exposure, though they occur;—but a pain in the back of the head and about the cervical joints, accompanied by depression and perhaps illness, follows. Every railway carriage intended for Europeans has its bathroom, and a tank in the roof always full of cool water, and on

the southern roads all have a double roof with an air chamber between the two. We wear great pith sun-hats and carry umbrellas as regularly as did the "Iron Duke," and when forced to go out in the sun take things coolly. We drink no "pegs" and are abstemious of "whisky sodas." We are not afraid of the sun, but we do not defy him, and I think we'll go out of India with invigorated health. The Europeans here take too many "pegs" — *i. e.* glasses of whisky. They feel depressed and take a peg. They continue depressed and take another and another till the really beneficial effect of an occasional stimulant is lost.

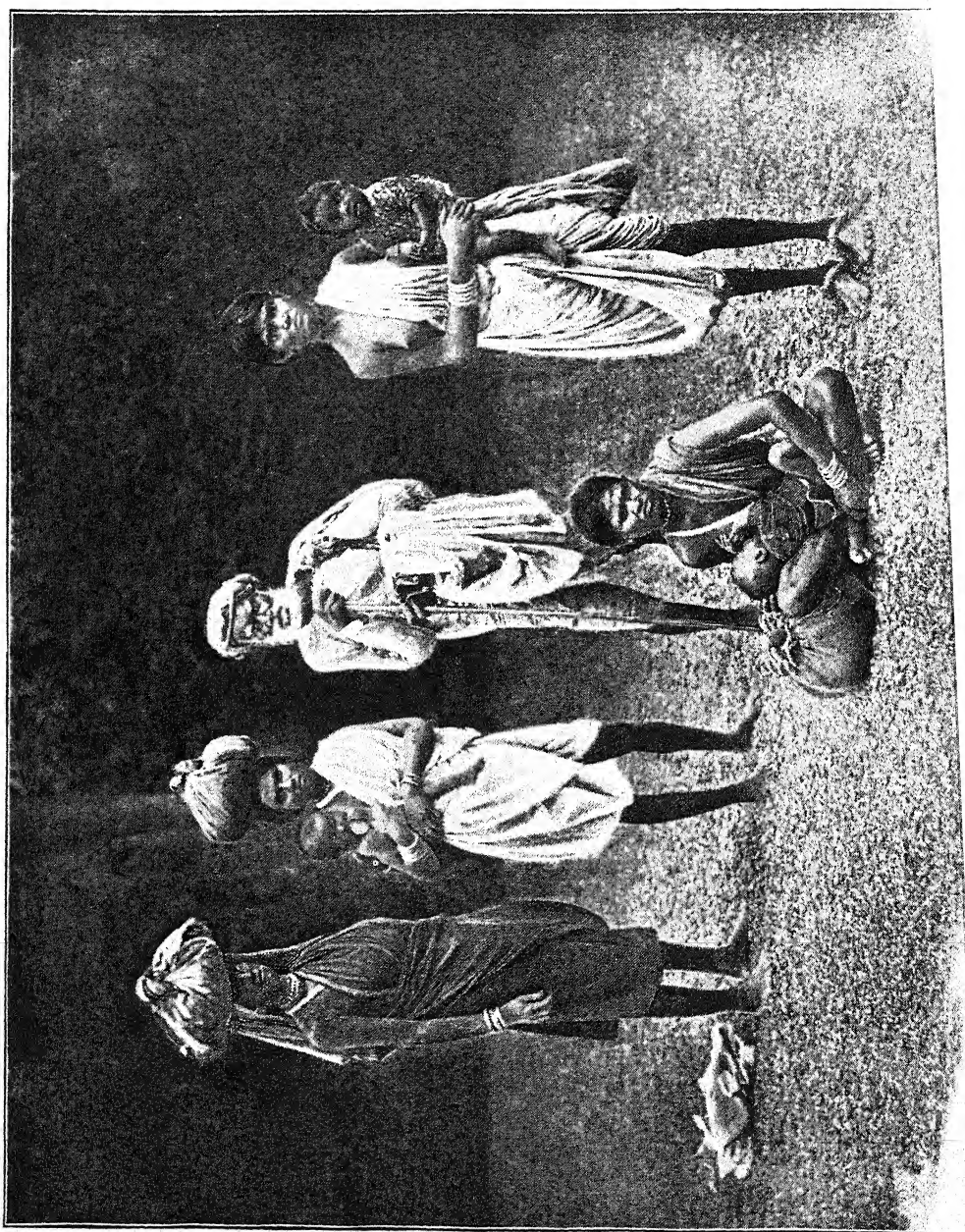
The water, as a rule, throughout India is bad. It is taken from rivers or from great tanks (artificial reservoirs), which catch and hold the rains; these are frequently of many acres in extent; and from wells. In every one of these sources of supply the water is more or less contaminated. The natives all bathe or pour water over themselves a great deal. They wash themselves and their clothing in the same tank from which they drink, and their cattle and buffalo wallow with the people. A lot of tanks four to six feet deep, and containing 10 to 20 acres altogether, furnish water for a city of many thousands of people through long months of dry weather. The air teems with organic life, especially during the rainy season, when the tanks are being filled; the water thus becomes populous with organisms. Throughout the country generally many Europeans boil or filter the water, and some do both. The natives do neither, and are yet a healthy people, for they have no fear of their water. Faith is a mighty doctor; alarm breeds disease.

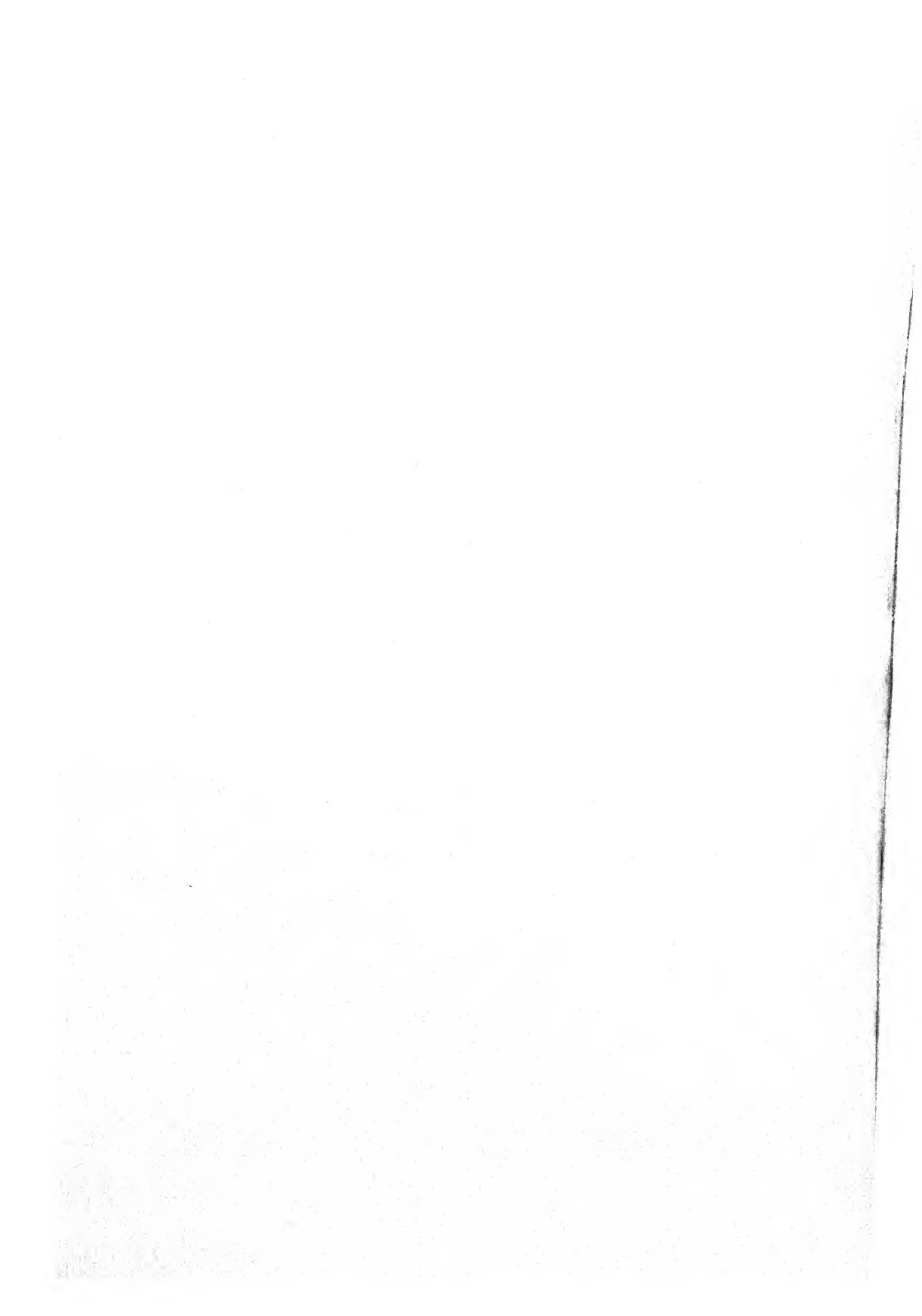
After leaving the islands of Bombay and Salsette, our railroad ran for a short distance toward the Satpoora Mountains, which extend up to Rajpootana, and is the water-shed between it and central India. It then bent southward into the low spurs of the Bhore Ghauts. This is a range of several distinctive names, but bearing the general appellation of the Western Ghauts, running close to the Arabian Sea all the way to Cape Cormorin. Ghaut is the Indian word for step. These mountains are the steps by which one climbs from the low coast up to the great tableland which stretches to the Eastern Ghauts, close to the Bay of Bengal. We are soon in narrow valleys, between rocky hills lifting 1,000 feet up, and having a rather sterile appearance, clothed with scattered thorny trees. After running 60 miles we commenced the ascent of the Ghauts, pulled by one and pushed by another powerful engine, up grades of a foot in 30. In some 16 miles we climbed 2,000 feet through grand scenery, lofty ridges lifted on each side, or on one, leaving beautiful broad valleys with fields and villages on the other. The mountains are all volcanic, showing great precipices of black hard tufa, or trap, hundreds of feet high, and piled one above the other. Between these precipices, of which there are four or five tiers, each a hundred

feet behind the one next below, are steep slopes clothed in dense woodland of emerald green.

The whole had the appearance of forest terraces supported by black walls of great height stretching one or two miles or more in length, and crowned above by embattled walls. Now we would look below into a dark gorge, here 500, then 1,000, and once 1,200 to 1,500 feet deep, lying between us and the dark embattled walls and precipices a short distance away; then a tunnel or a curve would open to us a smiling valley, running off for miles, yellow with ripe, or green with growing, crops. Few places present*more awful and yet sweetly beautiful scenery. At Khamballa, 78 miles from Bombay, we stopped for the night and spent an hour of declining day in enjoyment of the charming surroundings, seated upon the verge of a mighty precipice, and with heights cutting the clear blue sky above us; the deep gorge lying, as it grew more sombre in the approach of night, like a monster reptile 1,200 or 1,500 feet below us; our cheeks were fanned by a delicious breeze from the sea not many miles away. There was nothing to mar our enjoyment. The valley gorge was wild and savage. In its woods and among its titanic rocks was the lair of the tiger, from which the stealthy brute creeps out at night in quest of native food, and lacks not so much love for the European that he will eschew him as meat. Kites and eagles are sailing about the rocks above us. In the distance, far down the gorge, a railway train was creeping up with what seemed snail-like pace. Its whistle mingled with the eagle's scream; crows, the intimate if not the friend of man hereabouts, were cawing near by; some sheep, all black as crows, were being driven homeward by their shepherd. We sat and drank in the scene till one of us noticed a worn little hole under a rock near our feet; a cobra may have made it his path. We left the beautiful scene. We were amused by a shepherd holding a ewe while he made the lamb of another draw borrowed nourishment. A nanny-goat kicked angrily when finding a kid in sheep's clothing stealing her own darling's supper.

The next morning early we drove to the Karli caves, six miles away. These are quite different from those at Elephanta, and are in much better preservation. In the hard trap-rock a temple 150 feet deep, 30 to 50 wide, and more than half as high, was cut long ages ago. Its roof is arched, and is more like the nave of a Christian church than a Hindoo temple. On either side is a long row of columns, a part of the original rock, with capitals ornamented with images in the fixed stone of the gods and their wives, for each has three, and in front are great elephants carved from the rock. In the hill-sides to the right and left are many cave chambers, the homes of the priesthood of the past. To reach the caves we had to cross afoot over a plain of rough ground, with tufa masses protruding and covered with little pebbles of coarse cornelian, jasper, and agate. It was from spots





like these the stones came which made the inlaid beauties of the tombs and palaces of the moguls. We picked up some quite pretty enough for seal rings.

After tiffin (lunch) we were again speeding toward the south-east through plains, brown generally, but now and then green with wheat-fields. The most of the fields, however, were ripe, and some already harvested. The grain was light, and, with us, would scarcely repay the reaper. Low ridges of bare mountains were always in view, but not enough to take away the general characteristics of plane land. Large flocks of black sheep and goats were constantly in sight, but few flocks could boast a white one. Cattle were abundant. In two hours we reached Poonah, the old capital of the Mahrattas, and still the principal English station of that quarter of the country. It is a fine town, and gave to us a revelation. We had not often enjoyed seeing exquisite female Hindoo beauty. Some ladies were having a picnic in the public garden. Their bourkas, or light shawls, were thrown off, showing their faces in full. I think they fully appreciated our admiration, for they did not cover when we sat on a bench close by to read our guide-book, but rather turned towards us, either to show us their jewels or their faces. It is not often one sees uncovered Hindoo ladies. These were evidently of opulent houses. Never had I seen a purer type of face or more aristocratic features. All were pretty, three very beautiful, and one of a perfection of style which began to make me unhappy. A wonderfully beautiful woman always makes me feel thus. I do not know why. I see a beautiful horse: I do not wish to ride or drive it. I see a splendid house: I do not wish to possess it or live in it. I see sparkling gems: I never wish to wear them. I do sincerely enjoy a prosperous man's happiness. I do not envy a man his beautiful wife. But I cannot realize that any man is good enough to be the possessor of a perfectly beautiful woman. She is something which instinctively I feel should be beyond the reach of any man, and yet she is not; very probably she is not beyond the reach of a very poor stick of a man. She may be beautiful, but is always fool enough to give herself to a miserable piece of masculine clay; whereas she is something to me so perfect that she should be enshrined in her own individuality. I do not want her, but I do not want any one else to have her. Thus I was beginning to feel when looking on this piece of dusky perfection. There was growing about my heartstrings a sort of contraction—a sort of paralysis. One of the little girls of the party ran off a little distance. My beauty called to her. She did not at once obey. The call became an angry screech. Presto! The spell was broken. Thank heaven! There was always something to break such spells. What beautiful things would many women be if they would only be silent! The canary's throat is never given to the bird of paradise. One should generally stuff

one's ears when one looks upon this kind of perfection, and should listen blindfolded to a divine singer.

We lost 200 miles of country passing it at night. Indian railroads always do most of their train-running at night. They thus avoid the burning heat of day. But the night was clear, and till late the moon enabled us to comprehend the country we were traversing. The next morning showed us great stretches of doura fields. As far as the eye could reach this seemed the prevailing winter crop. Hundreds of thousands of acres. The surface of the land was slightly undulating. The doura—a kind of millet—was from four to eight feet high. The fields looked as our prairies of Indian corn would if cut off just above the ears, except there was not quite the stiffness. Imagine thousands of acres of corn with rather small ears stuck where the tassels grow. The heads are too compact to resemble broom corn or sorghum. In fields where the growth was short there was, every three or more rows, a row of saffron or of dahl. The Indian farmer delights to have two kinds of crops growing together. He is so poor that a failure would bring starvation. He plants two things on the same field; if one fails he may save the other. Fields of saffron just being harvested looked like plains of old gold.

At Wadi, and for some miles before, we were in the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad; I thought the evidences of prosperity were greater than in the English governed states. The Nizam is one of the many princes who yet govern one third of India. His dominions comprise 80,000 square miles, with a population of 12,000,000 or 13,000,000. He owns the railroads and runs things as he pleases, provided always he pleases the English government at the same time. The crops in his state were much better than those beyond the lines. The houses were no longer of mud, but of stone—this, however, because it is cheaper. There is a wonderful building stone along the railroad in layers so smooth that it has not to be hammered to make first-class ashler work. The houses, or huts, are built of this laid loose, and often covered with thin flags. We saw many picturesque-looking villages, many walled in, and all with round towers 40 or 50 feet in diameter, and two to three stories in height. These were once necessary when wars among neighboring states were so frequent; now useless, for England surrounds the land and there can be no more such wars.

Before reaching the capital, which is reached by a road at right angles to the main road to Madras, we passed through some wild jungle, a part of it in low forest, where tigers and panthers abound. The country became broken into low granite hills. The soil being disintegrated granite or of syenite, generally gray but occasionally red, about Hyderabad; the granite hills have been worn down through past ages, leaving huge masses 100 feet high, smooth and blackened by time, great heaps of rock piled one upon

another in monster heaps. Huge rocks weighing from 10 to 100 tons were heaped upon each other, often so loosely that they looked as if a child could make them tumble over. Here they looked like castles and embattled walls of loose stone; there they were thrown in wild confusion. Sometimes a stone three or four times as large as a railroad carriage would be poised high up upon a slender base. Some of the hills composed of such stones were 200 or more feet high. When the Creator finished building the world he dropped the debris here. These hills form a cordon about the city, which has a population of 400,000.

We went to the travellers' bungalow, where we could get but one room and one bed, the others being full. Two of us had to sleep upon the hard stone floor. We went at once to the British Resident for a permit to visit the fort at the old ruins of Golconda. He was out of town, so was his deputy. The assistant deputy was not at home. By the way, here, as at Jeypore, the Resident lives in a very palace. I determined to go directly to the Nizam's (king's) palace, and try the strength of my American citizenship. We drove up, with no other guide than our coachman, who spoke a dozen or so words of English. Our very inability to communicate with the guards enabled our cards and Mr. Bayard's letter to get through the palace gates. They did not know how to tell us to go away in English, and we would not understand their assertions in Hindoostanee that we could not get in. We found ourselves before a sort of open portico, the office of some dignitary, inside the outer wall but just outside the inner palace gate. Our cards went in. Presently an elegant official came from the palace gate, surrounded by subalterns and soldiers; as he passed he looked at me inquiringly. I said: "You speak English?" He said he did, and asked us to enter, and after getting through some pressing business turned to me. We got into conversation, and took tea. The result was not only did we get a permit for Golconda, but a captain was ordered to accompany us on horseback to the Char-Mahal, the palace of the "four houses," and to show us through. And, furthermore, we were most cordially invited to be his guests during our stay in Hyderabad. On my hesitating, Mirza Mohammed Afsur Jung said: "You are not comfortable at the bungalow, and I mean it when I say I really wish you to be my guests. It will be as agreeable to me as it will be comfortable to you." The invitation so graciously given was accepted.

Accompanied by Capt. Abdular mounted on a superb Arab, we went to the beautiful palace of the "four houses," and were shown the splendid rooms, the state carriages and stables, with some superb horses. We then drove to old Golconda, six miles off. This was once a great city and the capital of the Deccan. Its name has been the synonym for boundless treasures of gold, and diamonds in countless numbers. It is the land where Arabian

fancy revelled in gorgeous imaginings, and the scene where a part of the "Thousand and One Nights" was laid. It was from the crests of these huge mountains of granite boulders that Sindbad the Sailor looked down into the valley whose floor was a mass of shining diamonds, and from which he was borne away on the wing of the monster roc. The jungle around has been for countless ages the home of monster tigers. Cities have been for thousands of years nestled among these savage scenes, and their monarchs have been possessed of diamonds beyond count. Here the Koh-i-noor was found. The tale of "Sindbad," I suspect, was an allegory, "the Valley of Jewels" meaning a city into which foreigners were not permitted to enter. Sindbad got in, and having acquired some wealth, was spirited away to a distant quarter.

The old fort at Golconda was once an impregnable fortress built upon and on the sides of a hill 400 feet high, the great stones heaped up by nature being the strongest parts of its walls. The sun was blazing down when we climbed it, but the breeze on its top, under the shade of an ancient pleasure-house, was delicious. The scene around was unique. The great hills of mighty loose stones piled about, some crowned by fortresses and palaces, and others desolate and bleak. The dusty plains stretched around, with some dozen or more tanks shining in the noonday sun, and the young rice-fields in the low places below the tanks as green as emeralds; the mosques and minarets of the capital in the distance, and the English cantonment of Secunderabad embowered in trees; the old walls in strong battlements climbing from the plain below to the heights we were sitting upon; and the stately tombs of the kings whose line had been extinct for a couple of centuries, but still kept in good repair, and surrounded with gardens of mango and palms, just outside of the old city walls; and around all the titanic walls of monster rocks piled into low mountains. These made a picture nowhere else seen in India, and nowhere else surpassed in weird and romantic effect.

We got back to the capital in time for tiffin at 2:30. We were just getting through with it, when an elegant drag with outriders, drove up to take us to the residence of a Mirza Mohammed, Ali Beg Badupur, Afsur-Jung, aid to his highness the nizam of Hyderabad. We were received by the nawab with great courtesy in one of the prettiest of drawing-rooms; nothing flashy or tawdry, but every thing in exquisite taste—a mingling of Orientalism and Western elegance. Our rooms were comfortable, with desks covered with bric-a-brac and provided with stationery and some books. Before we had washed, iced whiskey and soda was brought to us, and shortly after we were mounted in a fine drag drawn by four elegant horses driven by the nawab himself, who is a fine whip, along the pretty road which skirts the great tank or artificial lake. Our dinner was finely served with wine and several delicious Persian dishes, the nawab and a couple of his friends in-

vited to dine with us not taking wine, for we were in a Moham-medan city, and our host was a follower of Islam. The people of this kingdom speak four native languages, but the language of the court is Persian and Persian style is the form. The Persian sweetmeats served at this and successive meals were simply perfect.

The next day we had several nawabs (noblemen) to breakfast with us, all polished gentlemen. One had been of the suite sent to the queen's jubilee last year. At four in the afternoon we were driven to the palace and presented to the nizam's private secretary, Col. Marshall. Queer, is it not, that the confidential secretary of this independent prince should belong to the English army? We would probably have been presented to the Nizam himself but for the fact that he had just lost one of his children and is "*in senana*"—*i. e.*, locked up in the women's quarter for a moon. This is a part of the religious custom of Islamism.

Then we were mounted upon a huge elephant and ridden through the city. From the vantage-ground of his lofty back we had a splendid panorama of the great crowds of people of several nationalities on the streets and in their many brilliant costumes. Our huge beast picked his way quietly among the pedestrians, now and then blowing a loud whistle—for what reason I could not divine, unless it was simply because he could. There were two wedding processions on the streets we traversed—one of a nawab, with at least 100 mounted soldiers. I was much surprised that the horses of some of these took fright at our leviathan, and cavorted at a fearful rate. His elephantship paid no attention whatever to them and never for a moment paused although the horses were tumbling about the narrow street. The city is a pretty one and has many fine residences and quite nice-looking private houses. From our elevated position we could look into their second stories. Within there was nothing that looked inviting and the window-sills were dirty and squalid. After being shown the private armory of the nizam—his splendid collection of tiger, elephant, and small-game guns,—we parted with our charming host. He was on duty for the night. He sent a gentleman home with us to entertain us at dinner and to see us off that evening.

Afsur Jung, our host, is said to be the most powerful noble of the land. He is the favorite friend of the nizam and his companion in his sports and in his hunts. He is the real commander of the army, though nominally only at the head of the regiment of the body-guard; is said to be a fine shot—his parlor floor is covered with the tiger-skins of his own shooting. One of his exploits in that line is much spoken of as being an act of wonderful daring. He is a fine horseman, skilled polo-player, and speaks several languages fluently, and withal is a man of courtly manners. It was a singular thing to go about his beautiful house, furnished with such pure taste, and to see such evidences of a

high refinement, then to dine at his table both when he was there and when he was away, knowing that his wife—he has but one—was separated from us only by a wall, and not only never seeing her, but even learning that she probably has been into the front part of the residence but a few times. Her taste had nothing to do with its embellishment, but his alone, and she never enjoys its pleasures. Afsur Jung has about him a retinue of servants, not one of whom has ever seen his wife's unveiled face. He is himself very liberal and I doubt not would be glad to be freed from such restraints, but they are a part of his religion as well as a part of the customs of his country. When we parted I think he really regretted our leaving so soon. He invited us to come back in the tiger-shooting season, when he would give us the best guns and the best elephants in the dominions.

From Hyderabad more than half of the journey onward we made by daylight. The same characteristics were seen which belonged to the country traversed in reaching Wadi, except that there was a large growth of cotton. The plant was very low, frequently not reaching six inches. The farm people became yet blacker, the majority being almost as dark as negroes. They are a much finer race than those of either Bengal or the neighborhood of Bombay. Their features are finely cut, delicate and oftentimes very handsome. Many are quite tall and better proportioned in the lower limbs than in northern India. Many a man nearly as black as a crow is seen whose features would compare favorably with the best-visaged European, and women are often very pretty. If our beauties could only see their feet they would envy them. When shoes were introduced one of the handsomest parts of the human frame became deformed. The nizam's people are entirely wanting in the servile demeanor of the Bengalese. We crossed several rivers broad and capable of carrying vast streams, but now only with small ones coursing along their rocky beds. All the streams south of Bombay rise in the Ghauts close to the west coast and flow eastward into the Bay of Bengal. The granite hills seen about Hyderabad extend far south and cross the railroad at greater altitudes. They make the trip decidedly picturesque. A hundred and odd miles from Madras we passed through fine bare mountain scenery, and saw some old fortified cities and fortresses perched high upon lofty hills, as bold and picturesque as any thing on the Rhine or Danube.

Arriving at Madras we found every hotel filled. We even tried several whose filthy appearance repelled us—dirty dens kept by Portuguese who are ignorant of the fact that cleanliness is next to godliness. A native had fastened himself upon us at the station, determined to be our guide and servant. When we were about to return to the station to go off on the next train, he said he thought he could get us a room at the "Bidden Home" on the beach. This turned out to be a charitable home

for seamen, now rarely used since the commerce by sea of the place has so fallen off. Few sailing vessels touch here. The harbor is open, and permits no sail craft to lie safely before the city, and the steamers stay so short a time that a sailors' home is hardly needed. Thinking our stay under the circumstances would be very short, we at once ordered a carriage and drove about the city. We found it as hot as we had been told it would be. Its public buildings are quite fine, and Fort George is a grand military establishment. The esplanade and military grounds for drilling are large, with handsome shaded drives crossing them in different directions. An outer harbor now being erected may, when finished, bring back to Madras some of her lost commerce.

Hot and dusty we returned to our refuge, and, to our delight, found we had won victory from defeat. A delightful breeze, a sort of undertow, was coming in from the sea, so invigorating that we determined to stop here for a rest, instead of going to the Nilgherri hills, where we had expected to spend two or three days. Muni Sami, the butler of the establishment, gets us delightful meals, and is making our stay really charming. I asked him if he were a Christian. There are a great many native Christians in this locality. He said no; "that Christians got drunk too much; that it was the best religion to die in, but it was better to be a heathen until one got old; he intended turning Christian before he died." I am sorry to say that our limited experience, so far, corroborates this statement. At Lahore and Jeypore we had native Christians for guides, and both took more stimulants than was healthy. The fellow who attached himself to us here was not able to bear prosperity. Our pay overcame him, and yesterday I discharged him for being drunk. We have now been here three days, and find the early mornings and cool afternoons profitably employed driving through the large city, which has a population of 350,000. But it is only at the Bidden Home that we find the freshness of the undertow sea-breeze, I suppose, because of its immediate proximity to the surf, which breaks not 100 feet from my bedroom. We spend all the heat of the day lying in easy chairs in our colonnaded second story, drinking in enjoyment and sea air. We have been much on the sea during the past seven months, but we were then the sport of the waves. Here we have sea-baths, and watch the snowy surf without any of the discomforts of too great intimacy with the monster ocean. We would like to enjoy the glorious surf, but dare not, for ground-sharks abound here, and are fond of Europeans. Two English soldiers went into the surf not long since; they were attacked, and although assistance was close at hand, yet the poor fellows were never seen again. The deeply-dyed sea told how sharp were the fishes' teeth. I shall always remember the Bidden Home with pleasure, and bless its charitable founder. We arrived on the 22d. We spent the afternoon watching the surf

breaking almost under our feet. Natives were fishing a little way out on tiny catamarans, which are simply a couple of sticks of timber from 15 to 30 feet long, turned up at one end like sled-runners, and lashed together with thongs. It furnishes a keel two or three feet wide; on this a couple of fishermen will boldly enter the surf which no other boat would attempt. Standing erect upon the tiny craft, with a light paddle, they will ride over or through a crest which looks as if it would surely swallow them up. They pass over it like a duck or through it as a fish, their black bodies shining in the sun and resembling animate polished ebony. The breeze was not fresh enough to raise any white caps, but a fine ground-swell was coming in from two to five or six feet high. In solemn order the waves would round up and break below us, making now a gentle murmur and then a deep-toned thud. After a loud crash the æolia of the sea would roll away, dying in a wail or sinking into a sigh; now in the wild shriek of a madman, and then in a murmur as soft as a mother's blessing.

Washington's birthday I watched the waves marching in order one after the other, the free soldiers of the sea, and thought of the day and of the man of whose birth it was the anniversary. He was born and lived that a mighty people might be free. I was now in a land whose civilization dates from thousands of years ago, and yet there is no tradition that freedom here for one day even has ever had a home. There is no tradition that any man living among the countless millions of this land ever knew what freedom was. There has always been the master and the minion. The master might be one man, or he might be many, but the mighty mass has been a mass of willing slaves. There have been fierce wars to free one nation from another nation, or a prince from another prince, but not a single struggle to free man. Washington's name is a very synonym for freedom. Will the people whom he fought for always be firm to the principles he taught, or will madness of party some day cause them to forget his lessons, and make them bow to a people's idol, and all too readily permit his foot to rest upon their necks? Such seems ever to have been the tendency of human movements, and sooner or later America will do as other peoples have done before. No statesmanship can ward off the action of human law. Among the countless billions who have lived there has been but one Washington. He alone of all could resist that sweetest of all incense, the breath of real admiration, and could forego that sweetest of all morsels, power, freely granted by a free people. Kings have stepped down from thrones, but their thrones were not built upon freemen's hearts. Countless ages may pass before another Washington shall be born. The American statesman should study to retard as long as possible the coming of the day when a Washington shall again be necessary to freedom.

Reclining upon an easy chair in the mid-afternoon beneath the corridor of the "Home" I watched the waves coming in from the east, and thought of my own native land and of the dear ones on the other side of the world. The waxing moon was climbing half-way up to the zenith, a dim, silvery spectre upon the hot, blue sky. It had been shining upon my own land, but a few short short hours before, perhaps had lighted up the faces of some of those who were so dear to me. As I looked, I almost fancied I could see them photographed upon its pale silvered plate.

There, in my west-side snow-mantled home in Chicago were my children—my laughing little girl—a father's heart went out to enfold them. There were my good neighbors and true friends from all over the city. One by one they walked across the polished plate, and bent upon me a kindly look. Friends of every nationality, Teuton and Hibernian, Frenchman and Norseman, Bohemian and Dane, Italian and Swede, Christian and Jew, rich and poor. Ah! How I wished I could bid yon pale moon bear to them my own picture, looking, as I felt, brimful of good-will, and running over with kindly fellowship. To one and all I drink in a cup as full as yon sea—a cup brimming over with affection.

CHAPTER XXV.

TUTICORIN—PONDICHERRY—TANJORE—TRICHINOPOLY AND MADURA—HINDOO TEMPLES—A CHARMING RIDE—
NATIVES AND THEIR DRESS.

Tuticorin, March 1, 1888.

I COMMENCE this letter on the second story of Jack's Hotel at half-past one o'clock. Our ship lies five miles off, just in view. The place has no harbor, and the water near the shore is so shoal that vessels of any considerable size do not approach nearer to the town. Before night we must go off on a launch and quit India forever. I leave it with regret, and at the same time with a feeling of relief, for our travel over its vast distances has been one of labor and fatigue as well as of pleasure. We entered it at the mouth of the Hooghly two months ago. We went 400 miles due north of Calcutta to Darjeeling and back; then in a northwesterly direction, through many cities and districts, 1,600 miles, to the boundary of Afghanistan; thence southerly, through the heart of northern India, over 1,600 miles, to Bombay; then across the Deccan, via Madras, to this point, 1,180 miles. Besides, we travelled on branch roads about 150 miles—in all nearly 5,000 miles, and are somewhat fatigued. We have travelled faithfully, observing and noting every thing as well and as intelligently as could be done in a land of many languages, and all of them unknown to us, and have consciences quite at rest.

Just now I am feeling so good-natured that, like Uncle Toby, I could hardly kill a fly, for, in addition to ease of conscience, we have that further inducement to kindness—the fact that we have just disposed of a delicious breakfast of fried prawns, juicy teal, fresh eggs, and shrimp-curry, washed down with a good whiskey soda and followed by fragrant tea. A balmy sea breeze fans the cheek, and I now and then look out at cheerful coolies with shining backs, carrying jagghery, the coarse sugar made from the palm, to the lighters for cargoes for the ships out on the roadstead.

Formerly they made their living diving for pearls, for which this place was famous. Many an angel's tear has been congealed in the oyster's home near yonder small islands to deck woman's beauty and to add to the state of lordly rulers. Many a fair bride has stood before the altar in far western lands with pearls upon her brow and neck, won from the briny deep by the fore-

fathers of yonder poor men and women, who are now bearing huge burdens upon their heads, sweating in the blazing sun for a daily wage which an American laborer would not hesitate to pay for a single cigar; and yet they are cheerful and bright and are quite as contented in their ignorance and poverty as are our own favored, well-paid, and educated working people. After all, was it not a mistake of the poet when he wrote, "If ignorance be bliss," or was the little "if" really meant for a synonym of "since?" The philosopher has not yet discovered the secret of how to make men happy. Preachers may preach, poets may sing, and the learned may philosophize, but Robby was right when he said that "man was made to mourn."

It was quaint Lawrence Sterne, I think, who said "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'T is all barren.'" Our last trip in India more than ever convinced me he was right, so many having said that southern India was barren of interest. The thistle on the arid plain bears a flower of exquisite beauty; the edelweiss blooms in the edge of eternal snows; the desert has sands of crystal clearness. There is no country which does not repay an observant traveller. "There are sermons in stones and good in all things." Southern India is full of beauty and running over in things of interest. Take Agra and Delhi out, and northern and central India fall below the southern in that which is really charming to travellers from all temperate zones. One should give a full share of time to that part south of a line drawn from Bombay to Calcutta. Yet this part is scarcely touched by tourists, and when touched at all is done as hurriedly as if disease and discomfort were everywhere to be found.

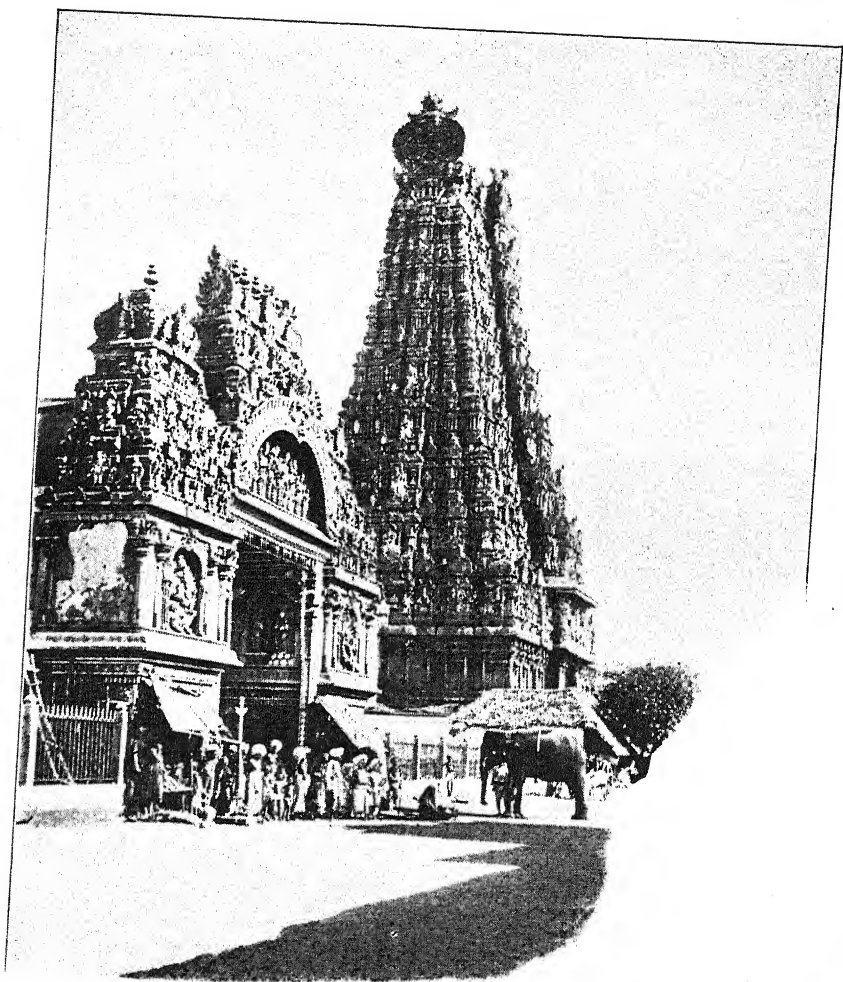
It was not until we left Madras behind us that we really saw the India of dreams—a land with tropical vegetation in profusion and Hindoo temples in grandeur. It was in this section that the Dutch, Portuguese, and English first saw the country, and gave the pictures of India, both of brush and pen, which were seen by us in school-books, and gave those ideas of the whole land which only a visit to it can eradicate. Few people in America can realize that the great bulk of this country is a brown, dry, and apparently half-desert land during fully three fourths of the year, that only during the wet season does it wear a livery of green. Trees and shrubs are, it is true, green at all times, but the grass is brown and dry during fully nine months of the year. Shortly after leaving Madras we entered a region abounding in plantations of palms and rice, which made green the dominant color of the landscape.

We were for 200 and odd miles between the sea and the eastern Ghauts and within the influence of ocean atmosphere.

Here the cocoa-nut and other palms have their true homes, and give the landscape that tropical appearance which has so wonderful a charm. Here villages of natives are hidden in the shade of

stately trees, and the broad spreading banyan is rarely out of sight, many of them fit to stand for specimen pictures. At Madura is one that may be called perfect. I stepped it around carefully and found an almost true circle of 660 feet, or 220 feet diameter. This tree from every point of view presented the appearance of a flattened dome, with regular and even branches and regularly distributed aërial roots. There are several varieties of trees which send down such roots, and have all the appearance of the true banyan, and all being of the ficus or fig family. Small fibrous rootlets drop from a branch and grow downward through the air like long moss. If not disturbed, they ultimately reach the earth and at once take hold. The sap then runs up in them and they commence to support the parent tree. If a rootlet reaches a lower limb or the body of the tree before it does the earth, it not unfrequently attaches itself and takes hold like a parasite, and grows into the limb or trunk as if it had been an original part of it. The sap then passes from the roots of the tree indiscriminately through the main body and through this new attachment. Not unfrequently these aërial attachments become as large as the main body, and when they grow large or so thickly together as to touch laterally the main trunk, the whole will cohere and become a solid mass. This is particularly observed in the sacred banyan. We saw one specimen where a mass of aërial rootlets from branches close to the main trunk had met and matted together some eight or nine feet from the ground, then, becoming attached to the main body, had so grown into and become a part of it that the tree was fully ten times as large above the point of union as it was below. Oftentimes these trees are very grotesque in appearance, and when of any considerable size have interested us very much.

In northern and central India the principal railroad trains run at night, so as to give the foreign population the cool air instead of hot day to travel in; but in the south, the best trains being supported mainly by natives, are by day. We so timed our trip that we did the whole by daylight. Our first stop was at Pondicherry, the little French possession. I wanted to be for a few hours under some other flag than that of Britain, and besides, here a great deal of genuine French heroism was shown in the fights with England—acts of gallantry which should cause every Frenchman to feel proud of his flag. The district has only a little over 100 square miles of territory, and a population of less than 140,000, but supports the dignity of the French republic in a respectable manner. The town has 30,000 people, 700 of them being white, and is decidedly pretty. There are no pretensions to grandeur, but the streets are wide and beautifully shaded, the trees running east and west being palms, on the cross streets of other woods. Every thing looks clean, and wears an air of quiet, old, respectable dignity. We regretted our stay was too limited



GOPURAS OF HINDOO TEMPLE, MADURA,

to permit us to pay our respects to the Governor, but at dinner we drank good French wine to the toast of "Vive la Republique." We saw the daily parade of the 200 native zouaves in pretty uniforms. They showed good drilling, and were a handsome body of men.

A hundred and odd miles brought us to Tanjore, through the most densely populated part of India, and the most productive. The land is low and flat, thoroughly watered, and growing an enormous amount of rice and cocoa-nuts. Rice was in every stage, from emerald green, just covering the paddy fields with young shoots, to the yellow ripe. Troops of men and women were in the water-soaked patches putting down the fresh plants, and troops were bearing great loads on their heads to the threshing-grounds. These threshing plats are artificially raised, and apparently each village owns one in common. I was informed that three crops a year are grown in the district. At Tanjore we saw our first grand Hindoo temple, and afterwards others at Trichinopoly and Madura.

These temples are rather great walled forts, with temple attachments, than mere religious edifices, and during many wars, and particularly those of the French and English, were occupied and defended as forts. That at Tanjore is of the highest order architecturally. The two at Trichinopoly are the largest, and the one at Madura is in the best condition. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all over India visit them every year, and during the April festivals in such masses that disastrous accidents are not unusual, now and then causing hundreds to be crushed by the excited multitudes. They are dedicated to Vishnu or Shiva.

The largest is almost a half mile square, and consists of seven different concentric enclosures, each surrounded by lofty, solid masonry walls, 20 to 30 feet high and four feet thick, the one enclosure being each within the next outer one, and each separated from the next by several hundred feet of space, with a street lined with houses. In the centre of each wall, and facing the four cardinal points of the compass, are massive tapering buildings, from five to eight stories in height. They are 50 to 100 and over, feet high, with the entire exteriors a mass of figures representing the various incarnations of the God and his attendants. The loftiest is about 150 feet in height. These buildings (Gopuras), 28 in all, are the gateways leading through the several enclosures to the centre of the whole. Between the first and second there is a large population regardless of caste. Between each of the other walls the population is regulated as to caste until the fifth is reached. In this only Brahmins can live. In the sixth there are certain offices and temple adjuncts which only Brahmins can enter. In the central, or seventh inclosure, are the sacred precincts of the God; and into it only the priesthood can

enter, and they only for the performance of certain sacred rites. It answers to the "Holy of Holies" of Solomon's temple. It is said that the Prince of Wales intimated a desire to view within this sacred inclosure. He was earnestly asked by the priests not to press the request, as it would cost at least 10,000 rupees to purify it if it should become contaminated by his presence. This whole thing is called a temple, and is filled by temple buildings and houses occupied by people more or less connected with the temple service or employed on their estates outside. It would require weeks and months to study them in detail, and would repay only those who wish to study the mysteries of Hindoo religion. There are several other places in southern India where such temples exist. At the old palace at Tanjore reside several of the begums (widows) of the last rajah, who died some 50 years ago. They did not ascend the burning pyre, and have lived here in seclusion and are gradually dying out and relieving England of the expense of supporting them. Thirty miles of run brought us to Trichinopoly, a large town, now famous for its cigar manufactories. I purchased from a manufacturer 500 well-made weeds, of "Henry Clay" size, for eight rupees—less than two thirds of a cent apiece. They were really good, but rather low-flavored cigars.

Before reaching Trichinopoly we entered into the extension of the granite or Sienite mountains, which run north into the Deccan and furnish the peculiar mountain scenery about Hyderabad. They had been a rugged background for the landscape for many miles, and relieved it of its monotony. Here they are hardly mountains, but have become high, loose, rocky hills, or monster "rocks" protruding from the plains, frequently several hundred feet high, often smooth and rounded like vast domes, or jagged and broken into most grotesque shapes. The Rock of Trichinopoly, crowned by a temple, and once walled in by a fort, is several hundred feet high, its sides smooth and precipitous, and climbed only by steps cut into the solid face. It is not unlike a mighty elephant with its legs extended forward and back, in the position the beast takes when he comes down to permit one to mount his back. By the way, one of these animals attached to the temple at the foot of the "Rock" met us as we came down. He had climbed up 100 steps to make his salaam (bow) to us and to beg for backshish. It was a queer sight when the awkward-looking monster descended again to his stabling below. He went down, however, nearly as easily as we did, and at the foot wheeled around with a twinkle in his eye, and stretched out his snout in a way which plainly said: "Now Mr. Yankee, don't you think I deserve more than you gave me above?" I threw him a copper coin. He blew a loud whistle and put his foot upon it in contempt. He then pointed to a rupee which his wily mahout had laid on the flagging as a hint to us. I told him "Beggars should not be choosers," and threw him

a small silver coin. Our guide translated what I said. For a moment he paid no attention to the tiny silver, but, seeing he would get no more, picked it up and gave it to his mahout, and even condescended to take the copper. I then gave his proboscis a rub and put on it another coin. He got down on his knees to give us a profound good-by. At each of the temples we have visited in these localities there are several elephants, which performed for us and got their rewards. They are more or less sacred.

The view from the "Rock" at sunrise, and for an hour or two after, was superb. The great plain, with its rice-fields, the forest of palms, the different rocky points scattered over the plain, the river stretching like a great serpent of sand, for its bed was nearly dry, and the city below and around us made a picture as charming as it was unique.

The ride of 98 miles to Madura was delightful. Although we started at noon, and the sun was blazing hot, the motion of the train gave us a pleasant breeze. We had several green cocoa-nuts, freshly plucked in the cool morning, and partly cut so that we could open them with our pen-knives. The water (not yet milk) is a delicious drink, and has been freely taken by us ever since we reached Siam. The scenery was of paddy fields, green and variegated; dense thickets and jungles of cactus and prickly pear, purple in bud and golden in flower; small trees and bushes covered with a mass of vines, deliciously green, and many glorious in bloom; about the hamlets and wells were great bushes and clumps of oleander, of several tints, purple, pink, and delicate rose mottled with white, and all a mass of the loveliest of flowers; great artificial tanks as large as lakes, where the water of the rainy season, now past a couple of months, is stored for the dry season coming; a fine range of mountains in front of us, lifting from 2,000 feet nearest us to 5,000 or more feet over, and beyond piled in artistic confusion of range and peak, and all covered with forests, not dense, but sufficiently so to make, what is so rare in India at this season, verdure-covered mountain heights, slopes and gorges. We entered this range by a handsome valley on a considerable grade. Mountains were on each side clothed in forest, the umbrella-tree predominating, with a crown of branches shaped like a flat-spreading parasol. All was so green, and the fields were so thrifty, that one could almost imagine himself in Japan, were it not for the large troop of goats and sheep, the latter of a brown color, almost red.

I have noticed that the sheep, and even some of the birds, take to some extent the hue of the soil or rocks over which they range. In the Deccan, where the volcanic tufa and trap rocks covering the plains are black, the sheep are black, and the kites are gray, like the crags in which they nest. Here the soil is red and the granite hills reddish; the sheep and the kites are of a reddish-

brown. We saw from the rail a remarkable sunset effect. To the westward was a very broken range of mountains, rising in cones and peaks piled in confused heaps. The atmosphere seemed charged with a sort of mist, the rays of the sun lightening it up into a luminous medium. The light seemed to come from below and out of this, instead of from above. The mountains appeared to be floating in a fluid all glowing with light. Here and there a high peak cast a shadow, making great lines of sunlight, so distinct and marked, that they seemed transparent masses of gold-tinted crystal stretching through the air. Immediately under the declining sun the mountain masses were so bright and glowing that we seemed to be looking upon the interior of a furnace. The whole effect, I think, arose from the mountain atmosphere being filled with dust—a sort of dust-mist. It lasted for a quarter of an hour, and was so beautiful that it brought to me a feeling almost of pain, perhaps akin to the sensations of a refined blind person when listening to delicious music. We spent an entire day at Madura, in its fine temple and driving among the cocoa-nut and the palm groves about it, and along roads bordered with grotesque old banyans.

The roads in southern, as in every part of India, are superb (England has built such vast lines of splendid roads out here that one of us could not resist the temptation of calling her the "Colossus of Roads"), and are always shaded by fine trees; in the south with palms, tamarinds, banyans, or mangoes, all of good size and with lustrous foliage. In the south the railroads are fenced in with hedges of aloes (century plants), noble plants from four to eight feet high, and now with great flower-spikes 15 to 30 feet tall and as large at the base as a man's thigh. This plant is used in Bengal for hedges as well as here, but there they do not grow as large or as beautifully regular as in this quarter. The fibre of the tall flower-stalk is being largely used in the manufacture of cordage, not only for domestic purposes but also for ships. It is far more pliant and flexible than that made from hemp, or of what we call sea-grass. For lines on a ship it can be handled when new, while the other is stiff until after being used for some time. Large quantities of this fibre is shipped to Tuticorin. I think it is a rather newly discovered industry.

The run from Madura here, above 100 miles, did not afford as green and fine scenery as that immediately beyond, but was not wanting in these conditions. Lofty mountains were always in sight to the west. A large area is planted in millet or doura of the small variety, about as high as wheat, and with heads but little larger. I cannot give a better idea of the cheapness of labor here than by stating that this grain is to a large extent harvested by cutting off the heads by hand, leaving the straw to be afterward cut for fodder, or to be fed down on the ground. There are vast numbers of cattle, goats, and many sheep, which are fed

almost entirely on this straw, stacks and ricks being seen in every direction. There is also in this section a great breadth of country planted in cotton, here tall, vigorous plants, and beautifully green, flecked with white bolls.

Thousands of cotton-pickers were in the fields, the women, with their bright scarlet skirts and scarfs, making the green fields look as if ornamented with huge red flowers. The dress of the women is a cloth wrapped around the waist and falling nearly to the ankles, and then a scarf thrown over the left shoulder and caught below the waist under the right arm, leaving the right shoulder, arm, and part of the back free and uncovered. When at work the skirt is caught up between the legs and fastened at the waist, making a sort of loose, flowing hippen. The laboring men and boys are nearly nude, with a short cloth around their hips, and often with only a small clout not much larger than a fig-leaf, a fig-leaf, too, of very dwarfed size. We have become so accustomed to nearly naked people that we have grown to almost admire it, and to consider the least dress the best dress. I have grown quite used to that sort of thing, and quote Thomson *con amore*:

" Oh, fair undress, best dress ! It checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.

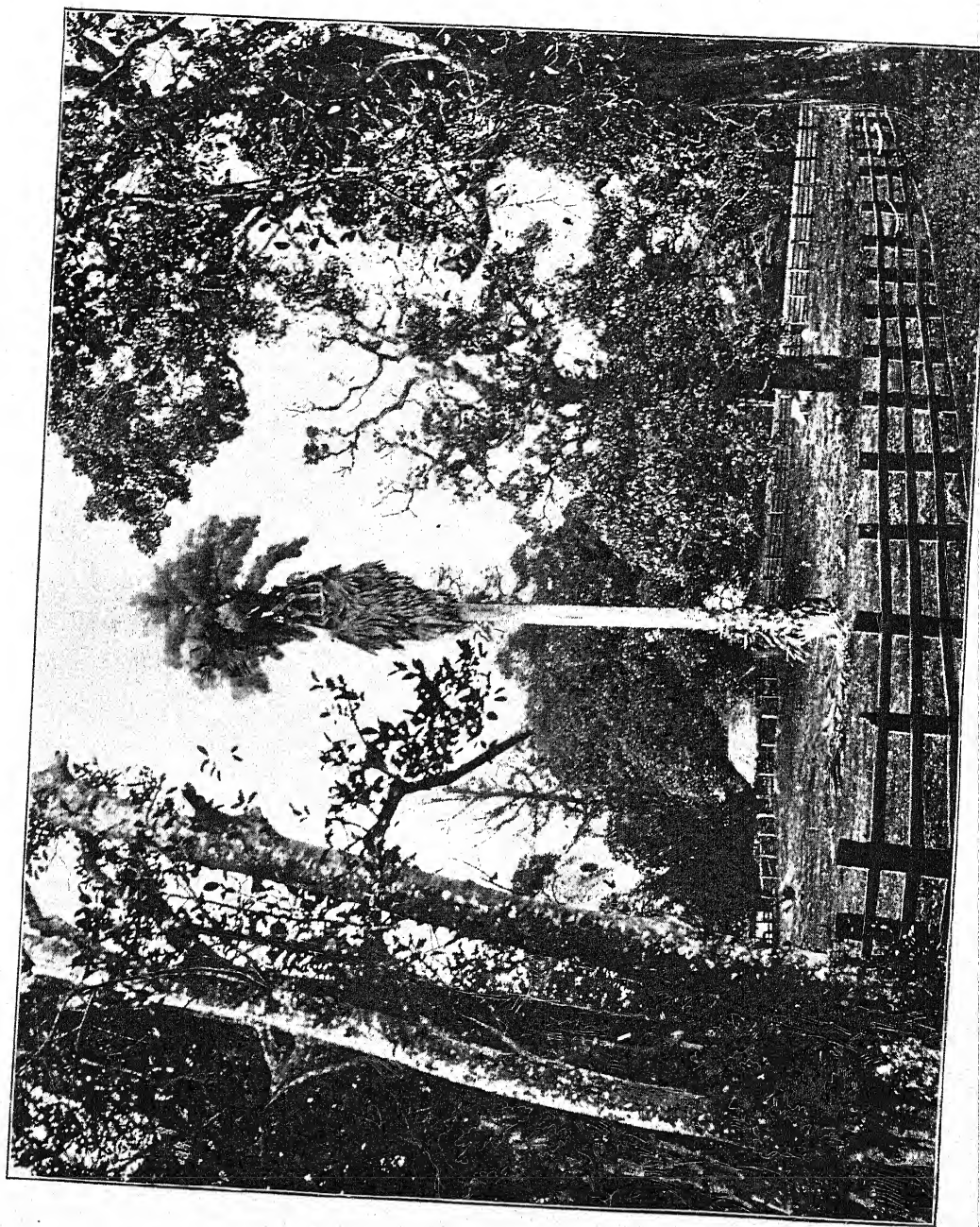
Frequently as we passed near a lot of cotton-pickers the younger ones would salute the passing cars. I noticed that my two boys invariably took the salutations of the girls as being made expressly for themselves. An oldish man relearns much forgotten human nature by travelling with boys.

I must not forget to tell how water is generally drawn from wells and deep tanks for irrigation in southern India. It is done with the use of the old-fashioned sweep, identified among us with "the old oaken bucket" of the song. Instead of lifting the bucket with the hand, aided by the sweep, one, two, and often four and five men walk the lofty sweep out towards the large end, when the huge skin bucket is filled, and by their weight lifting it from the well or tank; the walkers above pace towards the centre or pivot until the bucket again descends into the well, much the same as the "trick horse" plays "see-saw" or "teeter" in the circus. The pole being small and very steep, when the bucket is lifted causes the men above to look like shining, naked, black, tight-rope walkers. The natives are very dark, and many of them quite as black as negroes, but with symmetrical forms, delicate, finely-chiseled features, beautiful feet and hands, ivory teeth, unless stained, as is generally the case, with beetel-nut; soft, pretty eyes, and glossy black, silken hair. Many of the men and boys are very handsome. The young women and girls are nearly all pretty, and many really beautiful. My boys were constantly

calling out: "Look! there 's a beauty!" The men, when dressed, generally wear white garments; the women nearly always gay and bright colors.

The universal habit of carrying heavy loads on their head and wearing the arms bare, untrammelled, and swinging, gives the women beautiful, free gaits. When will our women cease the wretched habit of carrying the arms folded like the wings of a trussed turkey? It is one of the abominations following the ugly, ungainly, and health-destroying French fashions and costumes. No woman wearing such costume can possibly have an artistically easy motion. The vaunted swan-like swimming motion of some of the queens of society is pretty simply because conventionalism has made it so. It is not the motion given our grandmother Eve when her Creator sent her tripping over Eden's hillsides and leaping babbling brooks to gather rose leaves and sweet violets to make soft her bridal bed. Her arms swung free, no stays bound her willowy form, no high-heeled French boots made corns on her rosy little toes; "grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye." She did not swim, but bounded so lightly that the dew-drops were hardly brushed away by her feet.

I commenced this at Tuticorin, whence we sailed last night. I end it near noon as we approach Colombo, having finished India proper which we entered the 2nd of January, two months ago to-day.



CHAPTER XXVI.

CEYLON—THE COCOA PALM THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND—TEA, COFFEE,
AND CINCHONAS—CHARMING MOUNTAIN RETREAT—ENGLISH
RULE IN INDIA—STRICTURES ON THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAN-
NERS.

Colombo, March 13, 1888.

CEYLON is generally visited by tourists before they enter India, and on their way thither. It gives them their first view of rich tropical verdure, and following either Egypt or China wears by comparison a most gorgeous mantle. It was from the writings of such that we had built our expectations. While I can hardly say we are disappointed, we are not carried off our feet as others seem to have been. I think our course the preferable. We left the best for the last, and up to it we were constantly growing. We had not the wonderful wealth of green of the Cinnamon Islands constantly on memory's chart to make other places, by comparison, seem sterile. We were not overwhelmed by its glories, yet have those glories to linger with us as the last *mise en scene* of our Oriental travels.

The island has an area of 24,000 miles, and is pear-shaped. Its northern or stem end, bending toward India, is almost connected thereto by a chain of rocky land called "Adam's Bridge." Through the length of the island stretches a range of mountains, apparently a prolongation of the granite and syenite ranges which come down on either shore of the great peninsula. In Ceylon the chain so widens out in the bulge of the pear as to form a great mass of irregular piles thrown together in wild confusion, and reaching its highest altitude of 8,200 feet in very nearly the centre of this bulge, or from 60 to 70 miles from the sea, east, south, and west; along the whole coast stretches a low plain, varying from two or three to ten or fifteen miles in width. This low land about the northern neck of the island is largely planted in Palmyra palms. For 120 miles along the western and southwestern shore it is a fringe from one to seven miles deep of cocoa-nut trees. These two kinds of trees support the bulk of the native population. They furnish the material from which they build and roof their huts. The sap gives them their sugar and their intoxicants. The green nut is their milk, and the ripe nut much of their solid food. From the bark and leaves they make sheds, fans, and matting; from the fibre, sails, cordage, fishing nets, etc. The

young leaves are their salads. The ripe fruit gives them oil for their lamps, for their hair, and for cooking purposes. They wear for clothing the net woven by nature about the footstalks of the leaves; plait hats and sunshades and baskets from the fronds, and drink from the cup; sail in boats constructed of the hard, old wood, and when sick make medicine from the flowers. The uses of the palm are said to run into several hundred, and are the theme of native poems.

The interest, however, to me in these trees was not so much in what or how many forms they are helpers of man, as in the long aisles, with the thousand slender columns, the deep shade, and the cool retreats they afforded from the burning rays of the tropical sun. There is a wonderful charm in looking down the long vistas of stately palms, through whose widespreading fronds the sun can scarcely penetrate, and see hut after hut scattered about in artistic confusion, with women sitting about the doors spinning or plaiting, children romping, cocks crowing and strutting, and squirrels chasing each other. It is so tropical, so calm and home-like, and yet so strange and weird.

The mountain scenery of Ceylon is very beautiful. The peaks are broken and jagged; the slopes and gorges green and wooded. The valleys are very tortuous, forcing the roads to mount the heights by many windings and curves, through tunnels and over frightful precipices. The entire island is covered with a network of gravelled roads, laid out with great skill and built with care. The entire length of the island is only 267 miles, by 140 in its greatest breadth. Yet there are something like 2,000 miles of well-engineered roads, about 1,500 miles being metalled or graded. These roads permeate every part of the island, and have brought each and every part within easy access of every other. There are two main railroads finished. One of 128 miles takes one from Colombo, where the coolest nights rarely carry the thermometer below 72 degrees, up to Nuwara Eliya, where, from December to the middle of March, there is frost during clear nights. This is a beautiful ride through scenery rarely surpassed on any railroad. Now up steep grades, overlooking valleys terraced for rice and lying 1,000 or more feet almost under you; then under frowning peaks lifting their rocky crags 1,000, 2,000, and 3,000 feet almost vertically over your head; now along the steep sides of a mountain, bending in and out of its gorges, and darting through tunnels, with tea or coffee plantations making the steep slopes far below you or opposite on the other side of the valley, shine in brilliant, glossy green. It is a sad sight, however, now and then, to see noble coffee estates of hundreds of acres entirely abandoned because of the blight which threatened a few years ago to drive this culture from the island, and nearly ruined the planters. The coffee is a beautiful plant, growing three to five feet high—the first when pruned so as to spread

out like an umbrella, the latter when the suckers are permitted to lift up. There were formerly nearly 200,000 acres in coffee, but now about 100,000, and much of this is being rapidly replaced by tea, which has been planted between the rows. These are cut away when the tea plant, at two or three years old, is fit for plucking.

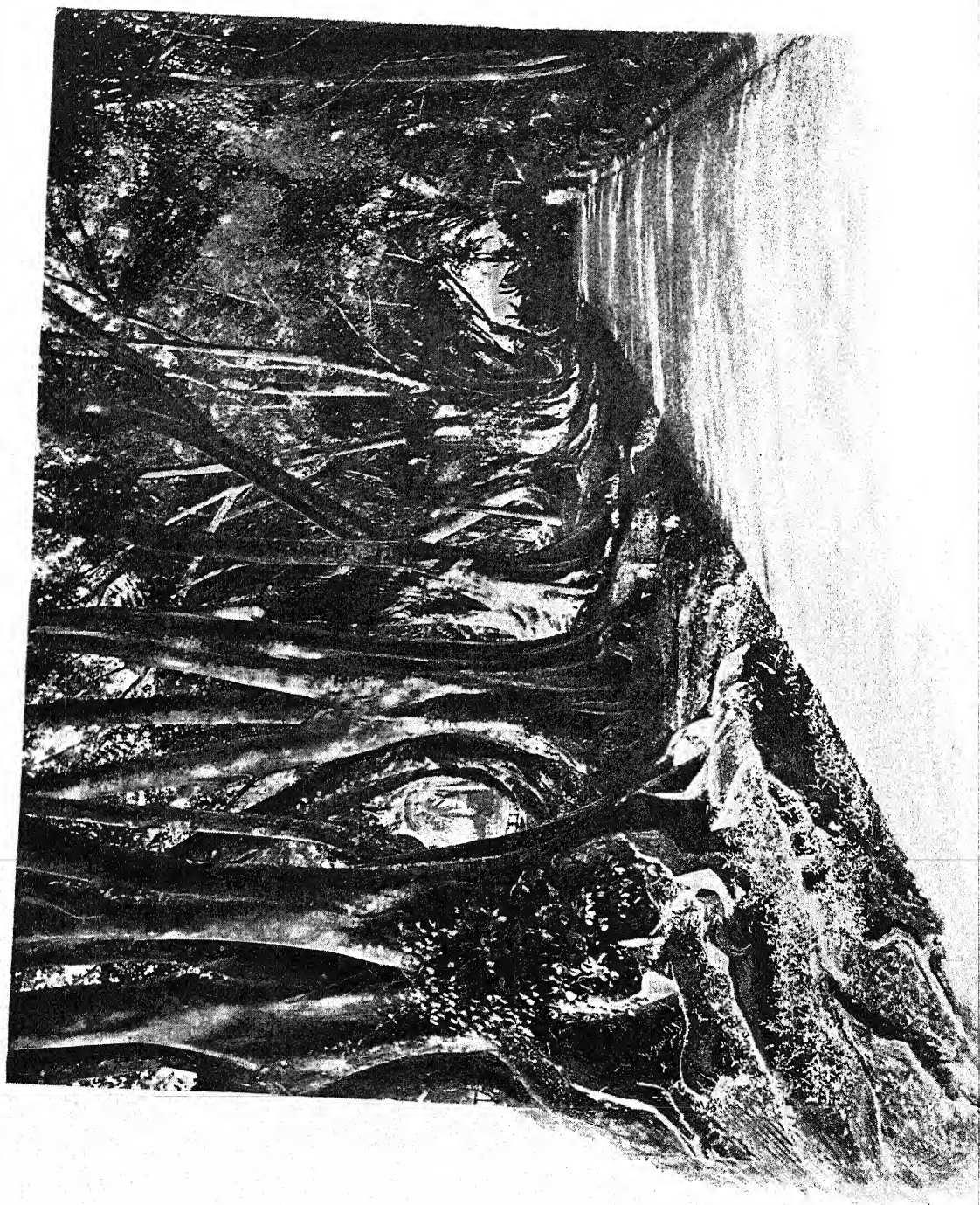
I conversed with very intelligent planters, who believed the day for coffee-culture was not past, and that proper manuring would enable the plant to outgrow the effects of the parasite, and would still make the product sufficiently remunerative to repay the extra care. There are in the island 150,000 acres in tea. Most of this is yet young, and the plants do not make the pretty fields which one sees so green and shapely in Japan. Here tea is plucked continuously. In China and Japan only twice a year. The Japs grow and gather their own crops, and care little for return of interest on investments,—each having only a small patch cultivated in conjunction with other crops. Here the culture is entirely in the hands of Europeans, who have estates of 200 and up to 1,000 acres. These planters grow nothing for home consumption. They buy every thing they eat or consume. Their crops are tea and coffee and cinchonas—one, or perhaps all. If the crop proves in any year a failure, then ruin or mortgage is the lot of the planter. The coffee blights threatened absolute ruin. But there was shown much pluck, and many of the estates were rapidly turned to tea, and now there seems to be a general feeling of hope for the future. There are 35,000 acres in cinchonas, 13,000 in cocoa (coco), and 35,000 in cinnamon. The latter is grown on the plains or hot-lands, and is mostly in the hands of well-to-do natives and Urasians. Cocoa takes a middle altitude. Coffee and tea the more upper lands.

The hot months of Ceylon are February, March, and April. These, too, are the dry months. Every one who can rushes to the hills, where the nights, at least, are cool. On the tea estates the rise and fall of the thermometer during the 24 hours of these months is very great and very trying to those who are compelled to expose themselves. At mid-day in the shade the temperature rises to between 85 and 98 degrees, while it sinks at night to between 32 and 40 degrees. The remaining nine months it does not vary more than 10 or 15 degrees, or from 60 to 85. During these nine months the heat at Colombo and on the coast is greater than during the winter months, but considered more healthy. For in the winter the breezes come from over the low lands back, and is laden with fever, while from May to December the southwest monsoon brings sea-air, healthy, and if not always cool in itself, yet cooling.

The charming railroad of 74 miles carries the traveller to Kandy, the ancient Singalese capital. This is a picturesque place, with some beautiful views, a residence of the governor, and a Buddhist

temple, where, in a wonderfully rich shrine, one of Gautama's teeth is kept. This is one of the treasures of the "light of Asia," for which, it is said, the King of Siam offered a million not long since, but in vain. The priests having it in their care are said to be among the most intelligent and learned of the eastern craft, and possess Buddhistic lore of great antiquity and value. One of the attendants informed me with much pride that Edwin Arnold worshipped at this shrine when last in Ceylon. I cannot say that Edwin is a Buddhist, but his writings show him quite deeply imbued with reverence for Siddartha (Gautama). One cannot talk with the intelligent people at this temple without being impressed with the fact that their creed rests with them upon enlightened faith, and not upon blind superstition. The priests, too, wear an expression of calm dignity utterly at variance with bigotry or fanaticism.

Near Kandy are the celebrated Paredeniya botanical gardens, founded by the late king of Ceylon, but supported since 1815, when England determined she wanted all of the island, by the government. Here we found much that was interesting, but were, on the whole, disappointed. We had read at such length of the gardens that we possibly expected too much. There is not so great a variety of tropical plants as are seen at Singapore. They are older, and make a finer show, but that is all. The fine old ficus elasticæ or india-rubber trees were very large and curious. They are of the same family as the banyan, and send down aerial roots, only more sparingly. Their surface roots are marvels, stretching on the top of the ground to the same distance as the wide-spreading branches above, and twisting and contorting like thin flukes of iron, six, eight, and on to twenty inches high. They look like huge, thin reptiles, and cause the natives to name the tree the "Snake tree." Many at home have seen the rubber tree in our green-houses, with great leaves many inches long. They will be, as I was, surprised to learn that as the tree grows older the leaves contract until in the old ones they are not much larger than the leaf of our cotton-wood or the balm of Gilead. Not only this, but very many other, if not the majority of tropical trees, have very much larger leaves when young than when old. The youngshoots of teak and banyans have foliage nearly a foot long, while the full-grown trees have leaves not more than three inches in length. I called the attention of the intelligent Scotch superintendent to this, and had from him the information I give above. The nutmeg, clove, and allspice, and many varieties of palms in this garden, are very interesting. We saw a beautiful specimen of the talipot palm in full bloom. This noble tree blooms but once, and then dies,—blooms at from 40 to 60 years old, throwing out huge feathers or plumes of flowers, six to eight feet in length, and probably 18 inches in diameter. This one tree had 27 of these huge plumes drooping like ostrich feathers. Well it may



die. Like the century plant, its one effort is worthy a long life, and the glory of the performance is deserving the wonderful decoration which is spread over its death-scene. This, however, has a privilege the aloe has not. The latter blooms, and its flower dies, leaving an ashy dead stalk before the plant below dies. The talipot blooms, and while its huge flowers are waving on its lofty crest, the largest flower in the world, the fronds below droop and die, and then the flower fades and turns to ripened seed on the lofty stem, which to all appearances is dead and already dry. The flower outlives its supporting tree.

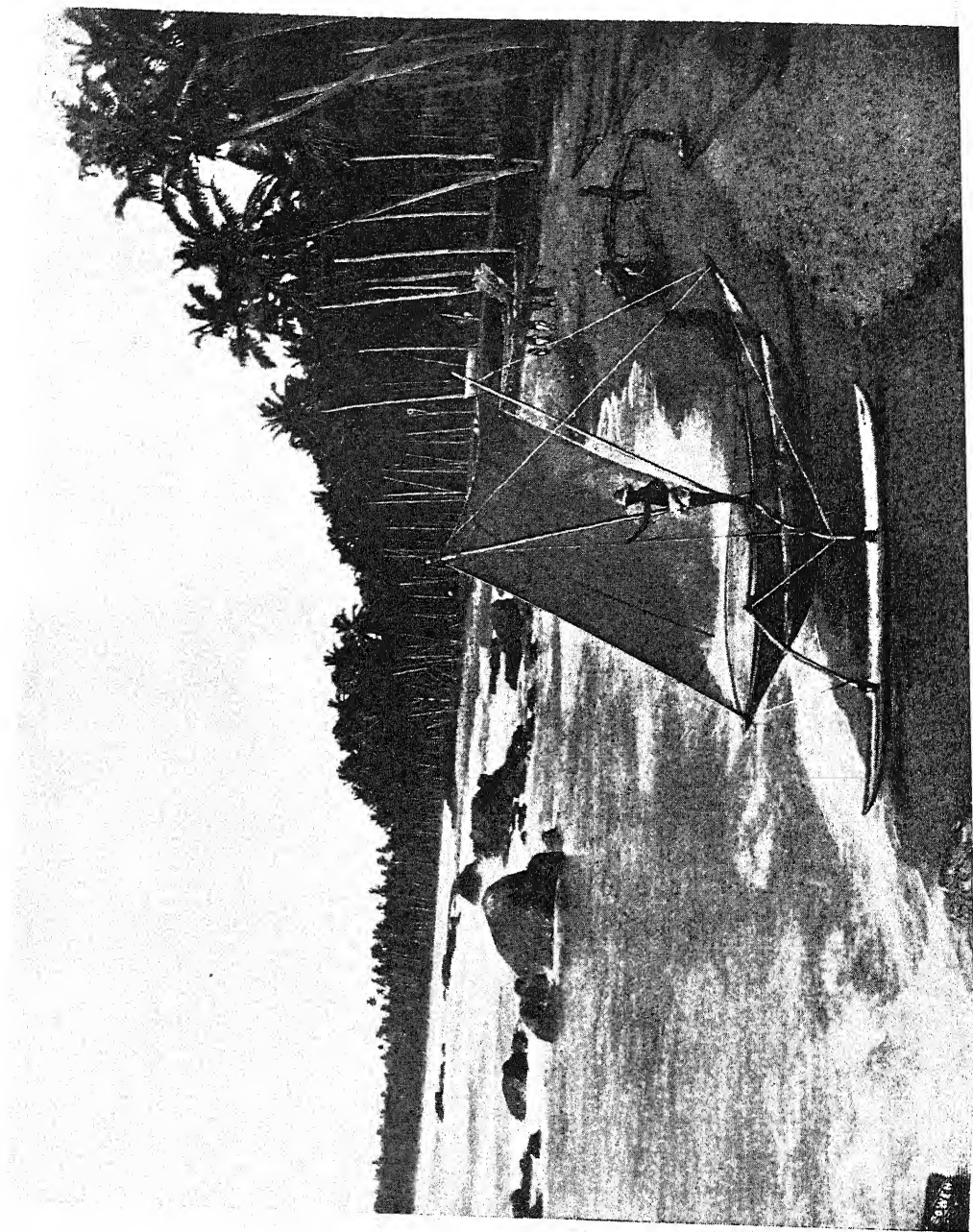
One of the most interesting books on Ceylon I had read before leaving home, was the little monograph of Prof. Haeckel. He spoke of the giant bamboos of Paredeniya, as being two feet in diameter. I looked in vain for them, but found none larger than nine inches. Being unwilling to think that a German savant could have made such a mistake, I asked for the monsters, and was informed by the superintendent that probably the largest bamboo in Ceylon would not exceed ten inches. Detecting the worthy scientist in this mistake made me feel less fearful of gainsaying his assertion that Kandy is a stiff and ugly place. To me it has several splendid views. By the way, he made us commit a most ridiculous blunder. He speaks of the land-leeches of Ceylon as being such disagreeable pests that we followed his advice and brought from home, greatly to our inconvenience, huge, high rubber boots, coming up to the thigh. Willie long ago got tired of his, and sold them to the captain of our ship in Siam. I held on to mine, and have just as much need of them as of a pair of spurs aboard ship. By a most singular coincidence, a few days after we had searched these gardens for this huge bamboo, we read in the daily paper of Colombo, a letter from a resident also taking exceptions to the professor's grass story. Travellers tell huge stories, the very exaggeration in them preventing belief, but nearly all seize upon isolated facts, and so describe them that innocent readers think them rules, instead of exceptions. There are land-leeches in Ceylon, and India, too, which are frequently disagreeable, but they are not so prevalent that one should take disagreeable precaution to avoid them. Haeckel, being out in dews and rains, seeking specimens, suffered. The ordinary traveller need not suffer much. Before we went to the north of India I had an irritation about the ankles, which tempted a large amount of scratching. It passed off during our three weeks in a cool latitude, but returned again in the south, and still annoys me somewhat—the result, I suppose, of some parasitic bite. It could be removed at once by slight applications of carbolic. It is quite amusing to read the guide-books, with their long lists of necessary articles for travel. Many incur themselves with these things. One of the great annoyances in travelling is a large amount of luggage. We brought much more than we have needed. From

the time one reaches Japan, travelling with the sun, every article a traveller can need is to be had, and far cheaper than anywhere in America; clothing at less than half price.

We found Nuwara Eliya a charming place in which to rest. It is in a pretty valley, nestled among high mountains, and has an altitude of 6,200 feet. Mount Pedro lifts 2,000 feet higher, reached from Nuwara by a two hours' walk. From its summit, about sun-rise, the view is superb. The whole of Ceylon may be said to be mapped out around in most picturesque peaks and deep valleys. Each country has a different cloud effect from every other. In Ceylon it is varied and very beautiful, and admirably seen from Mount Pedro. We started from our hotel with the first streak of day, and while enjoying the wonderful panorama about us on the summit, took our breakfast, which had been sent to us. Full of our joys, we leisurely descended, gathering rare mosses and catching exquisite bits of views from openings in the mountain forest, when a gleam of lightning told us a storm was brewing. We were too late to escape, for it came upon us very rapidly and in a very deluge. The trunk of a tree and an umbrella partially screened us. Our mountain path soon became the bed of a torrent, threatening to carry us down. The storm, however, passed almost as rapidly as it had arisen, leaving us thoroughly drenched, but hardly regretting it. It was one more sensation and a new experience.

This place is a resort during the hot weather, from January to May, and has a gubernatorial cottage. It abounds with beautiful drives and walks, and has near by a botanical garden for trees and plants fitted for high altitudes. It would seem that the old boast of the Singalese, that their island was the original paradise of man in his purer estate, was not without some foundation. Its delicious clime certainly fitted it for man when he spinned not and did not toil; clothing was unnecessary; its valleys abounded in fruits, and its mountain forests were mighty parterres of blossoms and flowers. For the white man it is too hot, and must cause rapid deterioration, but for the dark-skinned, it furnishes a congenial and beautiful home. It is as beautiful as Japan, and its people are light and graceful, but have not the wonderful versatility and cheerfulness which makes the Japanese people so charming.

Ceylon has several distinct races living upon it. Long before history began to be written, it had prosperous peoples, and continued so for ages. It has old cities, deserted centuries ago, and great tanks for gathering and holding water for irrigation purposes, which show that portions of the island, now wild in waste, were once teeming with population. The ruins and the tanks are all that is left as a record of the people who built them. Even the descendants of these people have dwindled down to a little over 2,000, and are wild, almost animal savages, shunning civil-



ized men. The Singalese, who have Persian and Arab blood in them, are rather fair, delicate in form and organization; are expert manipulators in jewelry, and other delicate work—all Buddhists, and number less than 2,000,000. They were, many generations ago, overrun by Tamils—vigorous, hardy, nearly black men from southern India—who, to-day, number about two thirds of a million, and are the hard workers, and Hindoo in religion. The mixed bloods—called Eurasians, or Burghers—are the descendants of the Portuguese, who held the island for nearly a century and a half; and of the Dutch, who controlled it for a century and a third, and number less than 20,000. These, with many Singalese, are Catholics. Other people swell the population to 2,700,000, and are governed by less than 5,000 Europeans. These latter are planters and officials. Eurasians and full natives have cinnamon gardens.

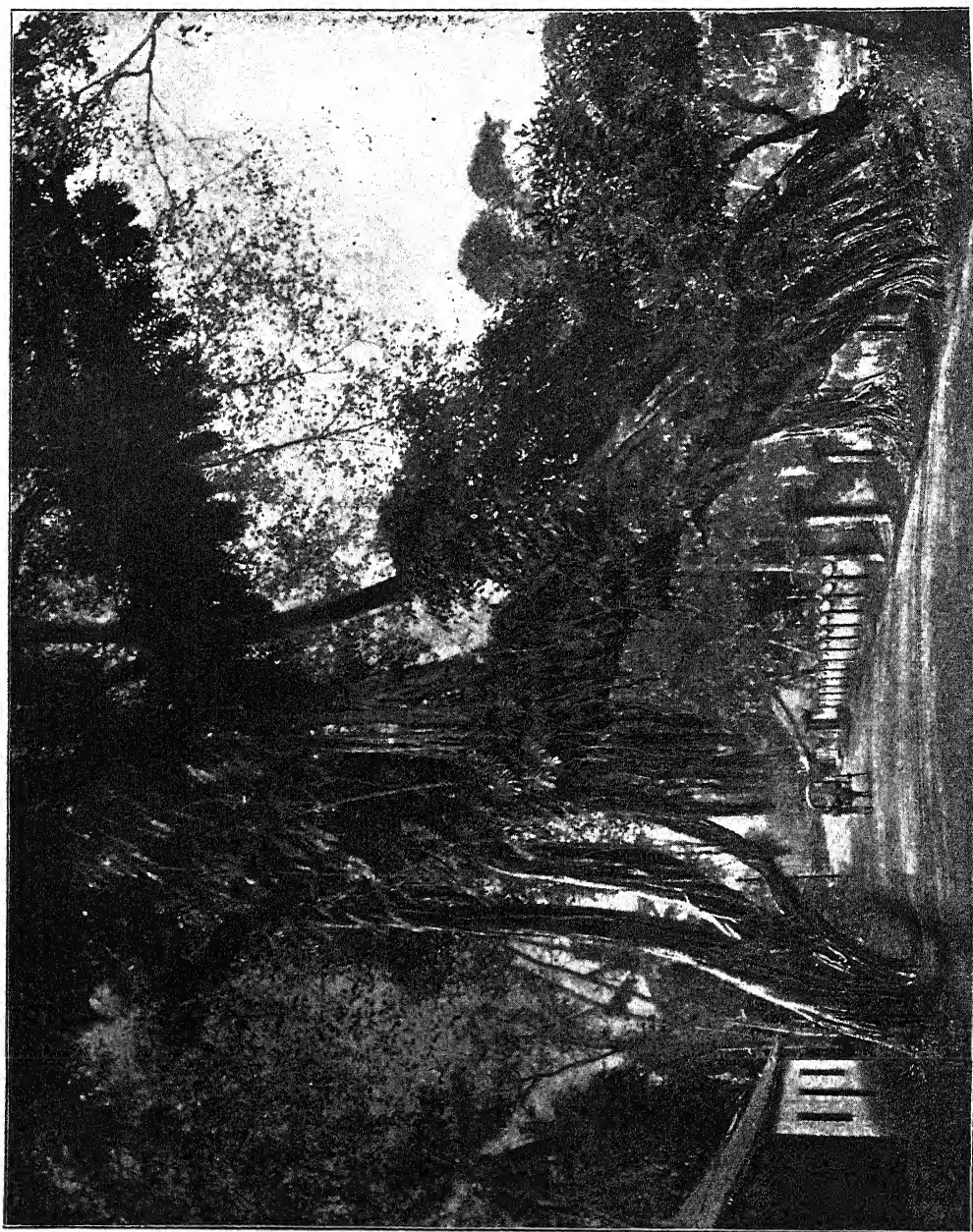
By the way, this plant, when cultivated, is kept down to a small shrub, not over eight feet high. In the forest it grows to a pretty tree, as large as the pear. A cinnamon garden is pretty, the foliage being very glossy, and of light, cheerful green. The bark on the green stems, while spicy, has not the pungency of the cured article. The sun, in curing, seems to bring this out. I will here state that the growing tea-leaf has no more flavor than an ordinary tasteless weed, and gives no promise to the uninitiated of that wonderful quality which makes it the sweetest friend and kindest solace of so many countless millions of human beings. It has its wonderful properties brought out by sun or fire-heat. A few of the fine brands in China are sun-cured, but do not reach the general markets, being confined to the larders of the very rich Celestial connoisseurs. Cinnamon and rice-cultivation is confined to the low, hot lands of this island, and is in the hands, generally, of the old population. They and the Tamils are the fishermen.

The native boat is a queer thing. A log of wood from 10 to 20 feet long, turned upward at each end, is dug out into a shallow trough, rarely over a foot wide. On top of this the boat is carried with boards to a length twice as great as the solid keel below, and, say, two feet high, and of about the same width. From this craft springs two bent poles to a light log of wood, six to ten feet off. This out-rigger makes the queer Singalese catamaran, one of the safest small boats which run out into the sea. The native sits with one foot in, and one outside, of the narrow trough, and rows or sails far out on the deep, and can brave a storm the ordinary long boat could not survive. They are rowed rapidly and sail 8 to 12 knots an hour. Two small platforms, say four feet square, are built on top. On these the boatman carries his freight and the fisherman his nets. I am told fishermen frequently go forty miles to sea. All along the coast the natives are semi-amphibious. A number of half-grown boys

surround steamers, coming and going on queer little rafts built of three buoyant sticks 10 to 12 feet long and lashed together. Upon this the half-naked fellows sit on their legs and paddle very rapidly. So expert are they at diving that a silver coin thrown 30 to 50 feet off, never reaches the bottom before it is caught. Passengers get several of these boats around in a semi-circle off from the steamer, then drop a small coin close to the ship. The boys spring toward it and swim up to the point, then go headlong below, squirming like frogs after the shining metal. They will even get a copper, but not very far off. They like the whiteness of the purer metal. These boys are all quite dark, but the bottoms of their feet are almost white. Why?

The Singalese are a comely looking race, with features quite effeminate in their delicacy. This appearance is further increased by their long hair, tied in a knot at the back of the head and held smooth by a light tortoise-shell comb, such as young girls at home wore when I was young. The dress is the universal band of cloth, here left to fall like a skirt; a jacket is worn in the cities—in the country and villages only cotton cloth is thrown over the shoulders. The women about cities have, to a great extent, adopted a semi-European costume. At least, those I saw had. The Tamil population dress as the southern Indian does. The tea and coffee estates are worked and the heavy labor about cities is done by coolies, brought annually from the coast of southern India, from Malabar to Madras. That region furnishes coolie labor west of Singapore, as China does east thereof. They are a hardy, hard-working people, but not so steady and plodding as the Chinese. Who is? In the jinrickisha, however, he pulls and runs nearly as well as the Jap. This pretty little carriage is much used on the fine roads of Ceylon.

This leads me to speak of another mode of conveyance here and in India—the bullock cart. The Indian bullocks all have the hump, but in other respects they vary in form and appearances as much as do the different breeds of our cattle—in some localities, very tall and long horned. I have seen a yoke over 16 hands high, and have seen horns over three feet in length. These horns, in whole districts, point up and toward each other. In other localities they spread and often bend downward. In Burmah the ox is fair-sized, but his horns are very short. In Ceylon he is very small, compactly built, and has little nubs for horns, and is very pretty and very quick in motion. At Kalutara, near the south end of the island, three of us rode in a little cart drawn by a bullock 41 inches high, and not much longer from his horns to the root of his tail. The brave little fellow trotted at a gait of six miles per hour. When, after a steady pull he felt tired, he would give a quick back motion, as much as to say, hold on. He is an admirable beast for villages. He requires no harness. His little yoke is fastened to the ends of the shafts; drop it over his



neck, and tie a cord to keep him from throwing it off, and he is ready. But the Englishman rarely deigns to use him. What a queer compound John Bull is. He loves liberty and yet is a slave to public opinion. He hates and abuses Hindoo caste, and yet is a worshipper of his own caste. He must be in good form, or his caste is lost. I said to a party: "Why do you not use the pretty bullock cart?" "Oh, we can't do that. The natives use it. We walk if we can't get a pony. It would not do." I could not help saying: "Oh, you miserable humbug! You bully the natives and wretched public opinion bullies you."

We have had both mangoes and mangostines here, but in rather limited quantities. I was afraid we would see no more of them, but at Kalutara we sat down to as many as we could get away with. They were costly, but we wished and got a fill. And what a fill! If the Christians will get rid of the honey in their idea of heaven and substitute mangostines it would be much more inviting. The pine-apples, too, are splendid. We have had bread-fruit cooked—fried like potatoes and boiled. I like the latter very much—not unlike boiled chestnuts. It and the jack-fruit are similar in appearance, only the former is as large as a large watermelon; the other, the size of two small cocoa-nuts put end to end.

We have now finished that vast country, or these vast countries, which we in America consider India, including India proper, the Straits Settlements, Burmah and Ceylon; these, taken together, forming a mighty link in that cordon of England's dependencies which stretch around the world, and upon which the sun never sets.

While making our three and a quarter months' journeyings in these lands, I have not only observed the physical formation and characteristics of the country and the manners and customs of the people of the various sections run over, and their ethnological habits and peculiarities, but I endeavored to study calmly and dispassionately the relations existing between the conquering masters from England and the conquered natives. I went to these countries with every possible prejudice aroused in favor of the dominant race and their manner of dealing with the subdued people. I had read the books of several travellers from our own land, who gave glowing accounts of what the Englishmen had done for the vast El Dorado of all times. But now, after quitting, I am forced to say that there is much in the relations existing between the whites and the dark-skinned which is not satisfactory.

I am not prepared to say much which would be instructive, or perhaps new, to the student and scholarly Oriental observer; yet I may, perhaps, be able to say something interesting to many who have not the time nor the opportunity to give a close application to the great questions involved in the march of conquest by England over a great part of the mighty continent of Asia.

While I have seen much in India, and, indeed, throughout the East, of the effects of English ascendancy which pained me, yet from a deep-seated love for Anglo-Saxon ideas of civil liberty, I am convinced that in Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic lovers of freedom will be found the true and real bulwark of liberty throughout the world. The Anglo-Saxon has had opportunities for developing on the sea-girt isle, the only genuine civil liberty which has ever existed; but there is in the strong, manly fibre, and true, warm heart of the Teuton, the germ of the same love of freedom and the courage to maintain it, which has borne such glorious fruitage among their cousins and congeners among English-speaking people. The tradition of ages, and the constant pressure from external forces have, however, repressed that civil liberty among continental Teutons, which has grown to so grand proportions on the British island and has spread in America as a mighty tree. Though there be, perhaps, but little civil liberty, yet there exists another kind in Germany, which no imperial mandate nor military heel can crush out—manly, hearty, whole-souled personal liberty. Denied civil liberty by the force of circumstances, and the inevitable pressure from without, the Teuton bravely fights for fatherland, and permits imperial hands to place the crown upon its own imperial brow, while refusing to accept it as the gift of the people, but claiming it as a heaven-given right. The Teuton bravely fights for fatherland and upholds his kaiser, but says, in tones to which the imperial rulers dare not turn a deaf ear: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

" My hand, my life's my king's alone,
To prop and stay his rightful throne.
My person's liberty is mine own,
And from my heart can ne'er be torn."

Denied civil, he has given perhaps an undue weight to personal, liberty. If party strife and love of office for gain do not poison the very roots of liberty in America, the mingling of Anglo-Saxon ideas with the Teutonic and the bold, dashing spirit of the Irish, the French, the Slav, and the other people will produce a homogeneous whole under our flag not yet dreamed of in the past.

The idea, the simple conception, of liberty in its purest and truest sense is wholly exotic in Asia, and cannot for ages take growing root. It is to England alone that the East must look for the planting of the seed and watering the plant; and if England be the nation—can she, will she—be permitted to do it? Where the English language goes there goes English literature. The A B C's—the primer of this literature—inculcates a love for, and ideas of, freedom. Its stories and romances; its poetry and its oratory; its laws and its philosophy; its very songs sung at the cradle and at the banquet, all inculcate it. Where English rule

goes there goes material prosperity, or at least the material agencies for increasing material prosperity. With this goes schools and education; schools and education beget a love of reading and the acquirement of knowledge. The road to preferment in India is through the English language. The result is, there is a greed among the Indian boys to study English, and a pride in showing it off. We never passed a group of school-boys with books in straps or knapsacks going to or from school that they did not say something to us in our language, and generally ending their fun by shouting: "Hip! hip! hurrah!"

These boys are learning English for the purpose of getting lucrative employment; but they are at the same time learning the difference between the fat mastiff with the collar-marks on his neck and the lean wolf who can sniff the free air on the mountain-side. This will prove dangerous unless properly guided. Men who read English and ponder over the grand thoughts written in it must become good citizens or dangerous slaves. Such slaves cannot tamely submit. This fact the ordinary Englishman shuts his eyes to. He cannot see it in Ireland, where it is written in huge characters. He cannot see it in India, where the government is affording every encouragement to material prosperity, and where the individual Briton delights to treat the native as a slave, and takes pleasure in speaking of him as a "nigger." I do not mean that all Englishmen do this, but many do, and they leaven a mighty lump. There is something to me not only incongruous, but dangerous in slavery, in form or in name, where English rule goes. There exists the form, and it will sooner or later tell in India.

Let me give some facts which will illustrate my thoughts. At a table d'hôte in Calcutta one of a party of gentlemen opposite said to me: "You are a stranger here, I see." "Yes, but how did you know it?" "Because," he replied, "you say *please* to that servant of your's, and thank him when he serves you. We never do that. They can't understand it." I laughed and told him we had in America a tradition that George Washington lifted his hat to a poor negro because he could not be outdone in politeness by a slave. He rejoined: "That will do in America, but not in India; it would soon ruin the servants. They are a lot of niggers, and have to be treated as such." I told him these "niggers," as he called them, were learning something, and were already demanding a participation in the making of laws, and that the English ought to try to elevate rather than to repress them into a lot of slaves. The companions of this gentleman said nothing, but seemed to approve of what he said. Again: I visited a merchant's office to inspect shawls, to be shown us by some Hindoo merchants. I bought a ring chudder, and, finding I had left my wallet in my room, told the native he could go with me to the hotel for the pay. The proprietor, an old resident, saw me to the door. I got

into the carriage, inviting the native to take a seat by my side. This he was about to do, when my friend imperiously motioned him to mount with the driver, saying: "We never let those fellows ride with us." Now, this Hindoo was a man of elegant manners, clean, bright, and spoke good English. But it would not do for him to ride inside with a white man. It would spoil him and others. He had to be kept in his place.

I saw a man in uniform at Delhi kick a coolie from the car simply because he had put the officer's package on, instead of under, the seat. The native took the kick without a murmur. I could name a dozen such illustrations, and from all over India. I did not once, except at Lord Dufferin's and at a powerful commissioner's, ever hear any thing asked for by an Englishman, or even ordered, in that tone which softens an order into a request. It was always an order, and of the most dictatorial kind, an order rarely used in old slave days in America, except on the cotton plantations. I was speaking in Ceylon with some resident English of the beautiful little bullocks and the pretty carts, and of the ease with which they could be made ready, and expressed my surprise that I had not seen them used by the foreign residents. They all said that it was a pity that the foreigners could not use them, they were so cheap, convenient, and pretty; but they were used by the Singalese, and, therefore, it would not do for the governing classes to be seen in them; and yet the Singalese are a neat, graceful, cheerful, and very bright people.

I did not while in India see a single instance of a free, friendly mingling of white and native people, except among the high-born natives and the rulers at grand entertainments. I saw no native and Englishman in what might be called a friendly and equal intercourse, and from what I could learn from the English residents themselves, there is no such thing as familiarity between them, and the majority say it is right; that the natives are a conquered people, and should be treated as such.

Others say it is necessary that it be so, because if familiarity be permitted it would breed a sort of contempt on the part of these people; that for countless ages they have been the slaves of their superiors, and must be treated by all white men as they were formerly treated by their superiors, their masters; that the whites should assume and hold the position held in the past by the native nobility; that to the native every well-bred Englishman must be a nobleman; that to do otherwise would encourage hopes impossible of fruition, and thereby encourage mutiny. Others again say the natives will not permit familiarity; that their religion teaches that a non-Hindoo is a thing unclean, to be avoided as much as possible; to be used, but never to be touched, or allowed to touch any thing used for food; that if a foreigner drinks from a high-caste cup the cup is defiled; that a native will meet a foreigner in business, be polite and courteous, but never or rarely

invites him to his house or meets him in any social manner. These latter acknowledge that the bullying manner of many Englishmen is very unfortunate, but that it is the natural result of the nature of the Hindoo and the relations necessarily existing between their conquerors and themselves. A very intelligent editor said: "I have met many of the most intelligent natives in Bombay. We are very friendly, but I believe that while they respect and fear, they hate us in their hearts."

In no country in the world is more attention paid to caste than among the English colonies throughout the East; not religious, as among the Hindoos, but social caste. No one engaged in retail business can enter the clique formed by the Hong, or wholesale people. Officials enter it, but not the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker. These latter complain. A foreigner will not, if he can help it, ride in the same car with natives. I was told we must always take first-class railway carriages, because in them we would not meet the nasty Hindoos. If we went in a second-class, in every respect as comfortable as the first, some native would be with us. The objection urged was my reason for taking the lower grade. I thus often met intelligent Indians who gave me an insight into their characters and much information. But this silent avoidance of the people is not all. Over some second and third-class and intermediate cars on every train is written, not only in English but in Hindoostanee, or other dialect of the locality, "For Europeans only." One very intelligent man, who spoke English, somewhat stilted, but with an elegance and purity I could not equal, said this was an insult to the educated Hindoo. When the Viceroy made his vice-regal inspection of the various provinces just before our arrival, the doors of the native houses in Delhi were ordered to be closed along which the deputy of the Empress passed in a sort of state promenade, and the natives were not allowed in the street, but had to watch the ceremony from behind their closed portals and from their windows, and that, too, while foreigners, none of whom resided on the particular street, were filling the same with perfect freedom. An educated Hindoo, speaking to us of this, said it was an insult which they would not soon forget. I mentioned these things to an intelligent Englishman, and said: "The government as such is doing its part magnificently for this land; it builds splendid roads, and is carrying the rail into every quarter of India; it builds canals and irrigating ditches, but the English people, as individuals, are making a fearful mistake. These people should be taught to be good citizens, and to discard their old servility. It is no excuse that their old masters treated them as slaves. England boasts no slave can tread on British soil. These people are nominally free, but you treat them as slaves, and no slave could be more servile and abject in manner than are these dusky men. These Indians have the same blood in them that courses through Caucasian veins. British

rule, from its constitution, must be a rule of freedom. In violating such rule, you violate the very foundations of your bill of rights; a free government must not only have the respect of the governed, but must have their love. Are you English people helping your government?" "Ah, you talk like an American democrat! This is a conquered people, and must be governed as a conquered people. They know they prosper under our rule, and if war should break out between us and Russia, they will fight to drive the Russian back to his frozen north."

The learned author of "The Light of Asia," with whom we had an hour's interview, and who, by the way, is one of the most brilliant talkers I ever met, said my strictures were to some extent correct, but that no ill effect would come of these things. That a mere handful, a few thousands at best, would acquire English and become discontented, but that the vast millions of India were grateful to England for the material benefits conferred; that they would sing and be content, or would plod and not think. That they would not object to the bullying of Englishmen as long as they got their little comforts. It may be so, but even that is sad. Burke, in his attack upon slavery in America, said: "Its worst feature was, that it taught the slave to love the chain that bound him."

I like the Indians; I love them in the broad sense. They are in many respects a charming people. They may be crafty and deceitful. Their masters now and for countless ages make and made them so. But they are poetical, polite, and caressing. The courtesy of the common man is oftentimes almost princely in its tone. They spring from the same stock with ourselves. I would like them made happy, not as mere animals, but as men, free and bold, and made so by the rule of the Anglo-Saxon. I do not want Russia to go one foot farther south in Asia than she has gone. But England is not sowing seeds to bear fruits of love in Indian soil. She sends her people to govern, to fill their pockets, and then to return home to enjoy their accumulations. No Englishman goes to India to make it his home and the home of his children. They decry amalgamation, and look down upon and speak of Eurasians, the descendants of mixed marriages, with a species of contempt. A very bright lady, educated, with the soft charming voice so common among the mixed bloods, speaking of her husband's position, said he did tolerably well, but could not advance. It was hard for a native-born to get a good place; that her husband was educated in England, but that the many needy Englishmen, with influence to back them, got the pick of every thing. I said I thought civil-service competition governed all such things. "Yes," she said, "in theory, but not in practice." I saw and regretted these things when in India, but I supposed that Russian sway was one of absolute despotism, crushing utterly the native, and shutting out entirely every ray of liberty. I

thought it better that the people of the East should remain as they were—steeped in ignorance and dark superstition—rather than to let in a little light, and that of a doubtful character, which would be more difficult to supplant by a better and purer light.

The English are the best colonists the world has ever known. They are the worst amalgamationists or miscegenists. Theirs is a strong fibre, which cannot yield a particle in mingling with others; which attracts and molds into itself all others, when not met by a too great mass. In which latter case it refuses absorption, and dies from mere inanition, from lack of food. It cannot leaven a lump; it demands to be and must be the lump. As colonists the English carry all the good of the mother country, but drop something of their overweening conservatism; they catch from a new land a tint of newness and an idea and love of progress. America and Australia, from what I hear, not only permit, but force, English ideas to grow and expand as they never could have done on British soil. The French and Spanish lack fibre, and soon become absorbed in the mass which surrounds them in their colonies. But England does not colonize India. Its people go not to stay, but to sojourn, to govern and to absorb the wealth of the land for after-life in England; they squeeze to the uttermost limit possible, restrained only when they find danger of lessening the vitality of the squeezed so that it will yield nothing to their children. They recognize the vast value of India to the home race. They know that 120,000 to 200,000 Englishmen a year must live on Indian pabulum, and must, sooner or later, take home fat to keep bright the fireside of vast numbers. They recognize the fact that India really supports the English army; that on its fields must be fed and drilled the soldiery to battle for the supremacy of the sea-girt isle, against whose chalk cliffs the jealousy of all Europe is ever beating in mighty and angry waves. They give to India every means of increasing material wealth, because they and their children will take tithes of that wealth. They feed the sacred Hindoo cow because they know that they take and must have the cream of her milk. But they will not mix with the people; they are unwilling to mingle their blood with theirs, and when the blood does become mixed, they despise the amalgam. They say a child of pure English blood cannot grow to strong manhood in India. Therefore, while they remain to battle for money on its soil, they send their children home to be educated and to grow up with English prejudices and wrapped in English conservatism. Thus the English will not—they say cannot—go to India to stay; will not—they say they cannot—anglicize the Hindoo. They say the Hindoos differ too widely from them; that their religion necessarily keeps up this wide difference; that they cannot and will not become English; and that when there be an amalgamation, then the Eurasians lack stamina and are not fit for a governing class. Yet I saw one of the hugest

ships commanded by a half-blood brought up in England, and with very influential relatives at home, and on a river steamer a stalwart Eurasian mate whose fist could strike a sledge-hammer blow. The English cannot see these things.

The Indians in most parts of British India are a servile set. They never address an employer as "mister," but always as "master." There was something painful to me in this abject servility, and I found a real relief in Jeypore and Hyderabad, both governed by native princes, where the natives looked me squarely in the face and seemed to feel they were men. They were respectful, but it was the respect shown by the employed to the employer, and not the servility of slaves to a master. There are Eurasians in large numbers about Madras and in southern India. They have not been taught to feel that they belong to the governing classes. Their bearing, taught them by the home Englishmen, is not manly. They have been too much relegated to the homes and habits of their native mothers. Yet many of them have much of those characteristics which make the creoles of Louisiana so attractive. There is no racial structure among the Indians to prevent them making a first-class admixture with the English. Such admixture is not hybridization.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CITIES BENEATH THE INDIAN OCEAN—THE RED SEA AND ITS
SUGGESTIONS—SINGULAR WEATHER—SUEZ CANAL.

P. and O. Steamship "Rome," Red Sea, March 26, 1888.

WE left Colombo the morning of the 15th. Our ship was large and comfortable, of 5,011 tonnage, 5,000 horse-power, and makes from 310 to 355 miles a day; sails regularly between Sydney and London. We reached Aden, 2,093 miles, a little after midnight on the morning of the 22d, and will make Suez, another 1,308 miles, on Monday morning, the 26th. We have, first and second class, from 180 to 200 passengers—quite a nice lot of people. The ladies dress for dinner, and some of the men. It is "good form," and there is no crime so great to the Briton as to be out of "form." Passengers are split into coteries. I have tried to mix in, but find it a hard job. You talk to a lady—she is sweet and amiable and seems really glad you speak to her; but as soon as you get away she gets terribly alarmed lest she has made a mistake and talked to the wrong fellow.

We have a few swells: A young peer who is very quiet and gentlemanly. There is a "*je ne sais quoi*" about many of these men which is somehow or other almost offensive. A wild, brave fellow, who died fighting during our late war, told me that when abroad he constantly felt like whaling a live lord. When I asked if they were not gentlemanly, he replied that "they were, but that was what was the matter; they were too — gentlemanly; that every gesture seemed to say: 'I am a gentleman, and to the purple born.'" We have a lady—daughter of an Irish peer. She is very bright. I repaid her for her politeness to me. On the 17th I saw there was not a person aboard who had on a piece of green. I determined there should be one at least to do honor to St. Patrick. Not being able to raise a piece of green ribbon, I put in my buttonhole a thin strip of pineapple leaf. A lady sitting next me at the table asked me how I could wear the green on an English ship, and seemed to think me guilty of a great discourtesy. I replied the Queen had done the same when she named one of her sons Patrick. It was a home thrust, but seeing many people looking at me askant, I pushed it, and soon had a lot of young Australians following my example. I was not sure their Hibernianism was not because it gave them a good excuse

for popping several champagne corks in honor of the green. After dinner "Lady C." saw my favor, and asked what it meant. The result was I pinned one on her. She confessed next morning she had slept better for wearing her national color.

The big gun of our company is the governor of Ceylon. He is here with his suite, consisting of his secretary and a yellow turnspit dog. The governor is a thoroughly safe man. He will never set his island afire. Our passage has been a smooth one; it is delightful to be upon the deck and escape the hot cabin. At night I have watched the southern hemisphere. It is so rich with fine stars. I cannot tire of looking at the true cross rising and chasing the false one in its short semi-circular track far down south. On the vast waste of the Indian Ocean I could speculate upon the mighty cities with their world of records of a high civilization lying beneath the blue waters; cities which gave to Egypt, which never had a childhood, the tradition which afterward became the mine in which other peoples have delved for the wisdom which became the nucleus for their modern learning. Here, between India and Egypt, lies buried beneath the sea depths, the people who gave to the land of "Brahma" and the land of "Ra" the clear light, which, after a cataclysm had changed the face of the world, and buried the fountains of science and the home of learning, left traditions which were covered up under a mass of superstition and supernatural phantasms.

Egypt's first day was its brightest. People cannot be great and learned except after ages of working up. Where did the Egyptians study? They left not a single footprint showing they ever struggled upward. Their first appearance was upon a pinnacle, from which every succeeding period shows them descending. Not a single day of increasing light, not a moment of dawn. Where did they come from? What became of the school in which they learned the knowledge which afterward became the secrets of the priestcraft, and enabled Moses to be the mighty lawgiver?

I wonder if others feel as I do when finding themselves in regions so mixed up with the misty past as the Red Sea. There has always been a sort of vague idea that there would be some things utterly different from things before seen. I look out upon the blue waste of waters spread around me, just rippled by a light wind, and ask myself, is it possible that there to my left lies Africa, stretching in mighty hot wastes for thousands of miles, and there to my right Arabia, the cradle of that strange people who were never a nation, and yet have overrun so many lands and have been the foundations of so many nations. I almost feel hurt with myself that I do not see something to show that this sea is different from other seas.

We have had warm weather—I may say hot—but as yet nothing distressing until yesterday. After passing the Straits of Bab-el-Manded we had a strong wind behind us. For a few hours it was very hot, sultry, and humid, and felt as close as one expe-

riences in a hot room packed with people. I could almost fancy Pharaoh's hosts were sweating and festering around me. Before night the wind shifted, and the breeze caused by the motion of the ship was pleasant. The Red Sea has lost for me all its horrors. Aden is a striking-looking place—bold, wild, desolate rocks, from which there will not be very unpleasant change when one takes his trip into purgatory. A further shifting of the wind more from the northward made the evening almost cool. Then another turn, and we had a little attack never experienced elsewhere. The air became hazy, and before sundown the haze settled upon the ship like a dew—a salt dew, as salt as light sea spray. Breathing was almost a labor. The boatswain says he never saw this thing except on the Red Sea, and there only rarely. This queer weather did not prevent a ball coming off on Saturday evening being a success. It was planned before the *Rome* reached Colombo, where the passengers got up their toilets. Altogether it was a creditable thing and prepared the company for the rest which Sunday, the 25th, made necessary. We have some good musicians aboard, and nearly a hundred good voices mingled in praise of God here on the Red Sea. Jew and Christian on this sea could meet on a common ground, and the Mohammedan sailors, who were playing cards under the windows of the reading-room when the service was held, could too have joined in the anthem. For Moses founded the law in the mountain whose hoary head would be visible from where I write if the haze would but pass away, the law which is the foundation rock of their creeds. As the anthem swelled and rolled out over the waters, I could not help asking myself if the Mighty Ruler of all would utterly discard the "Allah il Allah" of the followers of Islam uttered on Friday, their holy day, or of the Jews who bent in solemn reverence on yesterday, their Sabbath, and would only hearken to those who are worshipping to-day? God is not only a great God, but must be a good God. Has He written His laws in such characters that these people, all of them earnest and sincere, could honestly draw from them such different lessons and be punished for all eternity because of such honest difference of opinion? Or does not the Mighty One listen to the earnest appeal of the Jew who prays to Him directly without the aid of any mediators, and to the honest supplication of the Mohammedan who asks the mediation of his prophet, or the Christian who rests upon the promises of the Saviour?

When we reached Suez we found, much to our satisfaction, that the company had made arrangements thereafter to land their passengers at Ismalia. This gave us an opportunity to pass through half of the great canal, and thus to acquire an acquaintance with De Lesseps' great triumph.

Mere reading cannot fully enable a man to comprehend the vast benefits springing out of the Suez ditch. But when one sees the mighty ships lying in Chinese and Indian harbors, and meets

them on the Indian Ocean and on the Red Sea by the dozen, then the value of this great artery comes home to the understanding. The Red Sea, only a few years ago, was almost as little known to the world as the Arctic Ocean, but now its waters are ploughed daily by ships of all kinds. Steamers of 6,500 tons are now plying between London and Australia. We entered the mouth of the canal at three o'clock, and met three large steamers just coming out, and before reaching Ismalia, less than 50 miles off, seven more.

Our forefathers turned their faces against public improvements being done by government. Their policy grew out of State jealousy. Politicians—call them statesmen if you will—feared that certain States would get more than their share of public works, and all dreading lest the building such works would tend to centralize power. But times change, and aggregated man called nations, as well as individual men, change with them. Public works, for the benefit of the whole nation commercially, are as much within the constitutional power of our nation as are fortifications or armed ships for the protection of our seaboard. The doctrine of strict construction is a good one, and was especially so when statesmen were fighting against monarchical tendencies, but it has been the too fruitful source of a vast amount of humbug and ignorant charlatanism.

Government should have built years ago a canal between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, but our solons at Washington said it was all within a single State, and therefore not national. That is a national work which benefits the American people and is kept within the nation's control, whether it be within one State or within a dozen. A railroad spanning the continent benefits the whole people, but when it is controlled by a corporation it is a private affair. The Portland Canal was only three miles long, and all within one Kentucky county, but it was for the use of those who used the 12,000 miles of navigable waters of the Mississippi, and was national. The test of nationality should be whether it benefits the whole people or a few, and not whether it be located in one State or in many, and whether it be controlled by a few or by the people.

We generally form our notions of an unseen thing by our ideas of its importance. We were greatly surprised by the insignificant appearance of the Suez Canal. It had the appearance of a ditch, rather than a mighty artery for the world's trade. Our great ship almost filled it from side to side, and ploughed the mud from its bottom with her huge screws, and washed its banks with her swell. Even the wide sidings, where we had to await other ships on meeting, were so narrow that the vessels almost touched. The prism has greatly changed, and dredging is constantly necessary. It was a queer sight, the trains of camels squatted along the bank to be loaded with the silt taken from the bed, and then climbing the steep bank to drop their sandy loads on the desert at the side.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN APRIL TRIP UP THE NILE—DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE—CAIRO OLD
AND NEW—ARABIC TOMBS—GOOD-FRIDAY—BOOLAK MUSEUM
—MOTHER AND BABE 3,000 YEARS OLD.

Luxor (Thebes), Egypt, April 9, 1888.

THIRTY-SIX years ago, the latter part of March, I sailed from Naples to Egypt. Friends tried to dissuade me from going so late in the season. They spoke of the plague and other Egyptian dangers, and bade me adieu with moist eyes, and my good mother, when she learned in our Kentucky home what I had attempted, prayed to God to preserve her child, even as He had preserved His chosen children centuries before. I got through Cairo then without any discomfort. This year I came again, simply to look once more at old Cheops, and to see the shadows of 40 centuries clustering about his hoary brow, and to enable the boys to get a peep at this storied land. We had no expectation whatever of ascending the Nile, and learning from travellers whom we met at Ismalia on landing, that the weather had been intensely hot for some few days past at Cairo, we feared we would even have to hurry away from that city. They told us that the fleas, flies, heat, and mosquitos were simply intolerable; that every one was trying to get away. The wind, however, changed that very day. We were really cold on the cars, at night, and on arriving at Cairo found the hotels crowded, and Shepherd's hostelry had the appearance of a gay watering-place.

Knowing I would have to see Karnak and Thebes now or never, and trusting to my recollections of the khamse winds, that a few days of hot blows were apt to be followed by a week or two, and probably more, of cool breezes, I determined to risk a trip up the Nile to the First Cataract. Owing to the troubles in Nubia, tourists have generally stopped at that point throughout this season. We found that we could take rail to Assiout, and thence on the Post steamers, two a week, could go to Assouan, taking four days for the up trip, stopping at the different places of interest long enough to see them, and remaining at the last place nearly two days; then, by quitting the down boat at Luxor, we would have four full days for the grandest of Egyptian ruins before the next boat would descend.

We have carried out so far the above programme. We have had simply delicious weather, hot, it is true, at mid-day in the

sun, but with a steady breeze from the north all the time, and the nights so cool that we have slept under blankets. We were told the river was falling so rapidly that we would most probably have much time to study the formation of sandbars. We have bumped a dozen times, but have not been at all delayed. We are now told we were lucky. What is luck? She is the hand-maiden of every man at one time or other, and in one form or another. She is ever by one's side, ready to give help. The blind do not see her, the timid or irresolute decline to take her outstretched hand. The unlucky man is the man who neglects to strike when the iron is hot. The lucky man is the one who takes advantage of proffered fortune. Circumstances, it is to be confessed, throw more of such proffers in the way of one than another. But if one will follow the footprints of the *lucky* men of the world, one will find at the points, where these seized fortune at the flood, tracks of many faltering and hesitating ones near by, any one of whom had within reach the same opportunities as the fortunate ones had.

I am writing at "Cook's Luxor Hotel," as good a house as we could wish. A large rambling building in a fine garden running down to the river. It is embowered in noble palms and flowering trees and shrubs, and would be a charming retreat anywhere, but here, contrasted with the hot mud-hovels which make up an Egyptian village, with the burning sands and sterile mountains close by, it is simply delightful. We are the only occupants; have the whole house, do what we please, and shall leave it with regret. Invalids in search of health could spend a month or two here, not only delightfully, but in this wondrous dry atmosphere most advantageously in many classes of complaints. I need state only three facts to show the rapidity of evaporation in Upper Egypt. Water, too warm to drink, is put into a porous jar and placed in the wind, though in the sun; an hour after it is as cool as fair spring water. At night, exposed to a breeze, even when the breeze is rather warm, before morning it becomes almost ice-cold. The night of our arrival here I took a pouring bath on a balcony. The wind was balmy but fresh. The rapid evaporation so chilled me that I could not stay long enough for a good bath. At the foot of the cataract we took a swim in the Nile. We wore our underclothes for bathing-suits. We hung them up before our state-rooms, and in ten minutes they were dry enough to be worn. We have all heard of the habit of all Africans to anoint themselves with oil, and travellers speak of it as nasty. It is, however, necessary in very hot and very dry climates to prevent the cracking of the skin. An English officer told me that during the hot winds on the upper Nile his hands and face chapped worse than they ever did in a cold climate—chapped to bleeding badly. I have found fresh white butter quite as pleasant on my hands as on my toast.

At Assouan we were in the sun during two days. We did not use our umbrellas, our pith hats being quite comfortable, and yet we were just on the edge of the tropics. It has been rather too chilly to lie down on the top of our little steamer for any considerable time at night. We have had no mosquito curtains, and have needed none, the breeze on the water making them unnecessary. It takes a hard blow, however, to keep flies away. The pertinacity of an Egyptian fly is beyond that of any other living creature. The natives never brush them away. They deem it bad luck to do so. Flies are never driven from a baby's face, and it does not seem annoyed by them. Its face is rarely washed, and is so dirty that it affords admirable forage ground for hundreds of the little brutes. I watched a child of two and a half years old enjoying a crust of bread. There was about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say dozens were on its face at one time, and in patches as large as a half dollar about the eyes and mouth. It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread. It did not seem at all annoyed. We have seen sleeping children on the streets whose faces were almost black with the insects. They smiled as if angels were whispering in their ears. I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen flies would be promenading about their faces apparently unnoticed. I asked a man how he could stand it. "Mashallah! They don't bother me," was his reply. This has made the fly bold, and he seems utterly unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive him off. He has, too, remarkably prehensile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances. It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these people pronounce it bad luck to drive them away. They found it best to educate the masses to bear the infliction, and so get used to it.

Nearly all the religious and semi-religious prohibitions and usages of the peoples of the world probably had their origin in some material benefit. The cow was hard to rear in India. She was most necessary—so the wise priesthood made her sacred, and thus preserved her. Hog's flesh was subject to diseases in Egypt and Syria, so the hog was made religiously unclean, and became infested with devils. Pigeons and certain other birds furnish the best of manure, so they were made semi-sacred to insure them in great numbers. Uncleanliness breeds disease, so the priestcraft pronounced certain rivers and pools cleansing to the soul, and thus insured at least a cleansing of the body. Taxes were always obnoxious to men. Gifts to the gods to insure eternal welfare, however, were ever freely given. So priestly rulers kept their exchequers full through the offerings upon the altars, which were insured by the fears of unseen and unknowable dangers.

Moses would have had a hard time making both ends meet without the gifts to the Lord. Travellers are shocked by the incessant demand for backshish (gifts) throughout the mighty East. The thing is not to be wondered at, for of all the beggars the world ever knew, there are none equal to the gods of the Orient. Their hands are everywhere represented extended. Their favor was won by offerings; their anger averted by sacrifices. Like the proboscis of a celebrated elephant, their hands could pick up a pin, or carry off a cart-load of good things. They could make a lunch from a few grains of rice, the widow's mite, or they could devour a hecatomb of bullocks, the gifts of a prince. The gods took gifts and demanded them. The great and powerful, profiting by their example, took gifts and enforced the giving. The poor took gifts and begged for them. The well-to-do, in the whole region of the early sun, reach out the hand for commissions. The poor clamor like hungry curs for crumbs and bones, and are not ashamed of their clamor.

I fear what I have said about Upper Egypt looks too much as if I was seeing it through rose-colored glasses. When Bayard Taylor and I travelled in the East together I suffered terribly from fleas. The only pun I remember him to have made was anent this little torment. He said Homer wrote the "Iliad," Virgil the "Æneid"; that if ever I wrote an epic it would be the "Flead." I had hoped that now we were about to escape this Egyptian plague, but after lunching in one of the tombs of the kings we lay down for a nap on the sands; my donkey-boy, desiring to please the *old man*, whom he flatters by calling him "father," spread the blanket and saddle for me to have a nice siesta. Ah! moment of sad forgetfulness. I slept an hour, but the Nemesis came. This particular tomb is now called the "lunch tomb." Hundreds have lunched in it this season, and though it is where no living thing is seen, and apparently nothing can live, yet the sanded floor was full of my mortal enemies, brought to it by the many donkey-boys who in its shade rest while their employers are wandering among the mighty caves of the dead. I have passed a good part of my time since then, as a hen with one chick does in an empty chicken-yard—scratching. I am like certain officials not far from the old court-house in Chicago—only more so. They have itching palms. I am all palm. I itch all over, and am raw in big patches.

This is Sunday, the 15th. I will resume my writing. We are in Cairo; got back Thursday night, having been just two weeks going over the ground, which in olden time was done on a "dahabeyah" (sailing-boat) in from seven to ten weeks. We have not had the easy, restful life—a sort of *dolce far niente*—enjoyed by the old dahabeyah voyageurs, but we have seen nearly all they saw, and have seen some things better than they could. We made 230 miles by rail, passing among the farms, observing the

modes of farm life, and have passed through the scene twice. From the roof of our little steamboat we could look over the high banks better than from a low sail-boat, and have, therefore, seen the shore lands better. We have seen the mighty ruins; have seen them hastily, it is true, but in these days of Egpytology it is waste of time for each traveller to attempt to study the ruins *in situ*. He can see them, and then read them up intelligently afterward if his taste lead him to it. We have seen all of these things; have seen the valley of the Nile from Cairo to Philae above the First Cataract, 588 miles, and are still having pleasant weather; indeed, to-day it is rather too cool to go out without one's vest. And now I shall attempt to tell you somewhat of our trip, beginning at Ismalia, on Lake Timsah, on the Suez Canal, and thence 80 odd miles to Cairo. We made this by night and early morning. The moon being full, we saw almost as well in the clear night as by day. The first 20 miles was almost desert, but soon the country showed more of life, and at early daybreak we were looking over fields green in wheat and other crops; and beautiful fields they were. The wheat, as in all Lower Egypt, had a fine stand, the ground well covered, but with heads not over an inch and a half in length. The farmers were out with the light, much of the labor being done in the cool of the morning. Men were lifting water by the "shadoof"—the pole and bucket—and by the "sakeeyeh." This latter is a vertical wheel, with buckets attached to a long, endless rope, which goes down into the well, and is worked by an ox or camel, who turns a horizontal wheel geared into the vertical wheel. It is here and there seen in Lower Egypt. Its true home, however, is in the upper land. It is never greased, and can be heard for a mile wheezing and groaning. Upon its model, some think, the music of the Egyptians is founded. In some localities these wheels go day and night, year in and year out, the men and beasts working by relays, and when heard from a tied-up boat in the small hours of the night sounds very melancholy. Men were seen mounted upon donkeys, themselves or the loads on which they rode nearly covering the patient little brutes.

There are few roads in this land, and the paths followed in the fields are frequently the little dikes between fields. On these narrow treads the donkey was pacing along, his rider's feet dangling down almost to the ground. Few things strike the western man as being more droll on his arrival here than a solemn-looking, turbaned man, in long, flowing garments, mounted upon a little donkey three feet high. They look solemn alike, and so dove-tailed together that one soon comes to feel they were fashioned on the same day, the one for the other. They are wonderfully intimate, and seem to understand each other perfectly. The native Egyptians are rather cowardly. They quarrel and vociferate fearfully, but one never sees a good bloody nose

growing out of any squabble. But word-fighting does not satisfy the human heart. Here the donkey comes into full play. He has a part of his anatomy always convenient for his master to empty his wrath upon, and when a wordy war ends the solemn brute takes the cudgel as his part of the fray. Like a boy, he has a feature made for the rod, and finding his master angry, at once turns this part to the stroke.

On arriving at Cairo we drove at once to Shepherd's hotel. I thought it the same I had stayed in thirty-six years ago. I had this idea from persons telling me it was the only hotel here at that time. The name, however, did not sound familiar. The landlord, to whom I mentioned my desire to stay in the same house, and that his did not look right to me, explained that many changes had been made. After breakfast we sallied out. There was around me a beautiful city—tall houses and wide streets, beautiful gardens and squares, flowers and trees, victorias and landaus. Nothing seemed familiar until we were besieged by a lot of donkey-boys. I almost fancied I saw the same little animal which long ago carried me so bravely over the hot sands to the pyramids; I went up to him and called him "Saladin," and caressed his ears. He did not smile nor look particularly pleased, but he did not resent my familiarity. We proposed a ride, and when I said I would ride "Saladin," his owner said that was not his name, but "Mary Anderson" was. I insisted that he was wrong, that I had ridden that donkey before he (the boy) was born, aye, when his father was a boy. I asked him if his father was not named "Mohammed." He said: "Oh, effendi, you are right!" I asked if his father was not, when young, a donkey-boy; "In shallah! he was." I then asked if that particular donkey had not belonged to his father, and if he was not 40 years old. He admitted he was. I am glad I did not fix the brute's age at 4,000 years, for that boy would have agreed with any thing I said. He was fascinated. When I got up he grinned to another boy, and, pointing at me, touched his head to indicate I was daft. I was in the Cairo of old on that donkey's back, but that was all that made it familiar.

We rode through the bazaars, narrow little streets nearly covered overhead, with turbaned merchants sitting in their little stores surrounded by their wealth. We passed a funeral procession—a couple of dozen women howling their wail for the dead; we met a marriage procession, with a closed palanquin on two long poles borne by two camels, one before and one behind, followed by gay people singing in joy, and with drums beating like mad. We stopped to see the two processions meet. The drums of the one beat and the gay ones laughed and sang, while the mourners of the others shrieked their sorrow. Both were shams, mere forms. There was no real joy in the one nor grief in the other. Both were mere pageants, and the actors were paid for the parts they

played. I do not know that we should be shocked at such things. I have seen the same in lands claiming a higher civilization. The performers there, however, were paying a debt to fashion and form, here they were earning bread.

We rode out toward the tombs of the Mamelukes, passing through narrow lanes with long rows of nearly dead walls, doors now and then cutting through them. Men, women, and children were squatting up against the walls festering in the sun. Flies were swarming about them, and gathered in knots around the children's eyes, and all, old and young, held out their hands and asked for "backshish." *This* was the Cairo of 1852. But, then, there was one thing lacking—our little steeds were not compelled to pick their way among sleeping pariah dogs, and there were no troops of them about the tombs. The foreigners have done at least this good by their "occupation." They have had nearly all of these brutes killed off, and the streets are cleaned by regular scavengers. There are 30,000 foreigners in Cairo, and it is really governed by the English. The English dread cholera, and have made this city, with its 500,000 Asiatics and Africans, nearly as clean as any European capital.

We drove in the afternoon to the pyramids in a victoria, over a beautiful road shaded by a double line of fine trees. Old Cheops did not look natural. He seemed small from this avenue of civilization. Years ago I waded to him through deep sands. The hot sun burned into my brain, and I wore a green veil to protect my eyes from the glare and the driving sands. Now green fields run nearly up to Geezah. Said and Ismail Pashas have left Egypt covered with debt, but they did much to improve the material of the land. As we drove up, the two pyramids lacked hugeness, but before I reached the top of Cheops, though with two stalwart Arabs to lift me up the rocky steeps, I reached the conclusion that they were mighty mountains of stone, and that over 210 pounds of solid flesh were a heavy load to carry up to the summit where 40 odd centuries sit enthroned. I looked in vain for two sets of initials coupled in brackets, which I cut in the cold stone 36 years ago. They are lost among masses of others. It is well. She is fat, and nearly 60; I am fat, and over 60. One flame burned out another's burning. She did not even wait to learn from me if I fulfilled my promise to grave our names upon the pyramid's highest stone. I wonder if, in these 36 years, she has ever thought of that promise made under the softest of skies, and which one of us thought could never be forgotten? What a boon it is to man that his heart is made of malleable material rather than of adamant and brittle steel!

By the way, sensible men justly inveigh the habit of "vanity" in carving its name upon monuments and thereby defacing them. But there is sense in cutting one's name upon imperishable rock without defacing it. Some may come after-

ward, and, seeing it, feel as if meeting an old friend. My heart was warmed up here in Egypt when seeing the names of some old acquaintance now dead. I felt we were living over again a half-forgotten past. I saw "Jenny Lind's" name upon the pyramid. Did she have it cut, or did some of her lovers do it? I do not know. But for a moment there came from the West, over the dead desert, a trill of perfected harmony which I never heard but once, and will never hear again until an angel song shall come to my ear from white-robed ones hovering around the throne of the Eternal. I can almost fancy that Bayard Taylor had the name cut. I have a vague recollection of his telling me of it. He almost worshipped the Swedish Nightingale.

We watched the sun sink beneath the western sands on his tireless voyage around the world. We were glad our path did not carry us across those bleak sands. We have not abandoned our race, but we have much to see before we can gird our loins for the home-stretch. My old legs enabled me to descend Cheops' ribbed sides quite rapidly, so as to look upon the Sphinx as the shades of evening should gather around it. I wished the boys to see it first when the broad glare of day should not too much reveal its defacement. A garrulous fellah said his name was "Mark Twain," and that for a shilling he would mount and descend old Cheops in eight minutes. With watch in hand I promised the shilling. How he did climb! How his nimble, half-naked legs did spring up the huge steps! He gained his shilling, and had a half minute to spare.

We loitered about until the full moon came up from the east. One should see the woman-faced monument first by moonlight. Then there is one point from which it can be seen, when it is not all fancy and sentiment which can pronounce it the calmest and most dignified monument of the world. We were fortunate in being here during the full moon. There is a quiet grandeur, too, about the pyramids by moonlight which one cannot conceive who sees them only in the broad glare of sunlight. We walked around them so as to see them in deep shade, and then again in silvery light. I think the boys will remember it as long as they live. The next day we visited the citadel and the gorgeous mosque of Mehemet Ali. It is the resting-place of a great man. He was one of the men of the century. The exquisite alabaster walls and pillars, with the pure grain and forms of the translucent stone fading and dimming into opaque marble, well befit the tomb of a man whose clear and transparent intellect faded and clouded before he died. Near by we visited the Arabic cemetery and the tombs of the khedives. The next day was to be Good-Friday—one of the Moslem's holiest days. Thousands wended their way to the tombs to spend the night among their loved dead; the rich in carriages, with servants bearing their food and gifts for the destitute,—the poor on carts, on donkeys, or a-foot, with their loads on their heads.



RAMESSES II., NINETEENTH DYNASTY, KNOWN AS SESOSTRIS.

An Arabian tomb is a sort of house, more or less luxurious, according to the family means. There are halls and rooms, or open courts. Mourners spend the night and part of Good-Friday in religious exercises, and distribute gifts and food to the poor and destitute. Many a lean devil gets then the only square meal of his year. It was a queer sight,—the motley crowd. There were rich ladies veiled, showing only their dark eyes and a little white complexion—others veiled, too, but revealing the glimpse of a face of almost ebon blackness. There were poor women with faces only half covered, and fellaheen women with uncovered countenances. There were rich men preceded by out-runners, and poor men on donkeys and afoot. The alleys through the tombs are only a few feet wide. This motley crowd met and jostled against each other, all intent upon their pious duties. The old Coptic church, with subterranean chapel of Lady Mary, in old Cairo, aroused in our hearts sentiments which our doubts as to the truth of its tradition could not efface. Here for centuries the Copts have knelt in holy fervor, for in the two niches in the chapel wall they believe the Virgin Mary and her child with Joseph rested after the flight to Egypt. There may be, and probably is, no real foundation for the legend. But the belief and sentiment of centuries have consecrated the place. To have sat upon one of these marble slabs would have seemed to me a desecration.

On our return drive, through an open square abutting upon the Esbekeeyeh garden, I casually glanced at the Hotel d'Orient. "Eureka!" I cried; "there is my old hotel of 1852." I felt certain of the recognition. I alighted, and was told that, though much enlarged, a part of the house is the same it was nearly 40 years ago. I resolved to rest at it on our return from up the Nile. And now I am writing, I think, in one of three rooms in which Bayard Taylor and I first met. It may be fancy, but there is pleasure in the thought. We find the Oriental a much better house than Shepherd's; charges reasonable, and no disposition to stick the traveller for every crust taken extra. The rooms are good, and the attendance polite, and the table satisfactory. Fashion has made "Shepherd's" extortionate and presumptuous. We had there poor rooms and nasty smells and an impolite clerk. I commend to Americans the old Orient. It is charmingly situated.

Since our return we have been busy seeing things. We spent a day in the Boolak Museum most advantageously. In it the student could profitably spend weeks. We saw the mummies of mighty monarchs who ruled nearly 4,000 years ago, and monuments of others who have been dead 5,000 years. One queen, who died over 3,000 years ago, was covered with garlands of flowers, some of which were enough preserved to show their petals and to enable us to recognize the flower. In one box was a queen and her little babe. They have not been unrolled from

the linen in which they were wrapped over 3,000 years ago. I almost hoped that it was a sense of propriety which had saved the mother and child from the desecration of such exposure to the gaze of the curious. I wondered if she had lived to look upon her little one. If her maternal heart had heard that sweetest of all sounds to a woman's ear—her babe's first faint cry. Had it been laid upon her warm breast? Had she felt its tiny hands upon her cheek or dimpling her soft bosom? Had she uttered that softest and gentlest of all expressions—those two little words which convey a world of yearning and of love when a mother first says to her newly-born—"My baby!" The linen enfolding her was clean and almost white. Her baby lay upon her feet. For 3,000 years mother and child have thus rested. Are the woman and child yet mother and babe in the far-off spirit land? There is another mother and babe in a distant grave—mother and babe becoming one in dust, as they were one before it was born. If human hands could but lift the veil which hides the inscrutable! If human eyes could but pierce the measures of the unfathomable! If human ears could but catch the tones uttered beyond illimitable space! Oh, if these things could but happen, what joy might sink into the soul of the living.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NILE—OLD AND NEW EGYPT—EGYPTIAN HOUSES—THE
PLODDING DONKEY—FORBIDDEN FRUIT—EGYPTIAN
FARMS—HEADERS FROM AN ASS.

Cairo, Egypt, April 16, 1888.

ON the 30th of March we took the train for Assyout, 250 miles up the Nile, but only 200 by rail. The valley of the Nile, after quitting the delta, is rarely over ten miles wide, and is frequently much narrower. It is a depression in the mighty desert, which stretches from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, a distance of over 3,000 miles. Probably in some mighty cataclysm attending the cooling of the earth's crust this great valley, 1,800 miles long, dropped down, leaving the desert above on either side. The valley at the "Fayoom," some 50 miles above Cairo, widens to 15 and 40 miles, and spreads out in a great triangle at the delta, with a wide plat of cultivable lands 80 or more miles across at the widest point—from east to west. The entire area of cultivable fields of this wonderful country is only 8,000 square miles, or about one seventh of the State of Illinois. This small tract has been called the granary of the world. A part of the valley grows one good crop from the moisture left by the inundation, which begins in July and ends in October; other parts which can grow nothing without irrigation in Lower Egypt, grow three, and in Upper Egypt, two crops a year. A great part of the inundated lands is sown immediately after the Nile's retirement, and then, after being harvested, a second crop is put in and ripened before the next. The river, when within its banks, is called the Low, or Little Nile; when full it is "*The Nile*." Large canals debouch into it frequently, and carry its waters far back. One of these begins at Assyout, and extends, with another name, nearly 300 miles northward, with a lateral branch some 30 miles, into the Fayoom. Another runs from Cairo to Ismalia and on to Suez. These are all in parts navigable, but were built and are used principally for irrigating purposes. The main ones are full at all times. The others are perfectly dry except during high Nile. From the river, from the canals, and from wells, water for irrigation is taken. One feature of the country is that water is found everywhere in wells at a depth of but a little, if at all, lower than the surface of the river. The "shadoof" is

the old-fashioned pole with a weight at the large end ; generally this weight is a mass of hard clay. The pole is a short one, lifting eight to twelve feet. As the river falls an additional shadoof is put in, then another. At this season, on the the Upper Nile, there are three or four sets. The first one is worked by one man, lifting the water in a closely-woven wicker or skin basket, four to six feet, into a trench. This runs along or into the bank to the next shadoof, commonly worked by two men with a pair of poles, lifting eight or ten feet, and so on till the level of the land is reached. Then the trenches lead back as far as required—sometimes a mile or more. The “sakeeyeh” makes the lift at once, the endless rope with buckets attached (described in my last) being lengthened as the water falls. I have seen a wheel in Upper Egypt lifting fully 50 feet. The flow into the wells is large. I saw one ten feet in diameter, from which water was being lifted by two large wheels at once, without lowering the well surface. In Lower Egypt, particularly throughout the delta, the level of the land is but little above the river, and there the shadoof is rarely seen worked in sets, and the wheels have frequently the buckets attached to, or directly in, the rims of the wheel. The depression of the valley of the Nile leaves a line of hills or low mountains, running in a more or less broken range on either side of the river, now quite close on one side, and six or eight miles back on the other. Then, again, the river seems nearly equally distant from the two ranges. The stream shifts its bed more or less from year to year, and in the course of centuries changes from near the hills on one side to those on the other. Cities, or rather ruins of cities, known in ancient times to have been on the river, are now miles back, and the cutting into the banks by the stream reveals foundations of other cities long buried, and frequently entirely forgotten.

The hills, or rather the desert cliffs, vary in height, from 200 or 300 feet in Lower Egypt, to 600 or 800 in Upper. I thought some, which are rather bold mountains, were over 1,000 feet high. These are all absolutely barren and desolate rocky barriers, now sloping towards the valley in steep inclines, then in abrupt frowning precipices. In the latter, however, the falling debris, through the ages, have left sloping inclines of pure sand, more or less high up from the level land. The rocks composing these mountains or hills are, for over 300 (perhaps 400) miles above Cairo, a species of limestone, containing pebbles and cobbles of rounded flintstone; then on to the First Cataract they are mostly a gray or yellow-gray sandstone; at Assouan, a red granite or syenite. (This name originates in the ancient city of Syene, built about the First Cataract.) This stone has there burst through the sandstone overlying. Looking from the valleys, one would think the mountains were in a succession of ranges, one behind the other, whereas in fact the desert runs back, rather on

a level with what appears to be the top of the range—runs back, not as a flat of table-land, but unevenly undulating, and frequently quite broken. From what I saw from the tops of the heights we climbed, and what I could gather from others, there is very little of the desert which approaches a flat table-land. It is all in hollows and hillocks, and rolls often quite ruggedly. It was news to me, and probably will be to others, that the oasis of the deserts are depressions, as is the Nile Valley—depressions in some cases, probably in all, even to a lower level than that of the Nile Valley. In some of them, when a well is dug, the water bubbles up and runs over the brim, giving irrigation without a lift. Whence is the source of these springs in the desert? I find there are occasional rains in those parts which margin the valley, and some of them quite heavy, for they leave deep water-worn marks in the torrent-beds running down the gorges. I suspect the rains extend over a large part of the Sahara and Arabian deserts. They sink into the sands, and enough remain unevaporated below for the supply of the few springs existing, and for the wells along the Nile Valley. These wells, by the way, lie principally back from the river and near the hills.

Our run by rail to Assyout and back gave us a fine opportunity for seeing many farming operations which river travel does not afford, and our subsequent examinations of the picture-carving upon the walls of the tombs at Luxor and other places showed us how little of change in the domestic and economic life of the people, thousands of years have brought. The same wooden plow, with its single handle, its simple share, and its manner of attachment to the ox by a straight yoke without bows, is seen in the sculptured chambers of the dead of 30 odd centuries ago, and in the fields of the Fellaheen to-day. The working Arab, indeed the whole country and village peasantry, is called "Fellaheen," or "Fellahs," in contradistinction to the "Bedaween," or wandering Arabs, of the desert. The same intimacy exists between the peasantry and the domestic animals as seen in the painted *relievos* on the tomb of the priest at Sakkara, as in the city and village of to-day. A man drives his geese along the pictured limestone rock in a deep cave, whose existence was hidden by 3,000 years of accumulated sand. A man in flowing robe and heavy turban drives through Cairo's streets a flock which might have sat as models before the artist who died before Moses played his game of hide and seek in the bullrushes. The fellah digs up the sand for his melon-hill with a short wooden hoe, which can be duplicated in the Boolak Museum from a lot of implements dug up by Mariette with its owner, whose mummy commenced gardening before Joshua blew down Jericho's wall with the bass note of a ram's horn. A woman gracefully carries, poised on her head, an earthen jar, holding five or six gallons of water, just as her grandmother of the hundred and eightieth generation is seen doing in a

tomb chiselled by vanity in the rock not long after the flood. A brickmaker molds his brick in a single mold, which he places on the smooth ground, then works up his mud with his hand, sprinkles a little water over the dough, and claps it down into the mold, lifts the mold up, and so proceeds to make others until his row is finished. He is squatting on his haunches while he works, and the bricks are then left to dry, and are built unburned into the wall; and if a large brick be needed, he mixes straw with the mud, doing it all in the self-same manner shown in the tombs to have been followed by that son of Israel whose idleness brought on the blow from his master, which aroused Moses' Irish, and caused him to do the smiting which made him escape a thrashing by the flight into the wilderness. The result—the theology which has regenerated the western world. The farm laborer squats, now, as in the dead past, down on the ground to reap the ripe wheat with a sickle not eight inches long, gathering it to him by the handful. Full-robed Boaz is seen standing about in patriarchal dignity, while his laborers work, and Ruth gleanes a few fallen heads. Ruth, however, now rarely finds favor in Boaz's sight, for, unlike her predecessor, she is not comely. All the comely Ruths are picked up when they are 10 to 12 years old. The harvested grain is carried to the threshing-ground on camels, oxen, and donkeys, and there it is threshed out by oxen drawing a sort of sled with a roller between the runners. This was, and is, drawn round and round, threshing out the kernel and breaking the straw. The chaff is winnowed out by throwing it up to be blown away by the breeze. The broken straw is then piled up about the village until it is eaten by the cattle. There is no rain to hurt it, though it lies in an uncovered pile for months. Three-thousand-year-old Egyptians are doing the self-same things on the walls of the sculptured tombs. A large number of the hired laborers carry home on their heads, or their wives do, a certain number of sheaves, the wages for the day's work. This they thresh out carefully, and store it away in earthen jars. Each household grinds its own corn or wheat on two millstones—the under one about two feet across, the upper three or four inches less. A woman squats by these, turns the upper on the lower one, and feeds them by dropping a small handful of grain into a hole running through the upper stone. She does this to-day precisely as the contemporary of Pharaoh's daughter is seen doing it on pictured tomb walls. The flour or meal passes out upon the margin of the lower stone, and is raked off with the hand. This is baked into thin cakes of unleavened bread. Sculptured or painted pictures in a tomb at Assouan, lately opened, showed all of these things were done in selfsame manner 3,400, and over, years ago. The oven in which the baking is done is heated by burning buffalo-chips and cow-coal. One can occasionally see shreds of the coal sticking into the under side of the cake. That happens when the

cow failed to sufficiently masticate her fodder. It does not hurt the bread, for fire is a purifier.

The people all live in villages. These are on eminences of a few feet, made by the debris of towns which have melted down. For countless ages unburnt brick has been used. As a house tumbles it raises a foundation for the succeeding house. Nothing can be more unattractive than an Egyptian village—a mass of mud walls on narrow in-and-out, crooked alleys. A space of 60 feet square is surrounded by a wall eight to ten feet high. Cross-walls are built within, dividing the square into three, four, or more compartments, with doorways opening one into another. One or two of these comprise what may be called a house. Some of these compartments are covered over with long millet or doura straw, laid loosely—not laid to keep out rain, but for shade. In the other compartments the cattle are housed or corralled, and the little worldly wealth, consisting of a few farm implements and large earthen jars for holding grain, are stored. An old broken jar or a hole in the wall is the only cupboard. There are no bedsteads, tables, or chairs in the establishments. The people sleep on the ground, either in the covered rooms or in the outer compartments or little courts, or along the walls in the narrow streets or alleys. The men seem to do this latter—the women and children being within. I refer of course, to the abodes of the poor people. Some of the better off, even in villages, have their houses covered with mud. On the side of all houses the refuse of animals is dried in cakes about the size of dinner plates for fuel. Fodder and fuel are stacked on the roof. Chickens, goats, and dogs are constantly seen on the roof or walking along the walls of the open courts.

The people are poor, but look neither sullen nor unhappy. They like better to work with energy on odd jobs than to plod at regular labor. The farms of individual owners are small—five to twenty acres. There are great numbers of cattle, goats, and many sheep and donkeys. Among the cattle are many buffalo. There is no such thing as regular pastures for grazing. After the fields have been harvested they are grazed over until the last straw and almost the very roots of grasses and weedy plants have been eaten out. Goats and sheep feed on the scant vegetation to be found on the edge of the desert and about ruins. Cattle, however, do not depend on this sort of grazing, but feed on clover, vetch, beans, and peas, planted and cultivated for the purpose. They are either tethered or are strictly watched, and forced to graze small plats close into the ground, and then moved to a new plat. The donkey is seen everywhere. Camels are principally used for carrying the bulk of the crop in middle and upper Egypt from the fields to the farmyards, and bullocks and cows do the plowing; the little, patient ass is the common drudge. He is like the maid-of-all-work in an English hash boarding-house. There is

nothing he cannot be made to take a hand at. He is steed for man and woman. As such he is generally ridden without bridle or saddle, except in the cities, and then the spindle shanks of the rider dangle down with rarely the foot in the stirrup, and the reins lie loose, the animal being guided by a stick in the rider's hand, or by the boy who runs behind. They carry huge loads of grass, or monster bags of chaff, cut straw, or other light material, hiding all but the ears and a little part of the rear anatomy, left for cudgelling. The camel, when loaded with wheat, looks like a good-sized stack of straw walking on stilts—all else is hidden, except his bird-like head, which is always moving and peering from side to side.

Of late years the Khedive has tried to introduce a large cultivation of sugar-cane, and to encourage it, erected some 50 large sugar manufactories along the Nile. More than half of them are idle. One of the great features of the village are the tall pigeon towers. These are turret-looking structures, 12 to 15 feet square, and 20 to 30 high. They are the really aristocratic buildings of the village. I counted 50 odd of them in a place of not over 400 population. The pigeons nest in and roost on and about them, their droppings going through a grating to be gathered as guano. They are kept for this purpose. I was told that one village we saw had 250,000. It is a mooted question if they do not eat more grain than they are worth. The wheat is left standing until dead-ripe, and consequently much is shattered out. Wheat-straw is very coarse, and nearly as hard and strong as reeds. In being threshed under the roller-sled it is mashed, and thereby made fitter for fodder.

When we left Cairo the wheat-fields were just yellowing, and much was yet green. It, together with the clover and vetch and peas, gave a variegated carpet to the plains. The clumps of stately date trees are so frequent near Cairo that, together with the occasional acacias, they frequently afford an almost wooded landscape, looked at from the level. As we approached Upper Egypt, the fields were more yellow and the harvest was begun, and great peripatetic stacks of straw were moving in different directions along the narrow paths on camels and small ones on donkeys.

At Assyout we boarded, at night, a little flat-bottomed steam-boat, only 90 feet long, and drawing two and a half. When we woke up in the morning we were upon the most famous river of the world, and steaming toward that point which has been so often inquired for and sought, but vainly sought, for thousands of years—the source of “The Nile” (or “the river”). There were five first-class passengers; three enthusiastic young Americans—*magna pars fui*—and two Englishmen, Col. Harrington-Bey and Maj. Marrice-Bey, of the mounted police. The national police is a military organization, officered by Englishmen, and is divided into four departments, the head of each bearing the title of pasha, the

next two being beys. Our little boat frequently bumped plump against sand-bars, toppling us over, but only causing a laugh, all the greater when once it emptied soup into a lap. An awning covered the top of the boat, but the reflected sun was too fierce to permit its shade to be a pleasant lounging-place after nine o'clock. It, however, was a sufficient protection to enable us to go up for a few minutes when passing any scenery or spot we wished to carefully observe over the high banks.

The river cuts its way between banks 20 or so feet high; is from a little over a quarter of a mile to three quarters wide, and flows steadily, with a current in low water of three miles an hour. It shifts its bed gradually from one side to the other, now cutting into the black, sandy loam on the one side, exposing now and then the foundations of towns buried ages ago, and making sand-bars on the other, which are utilized by the natives for melon-patches as the water recedes. Where these bars are of too clean a sand for a growth, a little loam from the debris of villages and ruins, full of nitre, is carried on the patient little donkey. The winds pouring steadily up or down the river are so strong that the sands are woven into pretty, wavy lines, and would cover the plantations of melons. To prevent this, barriers are made by sticking rows of doura-stalks or palm fronds, from a few inches to two or three feet high, on the windward side of each row of young plants. Near Cairo the seeds were being planted; about Assouan the melon hills were green and the plants in bloom. I heaved many a sigh when looking upon the yet fruitless vines, for I am so fond of watermelons that I have a suspicion that if my family tree were closely scrutinized, down among its primitive roots, would be found some Ethiopian kinks.

By the way, we had a family of natives in one of the rooms. There were three ladies, closely veiled in flowing black silken "bourkos," which were never removed outside of their own rooms. Sweet is forbidden fruit! The boys were constantly on the watch to catch a glimpse of these bundled-up houris. The rooms of the little steamer open only on the guards. One day a gust of wind blew a bourko aside. The boys saw within the pearly gate, and lo! the sweet vision was of a face as black as the ace of spades! I read to my disappointed lads a lecture upon the folly—not to say criminality—of attempting to rend a veil over which was written "*intrare non.*" We saw very many Arabian Rachels with their flocks of goats about the river banks, or trudging over the broad sand-bars with huge earthen jars of water on their heads, wending their way toward the villages, most of which lie back some distance from the river's edge, but never a Jacob assisting them. The fact that Jacob did assist fair and lovely Rachel is proof positive of direct divine interference. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were Arabs of the desert, and would never have given a helping hand to a woman if the Lord had not directly com-

manded it. The woman of the East does not now pray to the master, the Lord, but to the master, the man, and so the Lord has deserted her, and the master man pays but little attention to her, except when her comely face finds temporary favor in his sight. Her beauty, too, is usually of such a character that it does not shine forth until after the sun has gone down.

We had down below, among the general deck passengers, many well-to-do natives returning from the city, where they had been to purchase their stock of goods. It was interesting to watch them when landing for some large town standing a mile or so back. Prancing horses, some in velvet caparison, others in simple cloth, some with partly gilded bridles, others plain; donkeys in red trappings, and donkeys without saddle or bridle, were on the high bank to take the travellers home. Turbaned men in silken robes, turbaned men in cotton robes, would climb steep banks with their wealth. There would be clatter and noise enough for the disembarkation of a western regiment. The rich would mount their neighing steeds, the poorer would pile their plunder upon the naked donkeys, and then perch themselves on top of all. Some little brute would be slightly unruly; a blow would fall about his ears; he would dodge and interpose his convenient rear. If in turning he caught sight of a lady donkey, he would bray out one of his most touching love songs. The gallantry of the donkey cannot be tamed by cuffs or blows. Then the motley crowd would start; the steeds careering, the donkeys under saddle galloping, those under loads single footing it, and off they would dash through a cloud of dust, which would mark the well-worn path to the village.

Sometimes on a landing barge there was a native soldier about to depart after a furlough. Half-veiled women would gather about him, perhaps his mother and sisters or wife. One would press upon him a cake, another would brush some dirt from his uniform. The mother would lay her hand upon his shoulder. Her dark eyes would melt beneath the openings of her bourko as she looked lovingly upon her soldier-boy and poured words of love into his ears. Ah, deeper far than Joseph's well at Cairo is the unfathomable well of a mother's love. Its fountains flow steadily, whether the mother be Hindoo or Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian. It flows from a fathomless fountain beneath the throne of eternal love. Formerly an Egyptian bade an adieu forever to his home when he was conscripted. Now, under English control, the conscript has an occasional furlough, and a mother's love lives in the reasonable hope of again seeing her boy. England is a hard taskmistress, but she is not savage.

About Assouan the granite was belched through the sandstone, when the crust fell in to make the valley. This granite is red syenite, but along the river it is blackened and in fantastic forms, and is in rounded, smooth, water-worn masses, thrown in among the

many channels of the cataracts. It looks as if it had been blackened with coal tar and then polished. The scenery about the cataracts and just below is very wild, and yet very pretty. The red and yellow-gray rocks above, the shining black, smooth, monster rocks below, and rushing between them the wild waters in frothy, hurrying rapids; here in lifted but unbroken streams, now in foaming cascade, then in whirling eddies. We came down the cataract in a boat of six oars, with a cool-headed "reis" at the helm. Now we shot down one fall, then, caught by an eddy, would be carried sideways toward the next. With a hard helm, however, and one range of oars pulled by quick, manly energy, our prow would be pointed into the lifted channel. Down it we shot like an arrow from a bow, and came out with a wild yell. At one point we were very nearly forced sideways down. The channel was not two feet wider than our boat was long. We touched one rocky edge, the oarsmen were thrown from their seats, and we missed a ducking by the skin of our teeth.

On our way up, when we reached Edfoo there were no saddled donkeys for us to ride to the temple, two or three miles off, so we mounted some barebacked fellows, and without bridles dashed over the little paths like three wild boys. It was a jolly ride. One of the brutes fell, and Johnny went tumbling over a bank. Our laugh was turned upon us afterward. For on reaching Luxor, at 11 o'clock at night, we took a moonlight run to Karnak on illy-provided asses. Willie that night got a header. When we returned from up-country my donkey fell flat at nearly the same spot. Not only did I roll off over his head, but in the tumble somehow found myself lying somehow on one of the brute's hind legs, while his other heel was giving fearful premonitions of his intention to give me a round of kicks. Honors were thus even; we each had a header from an Egyptian ass.

CHAPTER XXX.

DR. SCHLIEMANN—THEBES: ITS TEMPLES AND TOMBS—BEAUTIFUL PICTURE-WRITING—A NATIVE FEAST.

Steamship "Charkie," April 19, 1888.

WE are aboard the Khedive's post-steamer, having sailed from Alexandria yesterday, and will arrive at Athens to-morrow. I would not attempt another letter about Egypt if I did not feel it a duty to do so. It is not an agreeable thing to write in a shaky boat, but, after all, those are not the most valuable occupations which are most agreeable in the performance, unless the mere doing a duty be of itself agreeable. I have come to regard the noting down of what I see on my "race with the sun" as a positive duty, and therefore productive of a real pleasure. We have a pleasant company abroad, among them Dr. Schliemann, the famous excavator, and Dr. Virchow, consulting physician of the Emperor Frederick. The first is an active, fussy little man of over 70, full of chat and energy, whose delight is to worm in the ground in search of antiquities having not only archæological value, but also capable of bringing in good golden Napoleons. He looks like an honest Deutcher who gains his living by digging for mangel-wurzel rather than for dead men's bones and chiselled dreams; in fact, more like a gardener than a virtuoso. He walks about the deck with Herodotus in the original under his arm; is proud of being a German by birth and yet an American citizen who never went through the forms of being naturalized. He was in California when it was annexed, and became a citizen by virtue of the annexation. He and Virchow have been in Egypt in search of the tomb of Alexander the Great, but did not find it. He is ready to give information on any subject he knows of, and will fight any one who doubts the individuality and identity of Homer. He vowed he would not take a wife to his bosom until he could find one who could recite the whole Iliad. His bright young Greek wife does repeat it by the yard, and understands it, but his boatman repeats for him at large, although he (the boatman) does not comprehend any thing else than the euphony and rhythm of the mighty bard. The doctor lives in a veritable palace in Athens, surmounted with marble statues, and over whose doors is carved in Greek: "The tent of Ilion."

I said in my last that, as travellers in Egypt went up the Nile only for the ruins, they had not prepared me for its rich scenery. Although I showed my appreciation of this, yet I do not wish one to think I was oblivious to the wonders left by art thousands of years ago. We had not the time to study these wonders, but have prepared ourselves for studying them hereafter more intelligently from books. We first looked upon massive Karnak by the full light of the moon. It seemed a fitting thing to wander among those vast stones almost as massive as mountain ribs; to roam among the huge columns, vast yet rich in architectural form; to lose one's self in the deep shadows of the old temple; to lean against the lofty obelisks, whose points seem to pierce the deep-blue sky,—it seemed fitting, I say, to be in this home of gray antiquity in the hour of midnight, when the world was asleep; when the self-same stars were peeping through clefts in cornice and crevasse in architrave, which had looked silently down upon the mass when it was new and fresh, over 30 centuries ago; when the queen of night was bathing all in silvery light, and yet leaving the ravages of man, time, and the Nile somewhat concealed. Karnak is a ruin,—not a half-destroyed temple, as most pictures portray it. It was once a group of noble temples, covering, with their long avenues of colossal sphinxes, many hundred acres. Parts of several of them still exist, massive and grand, but simply fragments, which enable the archæologist alone to trace out from them the foundations of the buildings of which they formed only small parts. All of these massive fragments, consisting of propylæa (outer gates), of massive walls and fallen columns, architraves and cornices, are richly adorned in sculptured relief, deep-cut into the huge stones in figures of gods and kings, and sharp-cut hieroglyphics commemorative of the deeds of those whose figures are shown. From these figures and hieroglyphic surroundings the scientist unfolds the pages of a long-dead history, and enables us to know what men and kings did long before history was born. On our downward voyage on the Nile we visited them twice again, spending long hours by day among the ruins. Much of the walls and many of the mighty columns of the great temple of Rameses; with the vast stones above forming roof and entablature, still exist in more or less tumbled-down condition. This huge structure, all in elaborate and massive art, covered with its outer wall a space not far from a mile and a half round, with a height of over 70 feet, and walls of vast thickness. Here were hundreds of huge columns, from 8 to 12 feet in diameter and 40 to 60 feet high, richly carved. Some of them have been thrown so as to lean over against others, the vast hanging stones of the architraves looking like the rocks of a toppling precipice. Two obelisks, nearly 100 feet high, of solid granite, stand as if their roots were deep in the earth, but one, lying broken, shows that the Nile in its annual washing finds no foundation too firm for it to undermine.

No other ruins in Egypt are so massive as these of Karnak, though there are others in a better condition. The Nile has done more to bring the mighty temples of old Thebes (Luxor) down than has the hand of man. But religious fanaticism, both Christian, under the Eastern empire, and Mohammedan, within 1,000 years, has done its best to deface all that was purely artistic. Modern taste would find little to admire in the beautiful sculptures on any of the old temples if the rock had not been too hard for the hand of the fanatic hammerer or the elevation too great for a lazy priesthood to reach, or if the massiveness and multitude of the sculptures had not been too great for indolent muscle to pick away. The Nile, too, while a destroyer, has also been a preserver by filling up the lower parts of many temples. This accumulated soil being removed discloses the covered parts in almost original form. The temple of Luxor, close to the river, is a grand one, but less impressive than Karnak. The ruins of Medeenet Aboo, across the river on the west bank, however, in many respects pleased me more. But it would be a waste of space to attempt to describe this, or even any more of them. Thebes was a mighty city, and left many ruins to attest its grandeur.

Back of the old city, in gorges in the mountains on the west bank, are the "tombs of the kings," whose mummies and papyrus rolls have been so valuable to the world of letters. These tombs are cut into the solid rock, all sloping downward and running under the mountains from 100 to 500 feet, in long galleries 12 to 20 odd feet wide and 9 to 12 feet deep. In different parts of them are large chambers whose walls, as well as those of the long galleries, are covered with sculptures in deep relief, and with hieroglyphic writing beautifully sharp. The sculptures are the figures of the king for whom the tomb was built, of the kings and peoples whom he conquered, of his battles and victories, of the spoils of war, of captives and beasts and treasures brought back and offered to the gods, and of the gods themselves receiving the gifts. Many of these sculptures are beautifully wrought of high art (Egyptian), and when not defaced are bright in color as when first painted.

There is shown everywhere evidence that the artists of the vast past did not trust entirely to the chisel to show form, to exhibit beauty, or to express action. Sculptures within doors and without seem all to have been painted. Those in the tombs were fresh when exhumed, and many are still bright. On the exposed temples time and the few rains of Egypt through thousands of years have only left traces of the old colors. The smoke of torches, and even the pencil of vanity, have tarnished most of the paintings in the tombs, but enough yet remains to delight the student and please the curious man.

In some tombs, discovered opposite Assouan two years ago, there are picture-writings of exquisite finish and perfect preservation. I have rarely seen forms, especially of birds, drawn with a

freer hand, or showing more grace or ease of pose. One can almost say they are the living links connecting the dead past with the present. They seem to step and move, and step and move with stately gravity, and are as fresh as the things of yesterday. They have not been injured as yet, and perhaps will not be, for now the government preserves, more or less carefully, all antiquities. These tombs were boarded up when we visited them, and it being after the visiting season, the guardians were not about. We hoisted each other over the boarding on each other's shoulders, and then pulled up the last. There were masses of bones of mummies, mummy boxes, and these beautiful picture-paintings, which amply repaid us for some bruised shins and torn fingers. We brought away a jaw-bone or two without cost, but were too honest to bring away a whole figure or mummy box, though sorely tempted. These caves were the last opened, and are not yet mentioned in the guide-books. Brugsch Bey, whom I afterward met in the Boolak Museum, told me they were the oldest yet found, being at least of the fifth dynasty. Dr. Schliemann says they are of the second,—that is, 4,000 years before Christ. The sands which fell ages ago from the upper heights of the cliffs in which the tombs were cut covered their mouths and kept man out, and thus preserved these valuable relics until now, when they are so highly appreciated.

The cliffs along the valley in some localities are honeycombed with tombs, and I doubt not that there are many yet uncovered, and possibly unsuspected. Some will yet be found, perhaps, of great value, for the government has one or two fine steamers on the river devoted entirely to archæology. I am told that Marriette's successor is an able and industrious man. It seems somewhat droll that there should be in this active age a governmental department whose sole duty is to stir up dead men's bones. The ancient Egyptian had a solemn cast of thought, and a sombre taste, but I think he knew the true resting-places for the dead. He selected spots which death would naturally choose for his court—wild, desolate gorges—cliffs in which no life is seen, where not an ivy or a desert-thorn could live. Of all dead spots I have ever visited none seem so absolutely dead and desolate as the gorge in which are the tombs of the kings at old Thebes. Modern sentimentality makes a cemetery a park or garden in which lovers wander to gather flowers when the keepers are out of sight, and to flirt with a tombstone for a trysting-place, and vanity stalks with more dashing step in a graveyard and in funeral trappings than it does at a birth or a marriage. There was a reason for the pomp of the Egyptian's tomb. They believed the spirit of the dead lived in and about its preserved mummy, and that the loved one gone appreciated and enjoyed the pomps of its surroundings. Not to deck it out in splendor was to leave it in neglect which it would feel in sorrow, and, perhaps, resent in anger. But they

favoured gloomy splendor and awful pomp, and believed the dead revelled in such. We, however, believe that the spirit of our dead quits this miserable dust forever—dust which has been a charnel-house for the imprisoned spirit,—and wings its flight far beyond the stars; that the sufferings and griefs of those left behind cannot ruffle the sweet tranquillity of the far-off happy new life, and yet we grieve in sackcloth and ashes, and peep from behind our trappings of woe to see if the world fully discovers the depth of our sorrow. We deck the tomb of the dead as if the spirit nightly sate upon its own head-stone and delighted in nose-gays. Much of this is to feed the vanity of the living. But real and sincere grief is often selfish, as is joy, and gloats upon the thought that the world witnesses its agony.

At Assyouit we climbed, on our return from above, the high hill which is so full of tombs that, at a long distance, it almost resembles a titanic dove-cote. Skulls lay about, and mummy-cloth was sticking in the sands. Old tombs, long since stripped of their occupants and devoid of architecture, were being broken up to roll down below to be burned into lime. Under us was the Arab cemetery of to day, a regular stiff, cemented city of the dead, with white domes and courts for the family or hired mourners to stay in when grieving periodically. On our way out we had passed a troop of women howling on their way to the tombs. We knew they were mourning for some well-to-do person. The intensity of their grief could only come from gold-distilling tears, and showed that they were well paid for it. Some persons in the far west are occasionally met who would find mourning by proxy most charming. The boys ascended to the highest points to look over the desert behind, leaving me alone among the old vaults. As I sat at nearly sunset among these old homes of the dead, deserted now even by their ghastly tenants, I saw a hyena come out of one. He looked down upon the modern cemetery, from which came up faintly the voices of the howling women, gave a sort of chuckle, and trotted off. I wondered if he and his race had not contracted the habit of laughing from living about tombs and seeing the hollow vanity of man. This was the only one of the laughing brutes I saw in Egypt.

By the way, another of the old acquaintances of the Nile traveller, the crocodile, has entirely disappeared below the first cataract, and almost entirely up to the second or third. The keen love of sport of the Englishman has been too much for him. I thought I saw one just below Phylæ, at the upper end of the cataract, but it turned out to be a woman swimming the river with a baby in her arms. She was on one of the little floats used so much on the Upper Nile—a stick of wood, say eight inches in diameter, five feet long, and turned up slightly at one end like a sled-runner. A woman will slip off her robes, putting them in a flat basket, poise it upon her head, hold her baby in her arms,

and on this little float go back and forth. As she emerges from the water she puts her garments on, and goes forth at least cleaner than she went in. I saw one thus swimming with a basket of vegetables on her head and a baby in her arms. She was taking her little truck to market. It is, from what I could learn, the only bath she takes. The Bedouin never washes all over, and his face rarely. A fellah back from the river washes his feet and face, but his odor shows that this is all. I suppose it is a relic of his desert antecedents, where water is scarce.

The great majority of the present Egyptian population is Arab. The Copts, about 500,000, claim descent from the ancient people of the Pharaohs, but they more resemble the Arabs than the pictures on the walls. It will interest our boys to learn that, on the Nile, as in Ceylon and on the Red Sea, when natives swim rapidly they invariably go hand over hand. When desirous of swimming particularly fast they dive as far as possible. They are expert divers, and catch water-fowl by going under them. At Luxor Hotel we saw some droll pet pelicans caught in this way. Of these, as of other water birds, there are great numbers on the Nile. I saw a flock of several hundred pelicans ranged very curiously in files on a sand-bar. About half were in rows, one behind the other, all with heads turned toward our steamer coming from below. The other half were in files looking up stream. I noticed, I thought, five or six which seemed an exception to this order, but on close scrutiny with my glass I found these were storks along the outer edge of the flock, and not a pelican was looking out of line. The carvings and paintings in the tombs show that, in the time of the Pharaohs, the same birds were to be found in Egypt that are found there to-day. Some animals are no longer frequenters of the land that were there 4,000 years ago. Crocodiles and hippopotami were as far north as the Delta, but not within the range of written history. Wild geese, cranes, herons, and snipe of several varieties were constantly seen, both on the wall-carving and to-day along the river.

I spoke of the damage done the old temples by the Nile. Nearly all of them stand on inundated land. The water has gradually eaten into the foundations and lower members, and so causes the superstructure to tumble. In olden time the water was excluded by dykes. In some temples the Nile deposit has been several feet deep. In all, the *debris* of towns and villages has filled them often to the roof. These have been, or are now being, excavated. There seems to be a law of nature that where there is growth there is life, and, *e converso*, where there is life there is growth. Wherever there is found either animal or vegetable life, there the very earth grows. Old things everywhere lie covered beneath new things. Where men have lived, their cities or their foundations are found buried; where vegetable nature alone holds high court, there trees and their *debris* are found far below the surface.

In the mountain heights and in desert places where there is no life, there denudation is constantly going on. The earth itself does not grow in such localities. Most of this, I suppose, is carried off by rivers into the deep seas. Whence comes the mass of matter which covers and is yet covering deeper year by year the mighty plains and tablelands? Perhaps from meteoric dust, which is said to fall in millions of tons every year. Perhaps, also, from the impalpable powder which makes up the comet's transparent tail. If care be not used at the dump of these mighty dirt carriers, there will some day be brought about a lack of equilibrium on our globe, and a turning over in its bed, and then some of our fine cities will be wrapped in mountains of ice, and a torrid equator may run within the Arctic circle.

At Luxor we took a long camel ride on our last day. The beasts were not dromedaries, but were well gaited, and carried us in good trots. We had none of the trying twist in the back, as if one were a dish-rag being wrung out by a lusty cook, such as one gets on the ordinary swing-walking camel. We saw all the ruins near the river from Phylæ down,—Edfoo, Denderah, etc.,—but were most pleased by the tombs about Sakkarah, near the ruins of old Memphis, some miles above Cairo. There was an immense cave cemetery in the olden days of Egypt; some of them were as old or older than the pyramids. The tombs cover a space nearly five miles long and run back into the high desert plateau a quarter of a mile to a mile. Many of them have been opened by archæologists, but only a few are kept so, for the blowing sands fill the mouth of the tomb almost as fast as they can be carried away. We had a blizzard of sand the day we visited them. The wind came up with great speed from the desert, driving the sand into our faces with the force of small shot. Our eyes burned and our cheeks smarted. The sun grew dim, and when yet three hours high we looked into his face without a blink. He was hardly as bright as one often sees the moon in a mid-afternoon. There was no redness whatever about him, but a cold dimness, and when we looked at him on the west bank, far away from the desert, when he was yet an hour high, he was a miserably pale orb, and was lost entirely a half hour before his time for setting.

The Serapeum, or tomb of the sacred bulls, at Sakkarah, is a huge thing, several galleries of great size hewn from the solid rock, with side chambers or deep recesses in which are monster sarcophagi of granite 13 feet long, 8 wide, and 11 high, with monster lids of several tons weight. One of these galleries is nearly 1,200 feet long, and about 30 sarcophagi yet sit where they were placed 2,000 to 2,500 years ago. The older galleries, of over 3,000 years ago, have so fallen in since their exhumation as not to be easily visited. The walls of the tombs are richly carved, and the long galleries are lined with votive tablets placed there by individual worshippers. These vast vaults cut into the

solid limestone and these huge coffins of granite are the last resting places of mummied bulls. Oh, religion! what antics thy votaries have cut as the ages have rolled along! Nothing in nature too revolting to be worshipped, nothing in imagination too cruel and bloodthirsty or too selfish to be adored.

When we awoke in the morning, after boarding the downward steamer at Luxor, we found Harrington-Bey and Marrice-Bey aboard. We had left them at Assouan. Colonel Harrington informed us he had received by wire an invitation for us to dine with a rich native, *à la Turk*, at Gurgeh, where we would tie up for the night. Unfortunately, we went plump upon a sand bar in sight of the town, and were detained over three hours, getting into port at nearly midnight. But we found our host and servants with lanterns ready to conduct us to his hospitable mansion. It was furnished after European style, with fine carpets, curtains, and brilliant chandeliers. After cigarettes, we were invited into the dining-room, where a table was loaded with bottles of wine and cordials, but with no plates. In the centre was a large bowl containing a kind of soup. There were seven of us. Each had a spoon, and bread with seed worked into the crust. I was placed at the host's right, and informed in tolerably fair French that the house was ours, and the repast begun. Receiving a hint from the Colonel that I, as the chief guest, was to be the leader, as if the house was mine, I commenced my soup from the bowl. Each followed suit, dipping his spoon into the common tureen. When we had sufficiently partaken of the fluid, still instructed by my military friend, I motioned the servants to remove it. Then followed a large roast, a whole lamb stuffed. I pulled off a piece of lamb with my fingers. There were no knives or forks. The better informed followed the example, but went further and pulled out the inside stuffing with their fists; getting dry and no one offering wine, I felt I was again at fault, so I took a bottle of claret and directed the servants to draw the cork. The host then got up and poured our glasses full. There were small plates of sweetmeats of several kinds near each guest. Between courses we eat of these and drank champagne. A large platter full of stuffed vegetable marrow, whole roasted stuffed onions and artichokes, and some smaller vegetables made the second course. These found their way to our mouths without spoons or fork. Talk was gay. The host apologized for having the feast served native fashion, with the statement that it had been the Colonel's request. Roast turkey came next; afterward followed pigeons, sausages, etc., with vegetables intervening. When the fourteenth course was reached, one of the boys was forced to loosen up his waistband, and Marrice-Bey declared he was a good feeder, but his father and mother had not intended him for a barrel. I cried halt. We were, however, forced to attack the fifteenth course, consisting of nicely-stuffed quail.

With several more courses in sight in the side room, I arose, when all followed. In the parlor were served delicious coffee and cigarettes. The host regretted that he had not known sooner that we would honor him, so that he could have made a better preparation. He was a wealthy Copt, but drank very lightly. He accompanied us to the little boat, where we found our ship berths fitted us closer than they had done the night before.

The following evening, at Assyout, we had a delightful informal dinner at Col. Harrington's, in good English style, and spent the evening with his charming wife, and Johnson Pasha and his bright lady. The Pasha is the head of the mounted police in that department. The dinner was prepared in thorough English style, and was a real treat to us. Many months had passed since we had partaken of a home-like meal.

With the statement that Cairo is a beautiful city, fairly to be called the Paris of the East, the people in their gay attendance at the bright street cafés reminding one constantly of the French capital, and that the new part of Alexandria is very handsome, I will end this chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GRECIAN SKY COLORING—FEELINGS AWAKENED BY ATHENS—RICH
ART TREASURES CONSTANTLY EXHUMED—THE FUTURE OF
GREECE—CORINTH—EARTHQUAKES—A WONDERFUL SUNSET
—FAREWELL GREECE.

Athens, April 26, 1888.

VISITING Greece many years ago, I approached it from Constantinople, passing through the many islands of the Ægean Sea in the hot month of August. I was delighted with the constantly varying pictures presented by the lofty island heights—broken, yet graceful, with deep gorges so clothed in verdure, that they seemed smiling dimples on the mountain sides. The rich dyes distilled from a burning sun were showered over land and sea, clothing both in softest colorings, changing from hour to hour as the sun climbed to the zenith and then sank toward the west. At one time the mountains, hills, and valleys were wrapped in a bluish haze; then changed to a purple; then to a violet, over which a pink bloom would spread as delicate as the blush on an opal's cheek, and in the sunset glow a mantle of violet-orange was thrown over the graceful shoulders of the hills. The sea would now catch the blue from the skies, and then the colorings of the hills, and throw them back with an added beauty all its own; and as the sun sank to its rest, land and sea, melting clouds, and translucent sky were a mighty canvas, over which the very spirit of beauty spread rainbow tints in exuberant revelry. The memory of these glorious pictures has always lived with me, and has been the inspiration of many a dream of the past.

When we started on our "race with the sun," I began at once to look forward to a renewal of my former pleasure in going through the Grecian isles. When coming from Egypt, now, I was up before the sun on our second day out to watch his first kiss upon Milo's conical peak. I watched the first ray caught by the island cone, and then later saw him lighting up Sephanto and Thermia, and the graceful sky-lines of Ægina, and the highlands of Argolis. But the glorious tints were not there. Was it owing to the cooler months that they were lacking, or had my eyes grown dim and my marrow become cold, since I was here in the hey-day of youth? I felt disappointed, and mostly so with myself. I whispered that I would touch Attic soil, and then my boyish enthusiasm would return. We landed at Piræus, and drove up to Athens. There, to

my right, was Hymettus, on whose rocky sides grows the yellow flower from whose cups the bee sips a nectar tasted nowhere unless in the garden of the gods. There, to my left, was low-lying Parnes, and over beyond, Pentelicus, whose cold marble blushes in the unequalled beauty of the Venus and the Psyche, and stands in God-like glory in the Apollo; and there, with Lycabettus for a background, was the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon—the architect's dream in ruins. There below, in massive Pelasgic blocks, was the Pnyx, where Demosthenes maddened men by his burning tongue, and, near by, was the theatre of Dionysius, where Æschylus and Sophocles sang in perfected measure.

These things were all before me as they were 36 years ago, and clustering among them were the same old memories, but the young dream of the traveller was grown cold. He had long ago left old Yale's classic halls redolent of the historic past; he had lately come from a buzzing hive, where to-day and yesterday and to-morrow are worth whole ages of the long ago. Instead of having lately lived in a dreamland with dead heroes, he had been jostling against active, noisy men, in whose ears a rise in the market was more eloquent than any Demosthenic phillippic, and the electric tick, telling of a crash in stocks, was far more touching than a thousand farewells from Alceste's lips; he had come from a throbbing world, which whispered: "Let the dead past bury its dead," and with exultant cry demands action in the living present. I could not work up the spirit of the past.

But I have now been here a week; I have walked among the old ruins; I have talked with speaking marbles, lately exhumed from soil in which they had lain through silent ages; I have breathed an atmosphere of classic purity; I have driven beneath old olives, which may have furnished the oil to anoint an Alcibiades when girding his loins for Olympian triumphs; I have watched the waves, to whose murmur Demosthenes may have attuned his thrilling words; I have drank at fountains, which may have cooled the ruby lips that made Aspasia irresistible; I have climbed to the lofty quarries, whence Phidias anxiously cut the block that was to render the fame of his genius immortal; I have sat upon the lofty pinnacle which looks down upon Marathon, and upon which heroes gave a parting glance when they rushed in unequal struggle upon the Persian host, and made Marathon a synonym for victory; I have bathed my hands in the cool waves of the strait of Salamis, where was crushed forever Asia's strength, and western civilization was made possible; I have watched the full moon as she climbed the Doric column of immortal Parthenon, and seen her sit in silvered glory upon its grand pediment, and have looked down upon beautiful Athens, bathed in a very flood of silvery light; I have sat for long hours upon the balcony of the Grand Bretagne Hotel, inhaling the perfume of orange and jasmine coming from bowers in which the nightingale

was pouring out its bursting heart in delicious song, while I watched the splendid pile upon Acropolis in the distance, lighted up by the midnight moon. These things, and others of a kindred kind, have found the chord deep down in the soul and touched it, till "my heart can sing, as of yore it sang before they called me old." Once more I am in Greece and am again a Greek.

Few Americans are so ignorant as not to have heard of and thought of Athens; few school children so cold as not to have been deeply interested in its wonderful history. I shall, therefore, I think, not err if I try to give a pen-picture of this most classic of all cities. It lies in a sort of recess between three ranges of mountains—an amphitheatre, if I may be permitted to use that word to designate a thing not circular but oblong. Two short ranges of mountains, Hymettus and Parnes, 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, rocky but not absolutely desert, spring from the sea on the west, run in almost parallel lines about eight miles apart, and meet loftier Pentelicus 15 to 20 miles back. Piræus is built upon a small, absolutely land-locked bay, in the centre of the base. Pericles and Themistocles made this the Athenian walled harbor, and it has so remained ever since. I must not be held too closely to accuracy when I give dates, dimensions, or, indeed, any statistical or historical data. I write for the general reader, that he or she may see somewhat as I see, and not for the information of the student; for that I have not the time, if I possessed the ability. Four to five miles back, and some two or three miles north of Hymettus, stands modern Athens, nearly on the site of the old city.

Few cities outside the new world have grown and improved as much as this, since I was here in 1852. Let me draw you a plan of the city, as then, and as now seen. Imagine a bold rock near 400 yards long by 150 in its centre and widest part, lifting 250 to 300 feet from a somewhat uneven plain. The sides of this rock, which is shaped not unlike an oak-leaf, are in some parts precipices over 100 feet high, and everywhere else in steep, almost precipitous slopes. Where there were gorges, and too-easily accessible inclines, lofty walls were erected and filled from within, rendering the citadel unapproachable, except through its internal entrance on its western point. This is the Acropolis, on whose platform stands the Parthenon, whose great doric columns, and massive architraves are in such perfect proportions that they seem almost light and airy. There is the beautiful Erechtheum, whose Ionic columns and friezes have been, and are, the models of graceful architecture; and the gem in marble, little "Nike," the temple of winged victory, which the Athenians claimed had here made her home. Around and about this hill are the remains of other classic edifices.

Ancient Athens lay around and under the citadel, but was mainly to the southward, southwest and southeast. There, scat-

tered from the east to the west are the Stadium, on the extreme east; then the majestic columns of the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, and, following in succession, more or less distant one from the other, come the Theatre of Dionysius, the Odeum, the Pnyx, or ancient forum; the Areopagus, where the people met in civic power, the almost complete temple of Theseus, perfect in style, if it had not in contrast, near by the Parthenon; and finally on the extreme west, the ancient cemetery, Ceramicus.

Modern Athens lies to the north, commencing on the slope of Acropolis, and running from the westward near Ceramicus, around and under lofty Lycabettus, with its sharp rock peak 900 feet high, to the Stadium on the east. From east to west the diameter is over two miles, and from north to south, a little over a mile.

In 1852 the city had a population of 8,000 to 11,000, and offered nothing of beauty except the coloring of Hymettus, which it was, and is yet claimed, decks itself in a distinct varying hue for each hour of the afternoon; beginning with a warm gray at noon and running to blue and purple, pink and violet, and salmon-violet at sunset, to a cold gray before twilight ends. The town was then compact, irregular and inartistic, and covering a small space north and near the Acropolis. The Ilissus, a small stream in dry weather, but a rushing torrent after heavy rains, runs along the eastern edge of the town inside of the Stadium. Between it and the town in '52, there was a waste of sand and rough, desolate, uneven ground fully three-quarters of a mile wide. In the centre of this stood the great, quadrangular, ugly, new palace, with stuccoed walls. I remember my surprise that a king would build such a residence, in such a desolate place, and wondered why his brother, Bavarian Ludwig, who possessed taste, had not given some to Otho. They were both wiser than I. The city has grown up to and beyond the palace square, which now lies between an exquisite garden, and New Athens, and is filled with beautiful houses of artistic design. Few cities in the world are prettier than the capital of Greece. It possesses no magnificent public or private buildings, but many which are pretty and some really beautiful.

Otho, I remember, was not an attractive-looking man. He was heavy in feature and expression, and of clumsy form, which his Albinian-Greek costume, the prettiest and most artistic in the world, could not hide. Indeed, it seemed cruel to put such a costume on so uncouth a figure. But his queen, Amelia of Oldenburg, was one of the handsomest women in Europe. That she had fine taste is proven by the exquisite garden, about a quarter of a mile square, adjoining the palace, which she designed and laid out—and, perhaps, planted, on the sands. There is in it none of the stiffness and formality so characteristic of royal gardens in Europe. Large palms and pretty forest trees and shrubs

are growing with a careless grace, one would think, belonging only to a native woods. Climbing creepers and trailing vines hang as if set by lavish nature. Winding walks run here and there as if trying to avoid some natural impediments. Orangeries and lemon groves are so planted among forest trees, that some of the latter look as if they had been cut down to make room for them. The walks are neither wide enough to look stiff or too narrow to prevent free circulation. I wandered for a couple of hours one afternoon in this charming garden all alone, by the special permission of the guard, and when the general public was not allowed to enter. So quiet was the whole, and so shaded, that several nightingales were singing, not so gushingly, however, as at night. They are very shy, but by exercising much caution, I was able to keep one under my glasses for a few moments. It is wonderful how small a thing it is to give out such a volume of sound. It is long and tapering, but not much larger in girth than a plump sparrow, and carries its head, when watching me, so low, that the line from its beak to the end of the tail seemed straight. Its song has much more melody than that of our mocking-bird, but not so varied nor so continuous. To me it is not so charming a singer as the little skylark. We have frequently watched one of these latter mounting in small spirals higher and higher until he was a mere speck upon the blue sky, all the time singing, and there, hanging on fluttering wing far above us, he would pour out his heart in a love-song so rollicking and joyous, yet so sweet, that one could not imagine a lady-lark enough prudish to say him nay. Why cannot some one get these gay little fellows to America? I could even forgive the sparrow-importing fiend if he would teach the skylark to live and sing in our land.

King George is even more democratic than was his deposed predecessor. He walks the streets like a simple citizen. We saw him and two of his children walking from the Acropolis. From what I could learn he is neither popular nor the opposite. The people feel for him absolute indifference. He and Queen Olga passed us on going to the station when departing for Corfu, where he has a residence. He touched his hat to every one; all lifted theirs, but then passed on as carelessly as if they cared not if he should prolong his absence of three months to as many years. He has the air of being a polished gentleman. I asked an intelligent man if the people liked his majesty. He shrugged his shoulders and replied: "They do not care a *lepta* for him. (The *lepta* is the tenth of a cent.) But they," he continued, "like his son, for he was born in Greece, and is a Greek in religion; but to them the king is a Dane. We call him the 'Twirler.'" "Why?" "Oh, because he is always twirling his cane." He is very youthful-looking, and the queen, though far inferior to charming Queen Amelia, is a fine-looking woman.

Athens is a delightful place for a winter and spring residence, and will ere long attract many students of Grecian literature and art. Already the American school is prosperous. When I was here before there was little or nothing of art except the ruins, but now, to my surprise, there is nearly as much of the fine and pure antique as in Rome. These have all been found by excavating within a few years, and are being added to constantly. Some good things have been found since we arrived. The Hermes of the museum, said to be a copy of that of Praxiteles, found and now at Olympia, is almost equal to the Apollo Belvidere. There are some reliefs of life size found in the old cemetery, which show the ancient Greeks not only to have been heroes, but loving fathers and husbands. The favorite funeral memorial seems to have been a parting scene between the dead and his or her friends. The warm grasp of the hand, the sorrowful expression of the face, and many little gestures of affection, show that in old Athens there was love about the hearthstone, and trusting confidence between husband and wife which was never hinted at in their writings. There seems to have been a sort of reserve, which prevented the old Greek from exposing his home to the gaze of any but the most intimate. This feeling exists to-day in many parts of the East. Only the most intimate friendship permits a hint from one to another that either has a wife. A veil was, and is, spread over the fireside, which was only lifted by the angel of death.

The question has been for ages asked: Was the art of the Grecian all his own, or did he borrow from another and improve upon it? And if a borrower, whence? His pride or vanity never confessed his indebtedness. He acknowledged only the gods as his creditors, and never seemed to feel to them any very weighty load of obligation. Jove was little more than an exalted Grecian, and had Apollo appeared as a contestant in the Stadium, some Athenian would have entered the ring against him, and would have striven manfully to win the leafy crown. As we walked up to the Acropolis, we passed a clear little running fountain of never-failing pure water half-way up its sides. Whence came this water? Where is its real source? This rock, with its many fissures, does not look as if it had any veins connecting with distant hills, and the platform above cannot catch and hold rain to supply a perennial spring. I asked these questions, and thought them kindred to the one: "Where was the source of Hellenic art?" When I went into the museum above, not yet finished, in which are all antiquities excavated from the ruins on the Acropolis, I found the last question had been answered, by statues and sculptures lately exhumed. There were figures so thoroughly Egyptian that they would not cause surprise if seen in the oldest tomb on the Nile. There were others of the earlier archaic period, showing an advancement—a sort of marriage of Pharaohonic with

Grecian art. These statues are of the very earliest period of Hellenic antiquities. The late finds have been veritable treasures to the archæologist. Some of the figures show, perhaps, the earliest attempt at sculpture in the land, when but little more was hoped for, or, perhaps, desired, than to portray the human form. As yet there was no conception that marble could portray thought except by the movements of the limbs. Almost step by step one can see in this museum the advance from the simple figure, until the brain, and finally the soul, was shown through the features, and the marble not only thought, but felt, and then the highest art was reached.

About the time of my first visit here a German savant made the assertion that there were now no Greeks, but only Slavs. Full assent was given to the proposition, and men of letters have mourned that the blood of the heroes no longer flowed in man's veins. An opposite opinion is now taking strong hold here. Possibly the wish is father to the thought; but it is not confined to the natives. Learned foreigners have adopted it, and adduce as proof of the proposition the theory of the survival of the fittest. Whenever mind rubs against mind, and subtlety meets subtlety, they assert, the Greek wins. Throughout the Levant they say the Greek shows himself superior to others. They are the keenest traders and the most successful commercial men, and they confidently predict a renaissance in arts and letters under the glorious sun of this beautiful land. May it be so. I would like to live in the hope and die with the belief.

This letter was dated at Athens, but I am finishing it at Constantinople. We had not the time to make any extended excursions, but did make some charming ones in the neighborhood of the city. We drove through large vineyards to Pentelicus, and then climbed its heights. I carried myself up with ease, but felt handicapped by my dead extra load of nearly forty pounds of fat. Though somewhat out of wind, I had enough left to revel in the glorious views. Marathon lay below us; Eubœa and the other islands of the Ægean Sea lifted in splendid visions to the east and south. Attica, the sea, and Corinth in lofty heights, stretched to the east, while Boeotia and snow-clad Parnassus, in magnificent piles, towered at the north. We drove out to the beautiful bay of Eleusis, and wandered among its ruins, once the scene of the sacred mysteries, in company with a charming daughter of the spotless confederate hero. We saw the Albanian peasant women, with ruddy fair cheeks, and sturdy forms clad in coarsely embroidered sacks, reaping their little harvests. Flocks of sheep and goats, with tinkling bells, made the mountain-sides musical, while they filled the air with sweet perfume as they lightly tripped through the wild thyme clothing the lower slopes in a mantle of green. In no land of the world does the wild red poppy take so deep a dye or grow in such masses as in Greece.

Often there are seen whole acres as thickly covered as a tulip parterre with flowers of intensest crimson, so deep and yet so bright that they seemed to hold imprisoned sunlight, which flashes from their blood-red cups. The people claim that this intense hue comes from the blood of heroes which has moistened every foot of Grecian soil.

We rode on the narrow-gauge railroad that winds in and out over lofty precipices, overhanging the Saronic Gulf, with the deep blue sea in gentle ripples far below us, and bold mountains high above us, to the little Isthmus of Corinth, which barely divorces the waters of the Italian Adriatic from the Grecian seas of the East. There we drove through rich vineyards of the grape which is called currant in commerce, to the oldest temple in the land, at the foot of the towering rock 1,900 feet high, on which is perched the Acro-Corinthus, the loftiest, and next to Gibraltar, the most impregnable fortified height in the world. Then we mounted sure-footed little horses, panoplied with pack-saddles, and rode up the giddy height. I had two, a light little mare and a yearling colt, which trotted and played by my side. The Albanian owner said that I was very heavy, and so he gave me the two. It was an odd joke, but I doubt if he saw it. We spent long hours on the summit. Flocks of long-wooled sheep and giddy goats grazed upon the sweet herbs about us, and wise-looking donkeys plucked thistles from the ruined walls. The huge cisterns, holding pure water enough for a small army, makes this spot a favorite pasturage for a hundred sheep and goats and a dozen or more cattle and donkeys. They come and go through strong gateway, in which hangs the old door armed with massive nail-heads, once swinging to let in and out armed warriors, but now opening and shutting daily for gentle sheep and stolid asses—the variest step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The view from this famous hill is almost unequaled. To the north and south lay lofty mountains, pile upon pile—the most distant yet white with the winter's snows. Fifty odd miles to the east, over the blue Gulf, Pentelicus ended the vision, with Acropolis distinct under the glass. The two mountain-girded gulfs came up and tried to meet in a kiss below us. Memories of long ago crowded upon us. Mountain and gorge, hill and steep slopes, little plains and blue seas were woven together in a web and a woof of story and of song—a song of heroic fortitude and glory, and a story of Moslem fanaticism and modern treachery. Nothing but memory and the old stone and mortar about us to remind us that this was the centre of a heroic past. I wondered if the canal, 100 feet deep and four miles long, now being cut across the isthmus, will again quicken the dead into life. That night, in the little town of New Corinth, I dreamed of battle and carnage, and woke to find myself in a very den of fleas. These brutes make me their chosen victim. Sometimes when they

attack me where a brave man should never be struck,—in the broad back, where my finger-nails cannot reach—I am almost maddened. I shall carry scars for weeks. The pleasure of my journeyings in Egypt and Greece has been much lessened by the pests. It is singular that I should suffer so much while others scarcely feel them. I gained something that night, however, by their attack, for I felt the sharp shake of an earthquake, which I would have lost in sleep. I afterwards learned that they are of frequent occurrence along the Gulf of Corinth. The one I felt was a sharp, rapid, vibratory motion, and more distinct than any I ever felt before. Not a house in this locality but is cracked more or less. I think I should prefer to live where the Titans do not make their underground bed.

Rome has revived into the strong kingdom of Italy. Can Greece follow her example? Though we may wish it, I fear I was wrong when I said I hoped for it. Is there a ground for that reasonable belief which constitutes hope? She was once mighty, and controlled a large part of the world. But her power was not built upon labor. She won her wealth, if not her bread, with the sword. The reap-hook and the plow, the merchant ship and the workshop, man's labor kneaded into mother earth—these, not heroic actions, on the battle-field, are the foundation of power and wealth in these piping days of peace. None of these are, or can be, within the grasp of a new Greece. Her mountains and steep valleys, and her pure air may make men of iron muscle; her wonderful sky-lines and dimpled hill-sides; her violet seas and purple heights, panoplied by golden clouds floating on opalescent skies—these may be the food of genius and foster poetry and art, but it is the spreading meadow, the great prairie, and the rich river valley waving in corn or golden in cotton bloom, the mountain heart, crystallized into iron or black in solid carbon; the deep harbors leading into boundless seas which wash the shores of near and distant lands,—the nations which possess these, and they alone, can feed the world and clothe it, and be its carriers. Greece can barely feed herself, and from her own resources can weave for her people but scanty clothing. She cannot find in her mountains the ribs of mighty ships, nor the food for their hungry stomachs, nor do mighty oceans wash her shores, inviting her to trade with the world, now 100 times larger than it was 20 odd centuries ago. A comparatively very small part of her area of 20,000 square miles is at all cultivable, and of this a still smaller proportion is highly productive. The wheat is rather light, and the olive crop somewhat uncertain. The grape is of good quality, and of fair average yield, but often fails.

The vine which produces the Zante currant, so valuable in commerce, will fruit only in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Corinth. Transplanted elsewhere, it changes its nature, and produces a com-

mon grape of inferior quality. It looks like the ordinary grape vine, and is, like the vine in all regular grape-growing countries, not permitted to run, but is cut in at about two and one half feet high. Generally the wine-producing vine is trimmed to half this height. I saw some of these latter near Athens, of great age and nearly a foot in diameter. Some of the olive trees, too, are very old—said to be over 2,000 years. They are ordinarily cut in, leaving the main trunk eight to ten feet high, and furnishing a smaller head than younger trees. The branches, however, being very thick, are productive. No other tree carries the appearance of old age so much as a gnarled old olive. It is twisted and deeply indented, has gnarled and tortuous branches, and, with its ash-colored leaf, is the very embodiment of hoary old age. From its trunk, indented and twisted as if in pain, the artist borrowed the idea of the old tree trunk for funeral monuments. Like the hills in this land of atmospheric effects, the olive foliage adapts its coloring to the character of the day, and to barometrical influence. One sees it now with a green, almost cheerful and bright, and then more sad, and again as if strewn with the ashes of despair. I suppose the condition of the air causes it now to show the top of the leaf, which is of pleasant green, and then the under side, which is almost white, or to blend them together. It is a pretty idea, however, that this tree, which in every land bathed by the Mediterranean is counted man's intimate and peculiar friend should, like the human heart, feel sad or cheerful, as the weather may be bright or sombre. In this land, as in so many we have lately visited, the woman and the ass or cow do more than their full share of peasant labors and drudgery.

Although the wheat has not yet begun to yellow, it is being harvested. I was told it is because hired labor is scarce in Greece, and, therefore, the little farmers have to take time by the forelock. I suspect, however, it is to make the straw, the only fodder or hay here, more nourishing. In the villages the harvest is spread on the houses to dry. The reap-hook is very long, yet many of the reapers, both men and women, half squat when using it. The Albanians furnish quite a large percentage of the field-peasantry, and the Bulgarians the shepherds. All Grecians evince the old characteristics observed by St. Paul: "They run about to hear something new." In passing field or other laborers, they invariably paused to look at us, and when a train whirled by, all would stand up and watch it until out of sight. I like this. A rushing train of cars is a grand sight, and seems always to present a new form. The man who can let one pass and not give it a glance must be a slave to his work or akin to the ox of the field. I took a pleasure in India in the fact that the queer buffalo had a mind sufficiently inquiring always to look up with interest at a passing train. If a young one tossed its head I felt amused, but when one a hundred yards off deliberately turned and kicked squarely at us, he aroused a fellow-feeling in my breast.

The wine of this country, while somewhat rough, is fruity and rich. The natives, however, do not drink it in its normal state. They put into their white-wine, resin from the Isthmian pine giving to the liquid a taste of sealing-wax. It is called "resinatta," and is drunk in large quantities. If I be not mistaken, the ancients had a like taste, which was mentioned in the grand poems. They use olive-oil largely, but I believe it is not of good quality. Their manner of curing the olive I like much better than the Spanish. The fruit is gathered ripe, and is cured in oil. It looks black and unsightly, but has a delightful flavor, and is decidedly health-giving. Being desirous of going up the Danube, and yet of reaching Italy before it becomes too warm, we were forced to leave Athens much sooner than we would have liked, and on the afternoon of the 29th, took the Khedive steamer for this place. We had a marvellous sunset, as we passed the fine old temple ruin of Sunium, at Cape Colonnna, the southernmost point of Attica.

A beautiful thing nearly always so impresses me that I am inclined to think it more beautiful than any thing-before seen. I think I have seen a hundred sunsets finer than any preceding one. But the memory of this will always live with me as the paragon of all. The mountains to the west furnished a perfect outline. The sky was beautifully blue above, running down through the whole range of opalescent tints to a brilliant gold. Short banks of clouds of purple, fringed with flame, stretched here and there near the sun, flanked by others, more or less cumulous, of purple bordered with orange-violet with pink borders, and of red-violet; floating about, and between the drawn-out bands, were fleecy flecks of fire-clouds, almost dazzling, but dissolving and melting away while the eye was trying to take them in. These cloud-forms and their colorings on the mother-of-pearl tinted sky, dissolved and took new shapes and tones so rapidly that the eye could scarcely take note of them before they were gone and were followed by others differing from, but not less beautiful than those preceding. The western sky was a vast inverted opal, as if one were at the heart of the gem, and were looking upon the fickle, magical hues of its cheek from within instead of from without. On a lofty rock promontory, projected over the sea, were the columns in white marble (all that is left) of the old ruins of Sunium, Parthena's most southern Attic home, reaching nearly up to the mountain's sky-line, and resting upon its purple-gray side as a background directly below the point where the sun had gone under. Old memories were woven into the living picture, which was beautiful beyond description—painfully beautiful. Thus, one is often affected, when looking upon a thing of beauty so transcendent that the brain seems powerless to grasp it and speak of it to the heart, or when the heart becomes so full that the head is unable to give it full sympathy. This sunset under old Sunium was full of deep pathos, fitting picture

for memory to recall as the parting scene of this storied land; this land so little yet so grand, whose men walked the ground in the form of gods; whose genius was plucked from the eternal stars; where poetry was a living thing and art hovered over the every-day home. Wonderful land! A speck upon the earth, yet the story of its deeds will roll over the world's plains, and be echoed from its hills, until history shall turn to tradition and tradition itself shall become dumb.

We stood upon the deck of our little ship, and looked long toward the west. The sun went down over the mountains and sank to his rest. Shadows gathered over the hills and night fell upon the sea. With a sigh, I bade a long farewell, a final goodbye to Greece.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COSMOPOLITAN CONSTANTINOPLE—BEAUTIFUL APPROACH—CUSTOM HOUSE—SOLOMON AND HIS TRIBE—DOGS—ST. SOPHIA—BAZAARS—THE SALAAM-LICK—THE TIMID SULTAN—DERVISHES—THE BOSPHORUS—WONDERFUL PANORAMA.

Constantinople, May 10, 1888.

IF one will spread before him a map of the eastern hemisphere he will observe that nearly all the land lies in the northern half, and that it is one mighty continent, divided arbitrarily by geographers into three divisions, but by nature into only two. Cut out from the map this vast continent, and try to balance it on a pin for a pivot. The centre of gravity will we found to be not far from the southern end of the Caspian Sea. If the card-board map be as hard there as the land of that region is sterile, the pin will not enter it, just as the plow and the hoe cannot penetrate the surface of those desert regions of Persia. If the paper partakes of the character of the country delineated upon it, the nearest point the pin will enter will be in Western Asia Minor; for there the nearest cultivable land will be found, and there, too, is approximately the centre of the productiveness of the hemisphere. There, moreover, will be found the centre of a mighty system of water which permeates throughout this vast tripartite continent. It is not too fanciful to call this the arterial system of the old world, with Byzantium the heart and the Bosphorus the aorta, which flows out into the Mediterranean, along the western shore of Asia, along and into northern and central Africa; along and up into the gardens and vineyards of Europe; over the sandy reach of the Suez into the Red Sea and the world of water, and the lands of fabled treasures beyond; and through the Black Sea, and splashing over into the Caspian and upon the Aral, up into the vast grain and cattle regions watered by the rivers flowing into these seas.

If there be a spot in Europe, Asia, or Africa, designed by nature for the imperial heart of the old world, it would seem that the Byzantium-Constantinople is the one. A cursory view of the map and a very slight knowledge of the productiveness of the lands into whose fibres the pulsations of the Bosphorus can throw the quickening blood and draw back repayment, will convince any one of this fact. A walk through this city—meeting peoples from all these regions, here domiciled as if to the manor

born, is only a sharp emphasis of the evidence given by the map. The untravelled American sees people drawn from many climes, but they have become almost immediately Americans. One who traverses the streets of New York or London, where are men of all lands retaining their native characteristics, and sees them all only as sojourners. But here one meets people in colonies, in squads and groups, each group differing from all others, yet all seemingly at home and evidently feeling that this city belongs to them and they to it. Here one jostles against groups of Englishmen as thoroughly English as if living within the sound of Bow bells; Frenchmen, who look as if they sipped their coffee and absinthe every evening on the boulevards; Germans who have just blown the cream from their lager; Italians, who are happy on a frugal meal of macaroni; Levantine Greeks, noisy and full of swagger and bad wine; Arabs, stately and dignified, conscious that they alone have the right to cry "Illaha-il Allah"; Armenians with long noses patterned after a vulture's beak, who can give a Jew two in five and win every time; Albanians, whose bed-fellows are their swords and daggers, and who think a fight in the dark more agreeable than a feast; Tripolitans, who wear green turbans, claiming to be the real descendants of the prophet, and pining for battle in his cause; Turkomans and Kurds, who claim for their country the land they can see beneath the vault of the sky; Africans from south of the Sahara and about the springs of the Nile, who wear slashes and gashes for jewels, and consider long scars on their cheeks their gems; Bulgarians, heavy and stupid, whose every breath is a hurricane of garlic, and Russians, whose dream is that the Greek cross may supplant the crescent on St. Sophia's dome.

All these various peoples are met with in other cities, but one meeting them at once recognizes the fact that they are in them, but not of them; here, however, they seem at home and as much of the place as are the Turks themselves. No distinctions are made among men because of race, previous condition, or color. A German is at the head of the army, and Woods Pasha, an Englishman, will probably fill the place of Hobart Pasha at the head of the navy. A Greek is the Sultan's physician, and is said to wield vast influence over him. An African, whose blue-black face has three broad gashes on each cheek, is in command of a regiment, and the army is of every hue, from fairest white to sooty black. The locality teaches that all men are akin, and a prayer uttered with the face turned toward Mecca smooths down the steps leading to the most exalted positions.

Mutterings are constantly heard throughout Europe to-day, beneath the ground and over it, threatening war and the dread carnage which must follow, and men and women are kept in constant fear. When the great emperor, whose fiat crystallized so many petty German states into one mighty Teutonic empire,

was lying upon his iron bedstead listening bravely for the tap of the drum which was to call him to the ranks of the mighty dead, men instead of thinking of his glorious career and preparing to drop a tear upon his casket, were looking toward San Remo and watching the horizon to see whether a bright sky laden with peace was to come up from Italy, or a lurid cloud reeking with war was to roll over Europe; and all because of Constantinople and the Bosphorus.

Wise statesmen are closeted with each other studying the world's map, and with heads bent close together, fix their eyes all in one little focus—Seraglio Point, where the Golden Horn brings down the "sweet waters of Europe," to pour them into the wonderful salt river rushing between Stamboul and Scutari. Shallow-pated wisecracks discuss in flowing periods that all-talked-of and little-understood problem, "the Eastern Question," and glibly declare who should own Constantinople. For 2,500 years the eyes of all civilization have been turned upon this spot, and yet not a single deed was ever performed here which was fairly entitled to be spread upon the page of history. Here, close by, the searchers for the Golden Fleece moored their ships when Greece was the home of mythical demi-gods. Here the dread Macedonian monarch was forced to cry halt. Here, over 2,000 years ago, the vast hordes of Asia were compelled to bend aside their steps, and long centuries afterward the crescent was baffled, on its world-conquering march by the green waters of a stream but little over a half-mile wide. Here 100,000 old men, women, and children, begged for bread, when they could go no farther on their weary pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. Here soldiers under the banner of the cross, slaughtered the followers of Christ, and again, after a few centuries, Christian blood flowed in rivers, and Christian women and children by the thousands marched mournfully into slavery, when Mohammed II., stained with his bloody hand St. Sophia's alabaster column. Toward this spot, and for this spot, mighty armies have marched and vast fleets have sailed, within the present half century, and fought great battles, but not upon its waters or near its limits. Within a few hundred acres, not far from where I write, crimes, silent, dark, and bloody, in vast numbers, but all unrecorded, have been perpetrated, enough to make the very name of man a stench in the nostrils of angels, and yet not a single act of individual heroism, no sublime performance by masses, was ever recorded as done within or under Stamboul's walls. Beautiful city, the heart of the third of the world, with an existence of nearly 3,000 years, the seat of empire for 15 centuries, the witness of untold crimes, and with chronicles without number, and yet having no history, for her deeds have not been worthy of record, a city whose name is "linked with no virtue and ten thousand crimes"!

Under Sunium's old ruin we bade adieu to Greece, on our way here. The next morning's dawn found us under "the home of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," the island an earthquake so fearfully desolated four or five years ago. We then steamed up Smyrna's gulf, with pretty mountains on our right, and to our left a plain flecked with huge pyramids of salt—salt enough to make a sea briny. Here this necessary article is manufactured by a Turkish monopoly and is piled in mountains, from which ships load from year to year, without apparently lessening the heaps. Smyrna is a thoroughly Oriental city of 200,000 population, has a fine bazaar, and a magnificent view from a castle, an old ruin perched on a hill, just back of the town. So insecure is the country, however, owing to brigandage, that we were warned not to go beyond the hill. Foreigners are not infrequently picked up and held for ransom.

Early morning found us nearly into the Dardanelles. The view was pretty. High hills or low mountains prettily clothed in their spring garments of green were on either hand. There was a sweet freshness in this we had not seen for a year. For many months the green of all plants has been often rich, but lacking that fresh tint which so cheers the eye in the early offerings of the year. The day was cold and damp. Perhaps it was this which prevented much enthusiasm when we looked upon the great mounds marking the graves of Achilles and Ajax. I never could rave about the mighty deeds under Ilium's walls. The whole thing always appeared to me a sort of tempest in a tea-pot—a huge buffo-farce. Achilles was a bragging, handsome Buffalo Bill, and Ajax an ancient John Sullivan, who let out left-handers with sledge-hammer force, and was the admiration of the heirs-apparent and of Helen peeping from behind latticed windows. Homer was a blind old Gilbert and Sullivan, singing from city to city, and begging backshish in copper and half-done sheep's meat.

I did not catch now our first view of Stamboul with the enthusiasm I felt 36 years ago. I recall how it then seemed to lift from the sea as a fairy city—it had a cardboard lightness, with its rounded domes and tall minarets and palaces perched on wooded hills, all lighted by a sun coming up from the east warm and unveiled by a single cloud. I had then been in the saddle for months, on hot plains and under a burning midsummer sun, and had sailed from the foot of Olympus under Broussa the evening before in a caique of eight oars. We had slept soundly on our rugs spread on its bottom all night, and found ourselves at day-break on an island, within sight of Constantinople. There we breakfasted on sardines taken fresh from a fishing boat and broiled on a mass of coals from burnt brush. It was a delicious breakfast for us and the crew. Then, with our prow pointed towards St. Sophia's dome, we rowed and revelled in the beautiful picture growing out of the sea. I remember we looked and looked and

scarcely spoke, and when we did it was in short ejaculations or murmurs of delight. Taylor and I were both young then, and filled with hopes as swelling as the domes before us, and as heaven-directed as the minarets in sight. He has gone to mingle with the eternal dead, and I am fast reaching the great shore line dividing the land of the past from the trackless ocean of the boundless hereafter. Then the sky was rosy bright, laughing in triumph at yesternight. But now—it is the last day of April, cold, drizzling, and dreary, fitting anniversary to me of one of the *dies iræ* of remorseless fate.

Though the day was to me so sad a one and so dreary, yet Stamboul arose before us in a wondrous beauty all its own. We have all seen the conception of the artist of "Excelsior," where the hopeful youth sees a city sitting in dreamy light in a world of fleecy cloud. This gives a sort of idea of this city, seen from the sea. Our ship bent into the Bosphorus—300 and odd feet of water so deeply green that most people call it blue. We looked over upon the old gardens of the Serai, now a half wilderness of neglected trees and green vegetable plats. Shutting it partly in, arose the lofty walls rising out of the water. There was the gate through which many a beauty, tied in a sack, has been quietly thrust, and silently sunken in her watery grave! Steamers were plying in great numbers on the stream, and light caiques were darting about us by the hundreds. We turned into the Golden Horn, among a dozen or more steamers, and were soon surrounded by hotel runners and boatmen. Surrendering ourselves, we were quickly on Turkish soil, and very nasty soil it is in this capital. The nastiness of her streets on rainy days is superlative.

At the custom-house I forgot to give backshish to the solemn Turk who examined our traps. On the very top was my last box of Trichy cigars. He informed me that I was fined 40 piasters (\$2), for bringing in tobacco. With a rueful face I paid the fine, and reached for my smokers. He quickly wrapped them in a red handkerchief, and said they were forfeited. This was more than my free Yankee blood could stand. I am afraid I forgot myself and said "— it." I hope I did not, for I have grown pious since I quit associating with "newspaper fellers." But I know I solemnly asseverated that I would not buy a pipeful of tobacco or a rug in the Sultan's dominions, and would wipe his mud from my feet as quickly as possible.

We found the great hotels full. We went to the Little Bellevue. I mention it particularly, so that some one reading this may remember it. The view from its windows over the deep valley, along the Horn, and upon the picturesque-looking houses on the green hills in the distance, was simply superb, and the cuisine capital. Determined to quit the town as soon as possible, we commenced our sight-seeing. We found ourselves upon the great broad, low

bridge leading from Pera over to Stamboul. This bridge is one of the most interesting things in the city; about a quarter of a mile long and at least 60 feet wide, it is covered from early morn till dark, with a moving mass of more various people than can be seen together anywhere else on earth. Every nationality, every color and complexion, every form and fashion of dress, men, women, and children, speaking as many tongues as caused Babel's tower to halt in its upward growth; dashing officers in gold braids and decorations; European ladies in Parisian costumes; Arabs in burnoose, and Armenians in caftans, fat, well-fed Turks; and beggars so fearfully maimed and disfigured that they ceased to be objects of pity, so horribly repulsive were they; army horses careering, and patient donkeys plodding.

While we were trying to understand how much we were to pay toll, an unkempt old chap took my money from my hand, paid the toll, got back the change, and handed it to me, telling in fair English that the toll was for each a quarter of a piaster. I noticed that he had given a piaster and a quarter, whereas my party was only four. He had paid for himself. This was our introduction to Solomon, the Son of David, the brother of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, and the father of five sons. From that moment the love of Solomon and of his family for us surpassed the love of woman. It mattered not where we were, morning, noon, or evening during our twelve days' stay, Solomon or some of his family were sure to meet us, or to be somewhere near. If we looked about inquiringly, as if seeking some unfound place, one of the Solomon family was at our elbow to tell us where we ought to go; if we hailed a caique, Solomon's son arose from the salt water to interpret for us, and to settle the price; if we called a horse boy to bargain for a ride, Abram rose from beneath a paving-stone to make a good contract for us and to mount one of the horses as our guide. When we were through with an excursion, Solomon, or Solomon's brother, or Solomon's son, prevented us from being cheated, and took whatever we offered for his services with cheerful thanks. If we gave five francs for a half day's work to one of them, he took it for his own. If we handed him a franc, saying it was all we had, he thanked us without a murmur. Among them they spoke all languages,—one good English, another good French, another good Russian, all good Turkish, and all enough English to understand, and make us understand a little. The most remarkable peculiarity of these sons of Israel was the extraordinary manner in which they accidentally got into the neighborhood of the shop of some Hebrew dealers in carpets or some other things usually dear to the traveller's heart. They did not lead us, or seemed to care that we should go into these places. There was a sort of attraction between us when with Solomon and the houses of his people. Ah! Solomon, I shall never forget you, nor Isaac, nor Abram, nor Jacob. You led our

feet into pleasant places, and your ways were ways of peace. But you did not get a piece of any dollar we paid for rugs and embroideries, for you helped us to bring down prices in every instance. You simply loved us, Solomon, because we were young men so far from home! Walking with Solomon, our feet got over the threshold of the house of David—David Levy, and there was the wealth of the whole land of the sheep and of the goat and of the camel. I told David I had sworn not to buy a thing in Turkey. It mattered not. He simply liked to show his goods, and he did show them, and my heart yearned for the wool of the sheep that looked like the silk of the worm.

I told our consul of my trouble. He said he thought his dragoman might make the authorities undo the wrong done me, and, besides, the principle ought to be settled for future travellers, that they may enter a limited number of foreign cigars on payment of duty, and I also got the thanks of the consul for pressing the matter. Result: I got back my cigars, and all of my money except one and a half francs duty, and I sent a box of David Levy's rugs to Chicago; and Solomon is the friend of David.

Solomon is an institution of Constantinople,—so are the dogs. Fifty-three I counted on a narrow street in a walk of 110 yards, and it was not a good day nor a good neighborhood for dogs. They were everywhere,—in the gutters, in the middle of the streets, against the house-walls, between our legs, and under our horse's feet—and such dogs! All fox-eyed, all dirty, all lean, and nearly all mangy. Some have their tails on their backs, but the majority carry them low, almost between their legs. They can sleep anywhere; no noise awakes them; but the crack of a coachman's whip makes them even when asleep get two inches beyond a carriage-wheel. They are either asleep in your way as as you walk, or they are fighting between your legs. A dog trots along a street, he looks sheepish, as if he felt himself engaged in a mean business; another dog attacks him; they snap and bite. After a while one gets the other down, and looks as if he is about to choke him to death. Just as the bottom dog is about to give a last gasp, some third dog takes the top one by the leg, then a fourth comes in, and a fifth takes a hand; probably a dozen are soon engaged. I have watched them, and it seemed every dog was going for every other dog,—a regular Kentucky free fight. I invariably saw it through. There is a fascination in a dog-fight. The acknowledgment is shocking, I know, but the statement is true. Sometimes all will be on one until he is limp, and then those that had finished him go for each other. The cause of nearly all the fights is that certain dogs claim a certain set of streets or blocks, and another set have another locality. Woe to the dog that goes beyond his bounds, even by the width of a narrow street. When one does and gets into a fight, all the dogs of the two adjoining colonies are apt to get into the row, and when

the battle grows fast and furious, and a dog feels teeth in his haunches, he goes for the nearest, whether friend or foe. They frequently get killed. We saw one behind the rail of St. Sophia's yard laid out dead. He would have been torn to pieces but for a "mullah" (priest) who drove the victor off. A dog always goes over his bounds with a hang-dog look. He knows his danger. Yet, for love or for a bone, he does what many a man does—takes a chance.

Blacque Bey, so many years Turkish Minister at Washington, lives with his wife and beautiful daughter in the Bellevue. He is president of the Pera municipality,—nearly the same thing as a mayor. He is a great friend of the pariah dog, and declares that all the dogs about the municipality recognized the fact when he was made president; that they at once paid him great deference, and when he went toward the city building they followed him in most respectful manner. Not long since a dog bit the Russian Ambassador. He demanded that Blacque Bey should kill him. He inquired into the matter, and found the Russian had trodden on the dog's tail, and decided the dog was justified. I suggested that it was evident the Turkish dog had more sympathy for a Frenchman than for a Russian. Blacque is of French blood. His wife laughed, but her husband was silent. The Turks are wonderfully guarded to say nothing of the Russians. I was told that the city was full of Russian spies in every locality, and that the Turks were in constant fear of them.

As in all other Levantine cities, the donkey plays his part and performs more than his allotted work. He is the baker's wagon and the itinerant peddler. Huge panniers are swung over his back, and he faithfully trudges from house to house with the staff of life. Each housekeeper who can purchase on weekly or monthly payments has a square stick given her. On this the bread-man cuts a notch for each loaf delivered. When the stick is filled he simply cuts it down, taking out the notches, and a new bread-book is thus opened. The donkey, too, is the lumber-wagon; joists of all lengths, scantlings, and boards are loaded upon the little fellow lengthwise, so that the forward ends meet or cross over his head, and the diverging ends behind come close to or drag, wide apart, on the ground. Often these rear ends are six and eight feet apart, and as the donkey bends about the crooked streets threaten the shins of the pedestrian in a fearful manner. A train of 20 to 30 of these lumber-carriers coming down grade, and forcing the people to hug closely the walls or dodge into doorways, is an amusing sight. But one never sees any one angry at the shifts they are put to to save themselves. The living along narrow, crowded streets makes every one ready for the "give and take in life," which may be called one of its best philosophies.

Horses, too, are used for pack-carriers. They carry the grain and flour from one part of the city to another. The donkeys are

co-laborers, however, in this. Flour is distributed from the mills to the bakers in huge, square, curiously-tied bags. At certain hours trains of horses and donkeys are seen in dozens, fifties, and hundreds about the grain and flour bazaars. All parts of streets devoted to special trades or to any vending purposes, are in the East called bazaars. The "shoe bazaar," the "Greek bazaar," the "silk bazaar," and so on through the whole list of trades, and of nationalities are spoken of constantly. But in Stamboul there is one locality called "*the bazaar*." It is of great extent, covering many acres, 25 upward. The bazaar consists of a large number of narrow streets, with shallow shops on either side, supported by columns or pillars, and covered overhead to a large extent by successions of small domes generally glazed. When the sun is high matting is more or less spread over the glazed portions of the streets and over the roof and domes. These little streets are thus shaded and tolerably well protected from rains, and being on up-and-down ground, and having many columns, some in double and others in triple rows, with the small shops displaying a great variety of wares and goods—silks, calicoes, and carpets—running largely to gaudy colors: the shopkeepers in various costumes, bright girdles, and brilliant red fezes; and crossing each other at every kind of angle, with the soft light coming through domes and queer roofs, are wonderfully picturesque. Here one can purchase any thing and every thing, and get fairly cheated too. Shopkeepers ply the foreigner with invitations to look at their stuffs. "Come in, sir. This is the place you want." Another: "Here, effendi, other fellows cheat you. I sell cheap. I cheap John. Melkin all buy from me," and so on. A constant fire is kept up as you stumble along, for your eyes are so attracted by the bright, pretty shops—all open—that your feet get independent and are apt to take an elevation. Generally, certain streets or localities are devoted to particular trades. Now you are among carpet dealers, then among silk and embroidery dealers. Men do their work in the front of their cupboard-like shops, working with their hands and steadying a part of their machinery with their toes. The foot helps the hand throughout the East. A whole section is given to furniture dealers, and a table or chair is being made on the edge of the street before the shop. Then another locality is occupied by brass-workers. Men are hammering brass into cups or plates, and close by others are heating the plates or bowls and zincking or leading them so that they shine like silver. A man who delights to watch men finds food for many thoughts, and finds whiling-away places for many an hour.

The Turk, as an aggregation, is a very sick man, and but little fitted for this age and for his position so close to western activity. He cannot remain much longer on the Bosphorus. The world wants it, the West demands it. The only question is who shall

take it; each people is afraid to let the other in. But for that the Turk would be now packing up and moving eastward. When he is gone the western traveller will have lost much of the picturesque, for the go-ahead ideas of the West cannot stop to preserve it. I wish all nations could come to an agreement and make a "free city on the Bosphorus," free to all the world. I would even be willing that Uncle Sam should sail in his ship.

Under the auspices of our polite Secretary of Legation, Mr. King, we went with several dozen others of our countrymen to witness the Sultan's progress to his mosque. He performs this ceremony every Friday as the head of the faithful. Travellers are given a large room in a handsome building fronting Hamidie Mosque, close to Yildiz Kiosk, the palace in which the Sultan resides. There were over 100 strangers present, some of them very distinguished people, with the secretaries of their respective embassies. As our minister was not present, Mr. King adroitly smuggled me into a separate small room, reserved for the diplomats, in which there were only a half dozen. There I had a fine view of the brilliant ceremony. Regiment after regiment—7,000 soldiers in all—came with full bands and stationed themselves around the large square enclosing the mosque. They were handsomely uniformed and marched admirably, and were a splendid body of men. I never saw any troops in any land surpass two regiments of cavalry, or, perhaps, more properly called, mounted infantry. The men were fine, bold-looking fellows, and the horses very good, some of those ridden by the officers being superb. The street from the palace, 200 yards off, and the court of the mosque were kept sanded and raked down. Fully an hour was consumed in marching the various regiments into position and getting every thing ready for the mighty head of the church throughout Mohammedan lands.

When all was in readiness a ringing shout went up from all the soldiers, apparently most hearty, and a large number of officers, in gorgeous uniforms, appeared on foot, followed by six superb, pure-blooded Arabian horses, under saddle, led by splendid grooms. Following the riderless horses came a victoria, drawn by two noble white Arabian stallions. In this open carriage the Sultan came from the palace in simple sable-lined caftan and red fez. He saluted with a wave of his hand those at the windows of the diplomatic room and the strangers in the large room. At the steps of the mosque he alighted and ascended alone over a rich carpet.

The Muezzim from the minaret called the faithful to prayer. While the ruler remained in the mosque, which was near an hour, delicious coffee, tea, and cigarettes were served to the hundred or more strangers, and the soldiers stood at rest. Then a large and finely drilled band mounted a terrace near the mosque, and one by one, in quick step, the regiments passed before a window in which the Sultan stood. This was a splendid pageant. When all

had passed, the Sultan's mother came out of the mosque, and as her carriage drove by, she threw money to poor people who were beyond one of the files of soldiery. Then the Sultan came and entered an open vehicle, and taking the reins, drove himself back to the palace surrounded by crowds of officers, running before and about the carriage.

Again, in passing, the ruler gave a very cordial salute to our windows. While the soldiers were marching before him a couple of aides came to say that the Sultan sent his compliments to the distinguished strangers who paid this mark of respect to the religious ceremony of the "Salaam-lick." And sometime later another aide-de-camp came into the room I was in and said that "the Sultan had inquired who we were, and on learning our names, thanked us for coming to thus honor this holy ceremony," or something to that effect. I rather doubted that this latter special message had been sent, but I afterwards met the aide and was informed that my card with my past position had been sent in to the chamberlain by our Secretary of Legation; that the sultan had asked who occupied the diplomatic window; that this and the Earl of Clarendon's card had been handed him, and he then sent the message.

The Sultan is a small, slight man, very thin, and wearing a careworn, haggard look. He is said to be very timid, and, owing to some prophecy, is in constant fear that he will be assassinated, and by a stranger. He regulates his every action by the conjunctions of the planets; keeps ambassadors frequently awaiting an audience for weeks because of some baleful crossing of star-lines. I heard of an amusing evidence of his nervous alarm when Lew Wallace was our minister, and which the minister of course could not tell. It was when the British fleet was occupying a threatening position off Alexandria. The Sultan asked him to induce the United States to propose to mediate, and thus prevent bloodshed. The minister telegraphed to the government at Washington, got its consent, and then presented the matter to Lord Dufferin, the English ambassador, who could not decline. But the prevention of bloodshed was not what England wanted. So the wily earl quietly cabled the British admiral that he would do well to fire a shot, and thus set the ball in motion, before his government could hear of the proposed mediation. The shot was fired, and after midnight the Turkish ruler, hearing of it, hurried an officer off to bring our minister post-haste to the palace. Wallace rushed off, half dressed, brushing his hair as he rode, and found the Sultan in a state of fearful trepidation. The pallid ruler informed him of what had happened and asked him what he was to do. The blunt Republican scratched his head a moment and then replied: "There is but one thing to be done, and that your majesty should do at once." The grateful Turk asked what it was. "Your majesty should place yourself at the

head of the army in person, and proceed immediately to Egypt." The poor monarch came very near swooning.

There are three regular Sundays in Constantinople—Friday for the Mohanmedans, Saturday for the Jews, who keep it in most orthodox sacredness, and Sunday for the Christians; of the latter the Greeks and Armenians are the greatest in numbers; I think, over 400,000.

Travellers go on Friday to see the dancing and howling Dervishes. The latter is an English misnomer. They are a sect called *Heurleurs*. One of their ceremonies is a ritual by a mullah, responded to by the brothers and worshippers, who, as they respond, sway themselves, while standing in line, from one side to the other and jerking the head, all the while uttering the name of Allah in some prayerful phrase. As their fervor increases the sideway motion becomes more and more extended and the head-jerking more and more rapid, until they appear to be almost in a species of fit. This action is continued for nearly an hour. The sweat pours from their faces, and their heads look as if they would be jerked off. As the fervor increases one by one of the audience join the line. When we were present a coal-black Ethiopian, an officer of the army, put on the robe. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, and threw his whole soul into the thing. Sweat rolled from his ebon cheeks, and at times his head really looked as if it would leave his shoulders. Each motion drew from him the prayer to Allah in convulsive grunts. An American lady present became quite excited. I thought I saw her features twitch in involuntary nervous sympathy. After this ritual is over many of the faithful, and many children who are more or less sick, lie prone upon the floor, and the head mullah, or priest, walks over them, treading upon each, and then one by one blows upon their faces, when they go off happy, if not cured. Babies in arms are simply blown upon and touched. The worshippers seem most intense in their devotion, and solemn in its performance.

The dancing or whirling Dervishes, after praying for, say half an hour with many prostrations, then range themselves around a circular floor in the centre of the mosque and listen to a peculiar music performed by a part of their order, and to a litany read by their high priest, all the time marching in single file around the outer circle, each bowing low, when opposite and farthest from the "mecca" of the mosque—that is, the part corresponding to the altar in a Christian church, and always on the side of the building pointing to the holy city of Mecca, and when on the circle next to the mecca, each one with a peculiar step, turns and faces the brother next following him, and each bowing low one to the other; as this part of the ceremony progresses, the music becomes more fervid, when, one by one, the Dervishes will begin to spin around as on a pivot, and at the same time circling around the room. Each one spins more or less rapidly, as he may choose,

but all go around the room in the same period, and all extend their arms straight out as they thus waltz. Their dress is a high, conical cap, and a long, full skirt coming to the feet and bound in at the waist. As they spin the skirt extends in proportion to the speed of their motion—that of those moving very rapidly taking the form of a widely extended funnel. I counted the revolutions of one of the worshippers. It was 58 in the minute. This motion he kept up for perhaps a half hour, and when stopping showed no sign of dizziness. There were 30 odd on the floor at once, but only one moved with this great rapidity. Two of them were young novitiates, somewhere from ten to twelve years of age. The whole thing proceeded with great solemnity and decorum, and all seemed fervid and earnest.

On Easter Sunday we went to the fine ceremony in the Metropolitan Greek Church in Stamboul. The patriarch and bishops marched in exquisite and very rich robes, all with brilliant caps, that of the patriarch being of wonderful richness and beauty. The church was painfully packed, the people swaying back and forth from the pressure and movement of the outer lines. The ambassadors of the countries adhering to the Greek faith were present in their full court dresses, in seats next the altar. One of their dragomen, seeing us in the swaying mass, worked his way to us, and, extricating us, got us prominent seats. A part of the ceremony was the reading, in twelve different languages, the story of the reappearance of Christ to his disciples and the doubts of Thomas. After the ceremony was over the favored guests were conducted to a hall in the Metropolitan building, adjoining the church. Into this the patriarch and the bishops then came, and his holiness, holding a golden cross, gave his hand to be kissed by the believers, saying something to each as they did so, and giving to each beautifully gilded and dyed Easter-eggs tied in a piece of muslin. To the principal guests he gave four eggs, to all others three. After the grandees and their ladies had kissed his hand, I got to him and asked in French that an American might be permitted to pay his respects. He had in his hand a bundle of three eggs to give me, but he at once reached back and got one of four, and gave them to me with some kindly spoken words, which I could not understand, for they were in Greek.

I had some most agreeable interviews with our accomplished minister, Mr. Straus, whose mugwump proclivities do not prevent his being a most industrious representative of our government and a most popular gentleman with all visiting Americans. Mrs. Straus is greatly admired, and entertains beautifully. She honored us by giving us a dinner, and afterward having us at an evening reception.

I have spoken of Constantinople as the imperial heart of a mighty continent, but now I would, if I had the power, paint it in its beauty—the jewel of the world. Nature was in high revelry

when she conceived its site, and the genius of beauty, drunken with ravishing dreams, was handmaiden at its birth. All of nature's treasures were ransacked for material to build it, and not a color was lacking on the palette from which it was painted as it grew. Mountains were dwarfed into hills for its foundations—hills retaining all the bold outlines and picturesque contour of mountains. Seas were spun into rivers and woven into its structure—sea-rivers of vast depth and so darkly green that they look like liquid emeralds thrown into deep shadow; while the hills are so bright that they seem carpeted with emerald velvet bathed in a flood of sunlight. Not exhausted by her work when the site of the city was completed, nature scattered her surplus treasures and built beautiful islands in the deep sea close by. She would leave nothing undone to make this city imperial in beauty, so she spread over it all a sky gloriously bright, yet tender and soft.

The Bosphorus is about 15 miles long, winding, twisting, and bending, and swelling into rounded bays, between the Black Sea and the Marmora. It varies from a half mile to perhaps a mile and a half in width, and has a depth in some parts of 60 fathoms, and everywhere deep enough for the largest ships. It has no tide, but sweeps with majestic force from the Black Sea, in some points with a current of nine miles an hour. Throughout its length noble hills and mountains lift from the water's edge, and spurs, divided by narrow valleys or gorges, running down in bold ridges, with here and there coves or deep creeks shooting back into the hills. The largest of these creeks is the Golden Horn, near the Marmora, over a quarter of a mile wide at its mouth and running back with diminishing width some three miles into a small stream of fresh water, "the sweet waters of Europe." The point lying between the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the sea contains the "Old Seraglio," now a waste of unused palaces and unkempt gardens. This is called Seraglio Point, and rises rather rapidly from the water to 200 or more feet, and, though neglected, is most picturesque when seen from the sea and from the Bosphorus. The gardens and old palaces cover 100 to 200 acres, and are surrounded by a high wall, which, on the water side, is massive and dingy with age. Within these walls have been committed more silent deeds of intrigue and crime than on any other spot of its size on earth. Many a disgraced favorite and many a suspected wife and concubine has been silently slipped into the river, whose vast depths never told the tale. Many a rightful heir, and not a few emperors and sultans themselves, have here met their doom, and no living mortal dared ask whither they had gone. Here crime has held high court under Roman and Christian emperors, and under Moslem sultans, and knew no relenting until fire drove the rulers to other quarters.

On the highest elevation of the point, and immediately behind the garden and palace walls, stands the Mosque of St. Sophia,

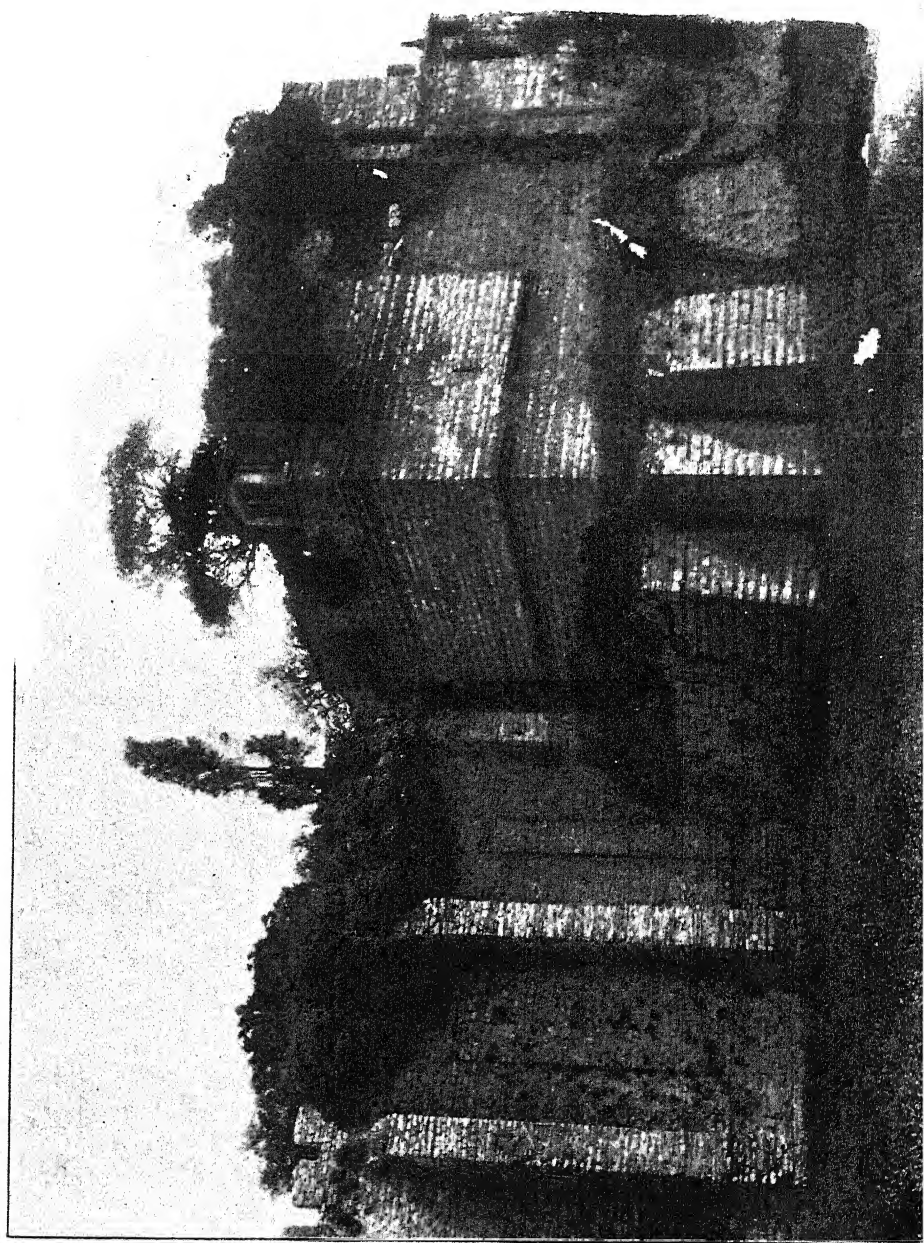
with its mighty flattened dome, lifting out of and over other and smaller domes, whose arches support the grander one, and lightened by four beautiful and lofty minarets. This is the noblest edifice ever erected for the worship of the one living God, and is the oldest of His churches, which has always and continuously been used for worship. For over 1,000 years it was the most holy of Christian temples, and when the Cross was removed the Crescent immediately took its place, and the building became the most exalted of Islam mosques. The minarets do not deface, but rather add to the architectural perfections of the original design. They are to me the perfect complement of the swelling dome for a place of worship. I cannot calmly look upon a noble mosque without a feeling of religious sentiment filling my heart. Were there no associations connected with the grandest of gothic cathedrals, I would look upon them only with cold admiration. The "Taj" for awhile almost sanctified the bad woman who sleeps beneath its rounded vault. I have to recall the effects of Islamism to prevent the cold marble in dome and minaret in a fine mosque arousing a feeling of reverence for the Koran. It is the "cause" of Christ which makes me venerate even the grandest gothic church. It is, however, not until after entering St. Sophia and walking around its vast interior, and then standing beneath the overhanging vault that the wonderful perfections of the edifice sink into the soul. At first one is disappointed; the proportions are so fine that it looks small; but it grows and grows until the effect is almost painfully impressive. Perhaps the associations have much to do with this. The centuries which rolled along while the worship of the true God was held there—the memory of the thousands of old men, women, and children who were packed within its walls for sanctuary, when the blood-stained Turks rushed in and gorged themselves with slaughter. The recollection of the cry of "Illaha il Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah!" uttered by Mohammed II., when he tore down the Cross with his blood-dyed hands and planted the Crescent in its place. These memories rushed upon me as I stood under the mighty dome, and filled me with a sentiment of admiration and awe no other church ever caused.

A mullah was sitting upon his cushions preaching to some 30 or 40 men squatted about him. I could now and then catch some long ago familiar Arabic word, but could not understand a thing he was saying; but never in my life have I listened to such perfect declamation—now in plain colloquial tone, telling them of something connected with their religion or their duty, then in winning persuasion drawing them to him; then, with almost fierce invective telling them of some wrong or sin, with gestures all the while suited precisely to the tone, and, I felt, to the words. I did not understand a single word spoken, yet I felt sure I knew what he was saying. I stood and listened spell-

bound for a quarter of an hour, and could have stayed longer with pleasure. Ah! there is an oratory which is born of nature. It is not in phrase nor in flowing words; it comes from the heart. Heart and brain speak to heart and brain. The rapt attention and the occasional ejaculations of this mullah's hearers proved to me this man spoke from the heart and reached the heart; that he was one of nature's orators.

Close by St. Sophia is another noble mosque, Achmet, large and with six minarets. Then, farther back, are many others, all more or less patterned after St. Sophia, scattered throughout Stamboul, as the city swells and widens, and the Golden Horn and the sea diverge more and more, until some three miles back, runs the grand old Roman wall of great height and vast thickness, and relieved every few hundred yards by massive towers. This wall commences in the ruins of a large fortress on the sea, with seven towers, and stretches some three miles to the Golden Horn. The wall and towers are broken and wrecked, covered with ivy and hanging plants, with large shrubs lifting from the top and broken sides, presenting a most picturesque appearance. Within this wall and between the waters is a population of some 700,000; Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, each nationality living in its separate quarter.

Across the Golden Horn come Pera, Gallatta, and other towns, now grown into one. The highest part of this is perhaps 400 or 500 feet. Through these towns, or parts of towns, run deep narrow valleys, the bottoms beautiful in gardens of trees, vines, and vegetables. The steep sides of the hills which enclose these gorges, and along their ridges, are covered by houses of several stories on the lower fronts, but running into the hillside on the other. In some localities the buildings are all white in stucco, and many of them palatial in size and architecture; in others, weather-stained wooden buildings, leaning against the hills, with their fronts of three to five stories, bold and yet pretty, covered by latticed balconies or projecting windows, resting upon long brackets and jutting far over the narrow streets. These never knew glaring paint, but are tinted by time and the weather in artistic tone. The streets are narrow and very crooked, having never been laid out, but the first houses being erected to suit the convenience of the owners, the streets adapted themselves to those built, and others sprang up along the bending ways. Although from the streets and the crooked alleys and lanes leading into them the ground seems covered with structures, yet when viewed from an elevation or from a distance it is seen that in little courts among the houses there are so many trees—fruit or flowering—so many that the city seems half embowered in shade. Besides, about many of the imposing structures, hidden behind lofty walls, are charming gardens, some of considerable extent. These add greatly to the bower-like tone of the town.





Across the Bosphorus, opposite Stamboul and Pera, lies the old city of Scutari, for centuries held by the Turks before they won the European shore. This town, with one above and another below, has a population of 300,000 to 400,000, grows out of the water and climbs the steep high hills, and is dominated by a mountain over 2,000 feet high. From this, one gets the finest view of human life combined with nature's beauties in the world. Almost under it lies the old tumble-down Turkish town, with cemeteries of large size, in several localities quite in the town, densely shaded by tall spire-like cypress trees in sombre funereal green. Then farther, yet apparently almost under one, the grand Bosphorus, bending and doubling between lofty mountains, on whose steep sides are many villages or suburbs springing out of the river's edge and climbing high up on the steep slopes or far into the gorges which bore into the hills; several magnificent palaces of sultan and pashas, with long, beautiful façades laved in the emerald floods, line the two shores, but more especially the European opposite. There lies Stamboul and Pera, with their mosques, with domes in masses and minarets pointing towards the sky, and with bright palaces and white houses and softly-tinted old wooden buildings, all embowered in green, and softened and toned to a delicious coloring, the whole having the appearance of having been laid out and built less for use than for picturesque effect; over and beyond Pera are the hills or mountains with their nearer sides covered with cypress groves, in which with the glass are seen the turbaned headstones of the Turks, or dotted with Arab graveyards resembling in the distance rock- and boulder-covered slopes all glaring in the sunlight; and still beyond, stretch the soft outline of the hills carpeted in velvety green. The cities and towns below are so large that they are the homes of 1,500,000 souls.

Running back and through these are gorges or narrow valleys, with their bottoms green in trees and gardens, and at this season of the year brilliant in blooming acacia and other flowering trees and shrubs. Looking to the right are the broken hills and deep waters climbing towards the Black Sea; looking to the left, is the smooth Marmora, with hilly islands close by, studded with villas and villages, and over and beyond, lofty Olympus, wrapped in a sheet of purest snow, and all overhead spans a soft, pearly blue sky with fleecy clouds lightly swimming upon the vaulted, ethereal blue. As we sat and took in this wondrous picture, or, rather, succession of pictures, a little skylark rising close by commenced its love song; up it climbed in spirals, now to the right, then turned to the left; higher and higher, singing all the while, until it was a mere speck against the sky. There it fluttered and poured out its heart in pleading, loving agony, and, overcome by its own passion, fell, singing as it fell, as if afraid that the spell of its carol would be lost to its mate, until within 10 to

20 feet of the ground it sang as if its heart was bursting with song. I bent my eyes and walked slowly down the hill to our horses, unwilling to take another look. I wanted to carry away the picture crystallized in one perfect instant, and shall try to retain it until one boundless vision of perfected beauty shall fill my soul and one endless carol shall fill my heart throughout an eternal morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BOSPHORUS—ACROSS BULGARIA—BUCHAREST—ROUMANIA, ITS PEOPLE—APPEARANCE AND PRODUCTIONS.

Buda-Pesth, May 19, 1888.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th, we weighed anchor and steamed out of the Golden Horn, and up the Bosphorus for the Black Sea, on our way to Varna. Travellers often write that one of the drawbacks to the pleasure of travelling is the necessity of parting so frequently with friends made *en voyage*. To me this is not the case; I am so occupied with the things I see that I do not make many such friends, but I do make friendship with the places we visit, and there are few I do not quit with regret. This has been more the case in this our "race with the sun," than on any previous journeying. There is so much in such a voyage around the world that seems typical of the voyage of life that there comes over me an irresistible feeling that I, too, will finish my course with the end of the trip. I believe I never have now what are called the "blues," and rarely get low-spirited, but as we pass around this globe of ours, the spot on which we stand is to us the highest of the rounded world, and to it we have been climbing; and each day a part of the world is left behind, and still fewer heights are to be gained. When we stood upon east longitude $92\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ we were almost opposite the starting-point of our course, and day by day afterwards the mile posts behind became more than the posts before us, and day by day the miles to be cleared became fewer and fewer, and the distance looked back upon grew in magnitude. So with the voyage of life. With our eyes looking aloft, the climb to the meridional zenith of our days is slow, and with the quick pulsations of active energy, our hearts swell and teem with hope. But ah! Rapidly pass the days when the down grade is reached. Then comes the solace of true philosophy—that philosophy which teaches the necessity of quickened action and steady exertion, and a calm resignation to the inevitable. Then more than even before, is valuable that best of all rules for life, "Do all that is possible to-day and hope for the morrow."

While I did not wish to stay longer in Constantinople, yet when I looked back upon the glorious picture it made, and passed

up the Bosphorus and drank in its unequaled beauties, I could not repress a deep sigh that I at least could never again behold them. The sun was dropping over the hills, now entirely hidden, then bursting out in all of his glory as some gorge would open or valley would carry the sky line farther toward the west; now we were sailing over the deep green water rolling along in majestic sweeps; then we would round some projecting promontory where the currents rush in rapid fury. Now a palace would dip its feet into the cool depths, and beautiful gardens and green woods would mantle the hills above it; and then a village would steal down some deep gorge in modest beauty, and come to the river as if half ashamed of its assurance; here an old castle perched itself upon a high rock, and sent massive walls zigzagging about steep precipices, as if the only idea of the builder was to attain the very extreme of the picturesque; and there a mountain would run gently back with easy slope, and some rich man's house would crown its distant height, and fields would wave in swaying crops. Passing the earthworks of the Turk, we entered the Black Sea just as the sun sank behind the reddened horizon of the west; lowering clouds hung upon the north, where the Russian bear was about to prowl around his Arctic home, and to hug to his heart his one fond, never-dying hope of building his lair among the hills of Stamboul.

The Black Sea was dark and calm when the night gathered about us, and early in the morning we entered the little rounded, but not well-protected harbor of Varna, the only sea-coast town of Bulgaria. This, from the water, is a pretty-looking place of 25,000 population, but, I was told, is dirty and unattractive within. Surrounding it and the little bay in front, are high hills of 600 or 800 feet in height, standing some distance from the water. Along the crests of the ridges are seen numbers of earthworks. One was pointed out as having been thrown up by the first Napoleon. It was drizzling and rainy when we were rowed ashore. Here, as nearly everywhere in the East, there are no piers for ships to tie to, but all lie pretty well out. The bad weather prevented us stopping to witness the review promised to be held by Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgaria, on the day of our arrival. I wished to see how the people looked upon their exotic ruler. I am rather down on the whole system of such transplanting, and I have an idea the several peoples feel the same way. You know the old song:

"Some wicked men in olden times
Threw Daniel in the den of the lions.
The lions for Daniel did n't care a ———
And Daniel did n't care a ——— for the lions."

George and the people of Greece evidently look upon each other as Daniel and the lions did, and I am told the same feeling

exists in all these principalities, whose princes were drawn from the royal stables of Denmark and Germany.

The streets of Varna, where we could see them, were, however, bannered and decorated in honor of the prince's coming; flowers and garlands hung about all the stations along our road to Rostchuk, and the people looked as if they were pleased with the show about to be given them. What a trick it is of kings and "sich" to tickle the people with shows and pastimes, and what "fools we mortals be" to be so tickled; but we are. I sometimes think that all of the sympathy we feel for the oppressed is hardly deserved by them, so willingly, or at least so tamely, do the majority yield the neck to the yoke. Pageants and shows, too, are so cheap. A few thousand spent in amusing the masses go farther than a great many thousands paid to murder them. But over here even the bullet is gilded, and the spear has a pretty banner attached to it. I was in Fisher's huge magazine the other day at Buda-Pesth, admiring his exquisite majolicas. His salesman stopped me while bargaining, that we might go to the door to listen to a grand band, and to see several regiments marching by. "Es ist schön, nicht wahr, mein herr?" "Yah wohl," I replied. "Those fellows could kill a great many Russians in a day, and a big crowd of unruly Hungarians in a minute." He understood me, and for a while seemed to be thinking. He then asked me if we had many soldiers. I told him about 30,000, "but then we have a population of only 60,000,000." I cannot help it, though it is none of my business, but I cannot enjoy looking at a grand parade of men paid to kill, especially in Europe, where kings pretend to be followers of Him whose mission on earth was one of "love and peace." From Varna to this place a soldier is rarely out of sight, and from our car windows we saw regiments and battalions drilling on the outskirts of every moderately-sized town. Officers covered with lace are brighter in coloring than the butterfly-ladies at all high-toned cafés and gardens, and the clank of their sword-scabbards on the stone flagging and asphalt walks, is always heard on every corso and fashionable promenade. They loll back covered with orders and cordons in the finest equipages on every afternoon drive, and their prancing steeds are constantly careering along the bridle paths of every park. Splendid-looking fellows they often are, and fill the eye and win the admiration of the fairest of women, but there is something in their trade utterly abhorrent to my Republican heart. More soldiers, twice over, are at all times quartered at Buda-Pesth than our whole country possesses.

There is a Providence watching over men and nations, our good people say. If this be true, I again exclaim: "How long, oh Lord! How long!"

The railroad leads through the hills at Varna up a very pretty valley. We started at 7:30, and were soon in interesting scenery

—nothing grand, but a succession of broad valleys well covered with fields, and overlooked by tall, rugged hills, 600 to 800 feet high, clothed now in small bushes, and then lifting in rocky precipices, often rendered very striking by their embattled-looking walls, being deeply pierced by caves in great numbers, looking as if cut by hand. Herds of gray cattle and large numbers of horses were constantly seen, and several pretty villages, now all decked in bunting and garlands. We climbed to an upper plateau of deeply rolling country; perhaps I am wrong in terming it a plateau, so high, so rolling, and so deep are the depressions. This up country is of very rich land, and highly productive. The wheat, rye, and oats on it were all well set and finely green, and the vineyards healthy looking. Trees are not wanting, and the stretches of rolling country often seen for 10 to 15 miles were exceedingly pretty. It looked farm-like, although no farm-houses were ever seen, and sometimes for miles not a village or hamlet was visible. The villages lie along the high road, which, at times, was quite far from the railroad. The farms must often be two, three, or more miles back from the houses of those who cultivate them.

We were running for three or four hours through this rich land, and seven hours and a half from Varna to Rustchuk, where we struck the Danube, here a broad and mighty stream of white, muddy water. This is Europe's grandest river, for the Volga is so far in eastern Russia that it can hardly be called European. We crossed on a small steamer to Giurgievo, in Roumania, and were soon on the great Oriental express on its way directly for Paris. We ran rapidly through a fine farming country, low, rolling, green in wheat, oats, and rye, and with large acreage, now being broken or just planted in Indian corn. The land was not so rich nor so pretty as the part of Bulgaria we had traversed. Here commences that vast wheat country, which stretches westward and northward, and northeast, running into Hungary and far into Russia, the so-called granary of Europe.

In two hours we were in Bucharest, the capital of the kingdom of Roumania. It is an irregularly laid-out city of over 300,000 inhabitants, has some fine hotels, 120 churches, nearly all Greek, and some good drives. The streets are all paved, partly in granite block and partly in large cobble or small flat stones. The mistake is being made of laying the blocks on a natural bed. The church attached to the hospital and charities of Princess Balassa is pretty without and elaborately rich within; has a fine monument of the princess, and is all gilded inside. The screen which separates the altar end of the building from the main church and the whole rear down, is one mass of gold, and shows that the people have much of the Oriental in their taste. The Metropolitan Church, adjoining the Bishop's palace, and the House of Parliament lying on a hill along the edge of the city, are interesting. In the church, in-

cased in a silver covering fitting the form, are the remains of St. Demetrius, who lived some 1,200 years ago. The remains were miraculously preserved, and have the extraordinary quality of effecting the cure of sick people, whose garments are laid in the case containing the body and there left for a couple of weeks. There were several bundles when the case was opened to our view. I believe during the two weeks the garments are thus left the sick one gets well, or—dies. The time is certainly ample for a thorough change. The good priest who showed the relic had entire confidence in the hygienic qualities of his corpse!

On the threshold and lower door-frame of the main entrance to the House of Estates (Parliament) was scattered the blood of some men killed here two weeks before. The papers claimed only two or three were killed in all, but a quite intelligent man, who acted as our guide, assured me it was generally believed the killed ran into 200 or more. This was what may be termed a party fight, and was a sort of revolution. The party of the outs demanded the right to be heard by the ministry. This was refused. It tried to force itself into the Hall of the Estates, shots were fired, men were killed. But the ministry was forced to resign, and the outs got in. I do not know what the distinction is between the two parties; perhaps, as in other countries we know of, the ins were in, and wanted to stay in; the outs were cold, and wanted to get in out of the cold. They charged that the ins were stealing. The outs never steal; they can't; but wait till they get their hands in, and then see.

We spent two days in Bucharest, and were pleased to see that it is rapidly developing into the capital of a fine people, and already begins to wear the dress of a thoroughly western European city. That Roumania is a constitutional government is constantly evidenced by the animated discussions had on political matters in the railway carriages. In Europe I never take a first-class carriage, if I can help it. In the second-class I meet the people, land-owners, merchants, and well-to-do mechanics. They are always willing to talk to an American, whereas, in a first-class compartment, one never meets them. But for the language, I could almost have thought myself in America when running 12 hours from Bucharest to Turnu Severin, at the western boundary of the kingdom, for political talk was constant. In this run, together with the one two days before, we passed through the centre of nearly half of Roumania, a country with an area of over 48,000 square miles. A great part of it is very fertile, and on its hills there is an abundance of timber. Its map shows it to be dog-legged in shape, about half of it lying between the Carpathian Mountains and Russia, the other half being between the Danube and the same mountains, which have bended due west. The northern limb of the leg, I was told, resembles Bulgaria—hilly, or very high rolling, and a part quite mountainous. Fully a third of

the whole, being the part lying towards the Danube, is either an almost dead flat, or a low, rolling country, running into hills as the Carpathians are approached. These mountains appeared, in the distance, before we had left the capital an hour, in a long range with a sheet of snow spread over the crest. This is of the winter's fall, and disappears before July.

For hours we were upon a vast plain, perfectly flat, except where some creek or river ran through it in a depression. The soil was good. Trees were growing about the plains, in lines here and there, in good-sized copses frequently, nearly all trimmed high up, the twigs being used for fuel. The railroad stations were good and fairly ornamental, and railroad construction-workers, in their garments of white cotton—a sort of wide shirt gathered in at the waist and confined by a broad girdle protecting the vital parts of the body—looked cheerful and contented. Women are largely field hands, and were frequently the drivers of the six-ox plows. The land is well broken by good plows with a couple of wheels in front. The oxen are not strong looking, nor are the horses. A first-class team of two with us could do the work here done by three. A proprietor who kindly gave me much information in German, interlarded with French, said the beasts were weak because not well cared for, and with a sigh said he wished they had some American energy with them. He laid the blame upon the peasants. There is a constant agrarian fight going on between the two classes. When the present constitutional government began its course, the land was divided to a considerable extent among the people. At first it worked well, but when a house or farm had to be divided among a man's kin, the holdings became too small for their support; they then to a great extent surrendered themselves to the proprietary landlords and became his laborers, and when, too, they held to their farms, they became laborers for certain fixed periods. In this way the landlord or proprietor gets the first work and reaps the cream of the season. This led to the late outbreak of two or three weeks before—I do not refer to the one in the capital, which was purely political. Several men intimated to me that Russian intrigue was at the bottom of the thing, and one or two boldly asserted it. The paws of the northern bear are a constant source of dread, if not a menace, to all southeast Europe, as well as to central and eastern Asia. Americans generally seem to have sympathy with Russia. I can only account for it by the inherited dislike many have for the land of the Georges, and by the hatred of the Irish for every thing English. What a blessing it would be to the United States if Ireland could be thoroughly pacified. It now causes an outside strain to be constantly brought to bear directly upon our English relations and directly upon our intercourse with other lands. We cannot help giving our sympathies to the oppressed sons and daughters of Erin, and to join with their kindred in America in an expression of that sympathy.

Russia is a mighty colossus stalking across the world. Wherever she goes despotism and its attendant instrument, espionage, follows. There ought not to be a single feeling of affinity between the denizen of a free soil and this land of unlimited monarchy. On the other hand, though England be grasping and oppressive, yet where she goes a love of freedom goes, a real comprehension of civil liberty goes. However much we may dislike many of her manners, her bullying and domineering spirit; however much we may be disgusted by the supercilious demeanor of so many of her people, yet we are forced to acknowledge that Great Britain is to-day the very bulwark of the world's freedom. In a charming interview I had the other day with Prof. Vámbéry, the celebrated Hungarian thinker and author, I gave expression to this idea, when he bounced from his chair, and running to his desk took a manuscript in which he was then writing, showed me a page, and said: "Read that, sir; your very language, almost in exact words, sir. It makes me happy to find that our ideas are thus echoes one of the other." Vámbéry is a patriot, a lover of freedom and a hater of every form and fashion of tyranny; he thinks that England must overbalance Russia or the dial on the face of the clock of progress will be set back indefinitely. Why is it? Simply England is forced to a line of freedom by the very life-blood of her institutions. She is built upon a rock in which liberty, civil rights, and independence are the composing ingredients. She oppresses Ireland because of the cupidity of her landholders, and in trying to do that which is repugnant to the very genius of her institutions, the fight is inevitable and must go on until freedom holds up its head on Irish as well as on English soil.

Roumania's plains produce a vast deal of small grain—wheat, rye, oats, and good barley. All of these cover the ground well. Much land is now being, or has just been broken, for Indian corn, some of which was just up. I visited the market-place in Bucharest and found few cereals, fruits or vegetables which seemed up to our notion; apples were poor in size, but well flavored; vegetables small, and the Indian corn, with little, rounded grains. It is planted very close, and grows with short stalks and small ears. The peasants lack good seed, I should think. It amazes me to see how greatly corn production has increased in the old world since I was first abroad, from '51 to '53. Then maize was an occasional crop, now it is almost universal. Tobacco, I think, is in more universal use than any one other plant. Next comes wheat, but corn is fast treading upon the latter. Wherever we go and in every land I can hear from where it will grow it is becoming one of the heavy crops. There is a large cattle herding and horse growing business in Roumania. The horses, however, are rather under sized, and the cattle not heavy, and beef very thin. Great flocks of sheep and of goats—the former

generally brown—are seen. Cheese is made from the milk of both animals; that from the sheep is sweet and rich, and can be spread upon bread like firm butter. Bulgarians are often seen as shepherds. They are rather a nomadic race, and are the sheep tenders of all European countries once under Turkish rule. Their letters and signs resemble the Russian a little, and, I am told, their language too. In Roumania the language is a mixture, a sort of Latin mixed with Italian, with an infusion of the Oriental. I could always understand the subject under discussion when hearing them talk, owing to the familiar words, though I could catch nothing else. The language is softer than French, but lacks the soft, flat sound of Italian, caused by such large usage of vowels. The people are fairly good looking, but we saw few pretty, and no beautiful, women. The peasants wear shoes of sole or other heavy leather, bent up around the foot and fastened by thongs over the instep, and strapped about the ankle, with over the shoulders a sort of sack made of woollen stuff almost as heavy as carpeting. This shoe is common to Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia, and a part of Hungary.

I was told that good water is everywhere to be had, either in natural springs or moderately deep wells. The well-bucket is hoisted on a horizontal spindle, with a cart-wheel in place of a crank—apparently a worn and discarded wheel.

There were many pretty stretches of country, and, toward the west, good scenery and very large vineyards, and orchards of prunes and walnuts. We tried several varieties of wine. They all seemed pure, very cheap, and good. A connoisseur would probably not like them. I make it a rule to drink the wine of the country, and like nearly all when pure. I can never be a prohibitionist so long as wine be inhibited. We drank a delightful red wine at Turnu Severin, and a good white one, both of the neighborhood. Before reaching that place, a few miles eastward, we began a very rapid descent to the Danube through a scene not often surpassed, over wooded hills and across deep valleys; the great river lay like a mighty silvery band winding along the valley below, and coming out of the Carpathian range, where it cuts through the mountains in passes wild and grand. The grade is very severe—perhaps one in 25—and continues until the river level is reached. The gorges down which we ran are heavily wooded; the sun was setting in a field of red; the river was in great ribbons of silver; and nightingales were gushingly carolling, unable to restrain their love-making, until it grew dark. We got our luggage on board the steamer on which we were to go as far as Belgrade, went ashore for a supper and for a bottle of the best native wine to be found. Then, being full of good things and happy, we sat on the deck, watched the stars, listened to the music of the night-loving bird, and thought of loved ones at home.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCENERY ON LOWER DANUBE—BUDA-PESTH—BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
—MARGUERITE ISLAND—HUNGARIAN DERBY.

Vienna, May 24, 1888.

THE lower Danube, from Vienna down, is not, taken as a whole, an interesting river to travel upon. It runs frequently through great plains or low hills. There are a few points, however, where it is fine, and between Turnu Severin up to Bazias it is surpassed by few rivers anywhere. Between these points it breaks through the Carpathian Mountains and the foot-hills flanking them. At the highest point the mountains rise above the water 800 or 1,000 feet, are very steep, and in many places lift by sheer precipices several hundred feet. This is a part of the renowned "Iron Gate" and Kazan Pass. Nearly the whole distance run during some six to seven hours was through these. In some places the river is contracted to a width of 300 to 500 feet, and then widens into gulfs of nearly a mile in width, with eddies whirling in them. In the Kazan Pass the fall in the stream is 16 feet in a mile, and during low river, steamers drawing very little water find the passage dangerous, and passengers are landed and carried over the high-road which has been cut along the precipice. This is the great Hungarian road running from Presburg to Orsova, the frontier town, where it is met by a fine national road traversing Roumania to the Black Sea. In the rock on the south side of the river through these gorges or river passes are yet seen the remains of the Roman road built by the Emperor Trajan. It lies near the water's edge, and was carried around some of the sharp bends on scaffolding hanging over the rushing river. Deep holes, about a foot square, show how joists were let in for the hanging road to rest upon. In a tablet cut into the face of one of the precipices is an inscription yet partially legible, in honor of "Trajanus Pontifex Maximus," and to commemorate his building the road. It was only a few feet wide, and intended for men and horses, and possibly as a sort of tow-path. It has been many years since I passed along the Danube from Regensburg to Vienna, and 14 since I again ascended it as far as Lintz, and I may have forgotten some of its grandest scenery. But I think there is none on it to compare in grandeur to this part of the lower Danube.

We were considerably annoyed by a small fly—a brown-headed large gnat, said to be very injurious to cattle and horses, for 50 or more miles around, and which, the people believe, are all hatched in a deep cavern partially filled with water, hollowed far up into one of the precipices at the upper end of the pass. They are peculiar to this locality, and take their name from the old castle of "Golubaez," which is perched on a crag below the cavern. This castle, and one on the opposite cliff, were destroyed in the Turkish wars. The souls of some of the old blood-letting warriors may have gotten into these little brutes, and they are avenging themselves upon men and their four-footed servants. That, at least, would be the Buddhistic tradition if such were in vogue here. Two or three hours before reaching Belgrade the rapids of the river entirely ceased, and the country becomes more or less a plain, much of which is now under water, owing to the great flood which, a few weeks ago, exceeded any before known in the memory of man. Many thousand acres of farm lands are flooded. We were often upon what appeared to be a wide placid lake, 8 to 12 miles across. These wide stretches of water contain many pieces of wood, now islands, which were very pretty, and were filled with singing birds whose carols we constantly heard.

We had during the day Hungary on our right and Servia on the left, the Hungarian side generally a plain, stretching far back from the river; on the Servian side a few small plains, but generally broken, and in the distance mountainous. The same character of crops we had seen in Roumania ruled—wheat, oats, rye, and corn just up or being planted, and potatoes. There is evidently quite a fruit crop, plums or prunes being most abundant, and walnut trees were scattered everywhere. We could see, when the water had not driven them entirely back, many cattle and sheep.

Belgrade disappointed us. Having so often heard of it as the outer fortress of the Turks, and that battles had been frequently fought for its possession, I expected to find a commanding stronghold. It was quite tame. Its population is about 25,000, and the Turkish people having entirely disappeared, their mosques and Oriental buildings are going into ruin. Here we took the train for Buda-Pesth. Cars good, and the road in fair condition; time, seven hours, over an almost flat plain of more than average land; not what our prairie people would call rich, but yet capable of producing large quantities of cereals. The country presents much the appearance of some of our flat prairie lands, only trees are more abundant. There are evidently many large individual proprietors. These are all ranked as nobles and have estates of 1,000 to 4,000 acres, and some of them several such. Their farm-houses are extensive, long, one story brick or stone buildings, some of them several hundred feet long and enclosing an inner

quadrangle. About these are huge ricks of straw. Near some of the estates are villages of peasant houses in rows, with spaces of a hundred to two hundred feet between them. The peasant farmers have small holdings. Horses as well as oxen are used on the farm, and a pair of either is of size and strength sufficient to break the ground. Indeed, the horses are large, not of the French or Flanders kind, but tall, well-formed, and well-muscled roadsters. The cattle are of a uniform color, a sort of dark, tawny gray, with long, upturned horns. We saw very large herds of both horned cattle and horses, and flocks containing many hundred sheep. Much land in Hungary is in grape culture. The vines have been greatly damaged by the almost unprecedented severity of the past winter, and its very deep and long-lasting snow. The Hungarian wines are good, rather heavy, much more so than those of either the Rhine or Bordeaux. One notices this, not while drinking them, but a half hour afterward. It is very cheap, yet a large amount of beer is drunk. It is wonderful how the taste for this is growing throughout the world. In every land we have visited beer is the favorite drink of all people of European antecedents. Breweries are being built in Japan and in India, and the importation from Europe and Australia is very large. Gambrinus, not Bacchus, bids fair to rule the thirsty world. Prohibitionists should understand this. If they will only bend their energies towards keeping impurities and bad alcohol out of beer, and cultivate a taste for light wines, their efforts will be of lasting benefit to mankind. While they continue to class beer and wine with whiskey and alcoholic poisons, they make an opposition which is apt, from a spirit of supposed independence, to run to the very extreme of favoring every thing they oppose. The beer and wine man steps into the ranks of the whiskey men simply because the temperance man is determined to force him into line.

The Christian, as such, fights every form of wrong-doing, for his lessons are that sin is sin and cannot be weighed; none so small that it can pass unobserved; none so great that it cannot be forgiven. Not so, however, with the philosopher, the statesman, or the human reformer; their duty is to overlook or to be blind to the small frailties of humanity, frailties inherent in man's nature, or to use these very frailties as a means of steering men away from crimes and of winning them to higher virtues. Temperance in the sense of total abstinence, cannot, consistently with the life of Christ, be preached as an abstract and obligatory Christian duty. It certainly cannot be enunciated by the philosopher or statesman as an abstract ethical or civil duty. To them it is not the use, but the abuse, of alcohol that makes the crime. To the majority of the world—the overwhelming majority—it is only in the abuse that sin begins. The teacher loses the force of his argument against real abstract sin when he preaches that to

be a sin which his hearer absolutely denies being such. Ergo, they make a mistake, a mistake which many good and wise men believe to be a crime against true religion, when they spend their time and energies in trying to exclude beer and wine from the stomachs of the world. But as long as the profession of prohibition is a trade no advice can help the thing.

From Buda-Pesth to Presburg the country is not so flat as beyond ; it is often rolling, and is quite pretty now when it wears its bright spring garments, and it shows a fair state of cultivation. The proprietary estates are numerous. The straw ricks, large and abundant, and the quadrangular farm houses extensive. Taken as a whole, the trip from Varna to Vienna is an interesting one and one which Americans should make far more than they do for the scenery ; and when they do travel over the line they should not do as the majority of tourists do—rush through night and day on the great Oriental express. Too many Americans think a tour in Europe is satisfactorily made by visiting its cities and great mountains, and run from place to place in through trains, too often doing so by night. The country through which we passed, as seen by day from the more moderately moving cars we occupied, is a printed page from which much can be learned if carefully studied.

The whole land from the Black Sea to this place has been not only full of matters suggesting thought, but most charming to the eye. Instead of being wearied by a twenty- to twenty-five mile-an-hour pace, I could wish the speed diminished by at least ten miles. In Buda-Pesth I met Prof. Vámbéry, the Hungarian thinker and writer. After an hour spent with him he took me to the National Club, a magnificent establishment, to which all the first men belong—even though residents of distant parts of the kingdom—and of which he is honorary librarian. He spends two hours each day in it reading. He is a man of great vitality and of most charming, naïve enthusiasm and simplicity. He invited me to tea, informally, saying that others visited him because he was a sort of lion, but that I talked with him as a man and freshened up his ideas. He understands twelve languages and can write, I think, in ten, and is the highest authority on Orientalism. One of the Professor's chiefest charms is that he does not know too much. Poor human nature rebels in the presence of a man who knows it all. Vámbéry is modest with all of his knowledge. We had a common personal bond. We were friends of Bayard Taylor. He thinks that Asia will be regenerated by a light coming from the west, and that this light will be bright while the sun of England shines throughout the Orient. I suggested that as the sun moved on westward, perhaps, it was through the long closed doors of Japan that the vivifying rays were to get into Asia. With that he bounded up like a boy and said : " If it does, Asia will be indebted to that

glorious land of the free which had the pluck to send that grand man, Perry, to draw back the bolts which had locked up Japan. That America and England should march hand in hand in the mighty cause." Ah, why does not England let her light shine on the Irishman as she does on the far away lands! England cannot help playing the bully, even when she does good to the bullied. The Indian bends his neck, receives the good, and licks the hand, if it strikes, all the while in his heart hating the man who wields the hand. The Englishman cannot or will not understand the Irish character. His faults alone are seen, while his high-mettled spirit is ignored or misnamed.

I said the trip from Varna here was a most charming one, but the portion of it which would be most pleasing to many people was spent at Buda-Pesth. This is a really very beautiful and most charming city, prettily situated, finely built, with good theatres, handsome public buildings, imposing churches, artistic monuments, elegant hotels, handsome promenades and drives, bright and airy cafés, galleries and museums, cheerful looking and gay people, and the prettiest women in the world, nearly every class dressing in good taste. A noble river runs through it, spanned by bridges of fine architectural proportions, with keen, darting steamers constantly plying its waters, and picturesque views and charming parks and environs. There is here every concomitant necessary to make it one of the most attractive cities in Europe for strangers to visit. It is formed of the two old towns, Buda, which until captured by the Turks, was the residence of the Hungarian kings, and Pesth, across the river, both Roman cities, and at different times during the decadence of the empire prominent towns. They are now united as one, and are the capital of the kingdom, with a palace for its king, and good though not magnificent buildings for public offices. It has a population of about 500,000, a large grain trade, manufactories of very elegant porcelain, excelling in majolica ware and now claiming that its glassware is equal to that of Bohemia. The streets are bending and broken (which, however, to me, but adds to their beauty), are well paved in granite block (consequently noisy), clean, and lined with a generally tasteful style of houses, but in the newer parts very fine residence and business structures. In several quarters there are bits of street view equal to any thing in Vienna, and the great residence street, Andrassy Strasse, about a mile and a quarter long and a hundred feet wide, straight and running from the centre of the town to the park at its outer end is not surpassed, and hardly equalled, in beauty and elegance by any thoroughfare I can recall. The inner half of this noble street is solidly built, but in so artistic and varied architecture as not to look stiff. The other half has detached residences with grounds and plats, not large enough to give a suburban appearance, but yet enough to soften the picture and to appeal to the love of home

taste. It is paved in closely laid wooden block, either new or kept in perfect repair.

I am more than ever convinced that the excellence of street pavements depends more upon constant and methodical repair than upon the character and material of the work. It should be well planned, both as to the material used and the manner of doing, but a sleepless eye should be kept upon it, and disintegration or yielding in any—even the smallest—part should at once be prevented. A small indenture, a slight unevenness is an entering wedge for destruction. It should be an axiom that a bad pavement is no pavement. It may be costly to live up to this, but cities are costly luxuries at best. They are either cities or mere hives. Modern civilization is unwilling to live in hives; it must therefore submit to the necessity of paying for cities, or go to the village or country. The pavements of the capitals of Hungary and Austria are noisy models. People soon cease to hear the noise, so wonderfully adaptable are the human senses. A miller can listen to and enjoy sweet music undisturbed by the clatter of his machinery. The denizen of a city "hears the silence" in the deep vaults of Mammoth Cave. The square Belgian block is here used instead of the long one, and the cleaning is so constant that one scarcely ever sees the sweeper. In the narrow, central street asphalt is much in vogue. It is, however, genuine, and not the contractors' darling—coal-tar.

Pesth lies on a plain on the east side of the Danube, which some 20 odd miles north bends from its long easterly course and runs due south for about 150 miles. The stream is confined between finely built stone walls, or quays, upon which lighting barges and small steamers, sharp pointed at both ends, and with rudders at each extremity, discharge their cargoes. Along this quay on the east bank runs a team and wagon road, under a second wall; upon the upper level of this is the plateau of the town, and along its edge is the corso, a beautiful asphalted promenade exclusively for pedestrians. Along this corso are magnificent buildings of five stories, with considerable pretensions to architectural excellence. Some of them are very fine. The corso has the full benefit of a fine water front, and yet, being elevated so much above the river, the unsightliness arising from the river commerce is not observed. On the corso are some handsome monuments, kiosk cafés, and costly restaurants. Towards sundown and during the long twilights, the promenade is filled with handsome people, gaily uniformed officers, ladies in their best walking costumes, business men and nobles. In one large square made by a public building standing back, is a pretty kiosk café, about which we saw seated perhaps 1,000 to 2,000 of the *élite*. I have never seen anywhere so many pretty out-door toilettes and so many beautiful women. Beauty was the rule instead of the exception; some of it of so rare and delicate a type that my boys looked on with wide-eyed admiration.

On the opposite bank, or Buda side, are also fine buildings, but upon a narrow bank, from which lifts a hill varying from 150 to 200 feet in height, crowned by a long line of public buildings, including the royal palace, and extending nearly a half mile on the steep slope of the hill are the palace gardens, terraced, with broad, zigzag walks, climbing by easy grade to the upper terrace, on which the palace stands. This hill is a long, narrow ridge, dropping to the river on one side and to the main town of (Ofen) old Buda on the other. Across a narrow valley, at one end of this ridge, running back from the river, under the end of the palace, rises a high eminence, perhaps 500 feet high, crowned by a picturesque fortress of large extent, and beyond the upper end of the public buildings and a mile or so away, lifts a yet much higher mountain, covered with villas and vineyards. These heights and their fortresses, palaces and distant villa residences make a beautiful picture from the corso, aided, too, by a couple of the prettiest bridges one can conceive of, the lower one with a single suspension span and the upper one with six long, elliptical, airy arches and above this a wooded island dividing the river into two broad arms. The picture from the palace berg is of another kind, for it lies below the beholder and is the beautiful city of Pesth, with its long row of superb houses bordering the water, on which pretty steamers and rowboats are constantly plying, and behind these the white-walled town and dark-tiled roofs, with enough trees intermixed to relieve the appearance of coldness and glare, and over beyond a sweeping country, framed in a long line of low hills.

We visited our polite consul, Mr. Black, at his villa on the summit of Schwabenberg, the high hill or low mountain I mentioned as lying above Buda. This we reached by a cog-wheeled railroad, running up a handsome wooded gorge, and, as we climbed, overlooking pretty valleys, with vineyards, villas, and wooded copes. From this elevation we had a grander tableau, the two—or, rather, twin—cities; the river, with its islands stretching far to the south; the wide country and low hills, all making a rare view. The island mentioned as being above one of the bridges is a long, narrow, low-lying piece of ground belonging to the Archduke Joseph, who has spent vast sums in making it one of the most charming retreats imaginable. It is nearly a mile long, has beautiful old and many thrifty young trees, handsome shrubberies, with flower-beds and velvety lawns, a fine hotel, and one of the costliest baths of modern times. This is a long, architectural building, with lofty domes and frescoed roofs, and 50 odd commodious baths, constructed of marble, porcelain, and mosaic. Some of these are good-sized pools. In one of the larger ones I had a luxurious bath in hot mineral water, at a temperature of nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The water comes in a copious stream from an artesian well, flowing 30 feet above the surface, and making a cascade over rock, looking as if made by time into heavy stalagmites.

This fall is 30 or 40 feet wide, for so large is the stream. It is said to be highly beneficial in many diseases. At the upper end of the island, near the sanitarium, hotel, and baths, is a handsome café, where a large gypsy band plays; at the other end another café with a military band. The island is the veritable home of singing-birds; just at sundown it was simply alive with nightingales, and in its deeper shades at this season they were singing early in the afternoon. This island is named after Marguerite, the daughter of King Bela, and a celebrated saint in the calendar. It is certainly a delicious place, and, with its pure, river-cooled atmosphere, has a right to wear the purest of names. Other baths are on the mainland, and the remains of sumptuous ones erected by the Romans.

I spoke of a gypsy band. There are about 50,000 of these people in Hungary. They are said to be natural musicians, playing on many instruments, and on all without note. We have heard several bands, one of them with 20 or 30 members; all the instruments, except two or three, being stringed, chiefly violins, and always with a zither, or by a larger thing of the kind played upon by two wooden hammers. No notes whatever are used, and yet medleys were played where the changes seemed most intricate, all simply following the leader. I heard that very few ever know a note. Whistle a tune, and immediately they will all play it fairly. Their *potpouris* were a singular mixture of the airs of all nations. Left to their own choice, the music is wild, and some of it filled with a weird pathos. They have a tendency to too great loudness. I was told these bands are all over the kingdom, and are a sort of pets with the nobility, who have a queer way of getting a great deal out of them. They will cut a 100-florin note in half, give the leader one, and promise the other when the feast is over. The halves are worthless apart. In this way the wild fellows will play for two or three days at a time, barely stopping for food. The Hungarians keep up their feast, night and day, for two or more days.

On Sunday I attended the Hungarian Derby. I am cosmopolitan or nothing, and in Rome do as the Romans do. There were some 20,000 people on the ground, a gay and bright set. Lager beer flowed freely, but not a drunken man was seen. The betting was frightful, not as to the amount wagered, but in its universality. Everybody bought pools, and nothing was heard except talk of "gulden." I was amused by a party of clericals, two priests and two I took to be professors, in semi-clerical garb. They studied the programme with keen interest, and at the end of each race one of them went off to the pool-stand and bought his tickets. I think they were winners, for just as the steeple-chase began they were full of smiles and satisfaction. No one seemed to care for the speed of the racers, and watched them simply to see which came in ahead, so as to determine bets. The horses

were large and strong, not far from 16 hands, I thought, and too heavy in the withers for good speeders. It would be a good idea if light and otherwise worthless horses were excluded from the turf, for then races would certainly improve stock by encouraging breeding for size as well as action. After the races, behind a handsome pair of horses, we drove up and down the drive in the park near the race course, and saw the turnouts. There were some fine four-in-hands, and some capital roadsters. The two most dashing young ladies were a couple of German actresses, whom I had seen on the grand-stand of the *élite*. I heard it was in connection with one of these that a petty scandal lately arose concerning Servia's king, Milan. To get rid of it he gave out that he "meant no harm." It is strange that the Lord's anointed can be naughty, and still stranger that the Lord so frequently makes such sad mistakes in His selections. Poor, weak human nature is liable to fearful temptations in Hungary, without the aid of Germany in sending down any of its sirens. I would advise American ladies who visit Pesth with their husbands to be very loving to their liege lords while in this land of beauty. A loving wife or old age helps greatly to make a saint of a man. The beautiful women of Pesth are certainly no detraction from Hungary's other charms. But I will have to admit they lace most fearfully. It is strange that a woman will so mar nature's mold of beauty. A very small waist is a deformity, not a beauty. And yet women ruin their health to reach a perfection of deformity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VIENNA—TAXES—THE VICE OF LOTTERY—AUSTRIAN DERBY—TIPS
—RING STRASSE—MUSEUMS—ENVIRONS.

Vienna, May 30, 1888.

A FEW weeks ago Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, celebrated the 40th anniversary of the commencement of his reign. If the success of his régime were to be measured by the growth of population and the splendor of the improvements of his capital, he certainly should have felt proudly satisfied as he rode along its streets on the 13th of May. When he lifted the veil from the pile of bronze and marble which so fittingly commemorates the glorious reign of the immortal Maria Theresa, and, looking about him, saw the magnificent public and private buildings in the vicinity, which are but a part—an epitome—of the whole of this beautiful city, he certainly could have had the right to expect that a grateful posterity would hereafter erect a grand monument to commemorate his own reign. I have not the ability to say whether such measurement would be correct or not. "No one," said the wise man of the long past, "can be called fortunate till after his death." A contemporary can call his king a great conqueror, but he cannot pronounce him a wise ruler. Time alone can apply the true touchstone and enable one to pass such judgment. A people may accumulate wealth and build noble edifices under a king; they may be gay and happy, free and independent in their daily movements, and yet may be nursing the viper of poisonous immorality; may be cultivating the noxious plant, national luxury, and effeminate love of ease, while accumulating wealth and building monuments. Government may encourage these vices while giving apparent prosperity.

The reign of the Mogul Aurungzebe was one of gorgeous splendor, but his kingdom was splitting into fragments while revelling. Pericles made Athens the seat of the world's art, but the Athenians, while all becoming connoisseurs, were losing their hardy manhood. Lycurgus was a harsh tyrant, and made Spartans use coarse food for luxuries and hard stones for beds; but their muscles became iron, and their bravery was turned into heroism. Austria's emperor has built a wonderful capital and enrolls a huge army, but the hated, plodding Jews are accumulating

all the wealth, and the people are taught at the thresholds of churches to gamble. Pressed for means to exhibit grandeur, government has its lottery "cassas" everywhere—near cathedrals, in museums, at *austellungen*, at railway stations—with placards displaying the tempting prizes to be won, and sells lottery tickets for five and ten kreutzers—that is, two and a quarter and four and a half cents. Every class buys tickets, and all are taught that it is a good thing to do. The porter stops at a corner, lays down his heavy burden for a moment, and buys a five-kreutzer carte; a poor sewing-woman, trudging wearily home with her little daily wages, bends her steps aside to invest a part of her little earnings in tickets; a beggar shows his bruised limbs and with his alms buys a ticket; mothers going to St. Stephen's with their white-robed daughters, purely clad, to be united to holy church on confirmation day, pause in Stephen's place and purchase a billet with five kreutzers saved from the cost of flowers.

Gambling is a rage. On Sunday I was at the Austrian Derby. There were 40,000 in attendance. All seemed intent as they were the Sunday before at Buda-Pesth on purchasing pools. No one cared a particle for the character of the horses or the beauty of their movements; all were bent simply upon winning a prize or a place. I walked again and again through the surging mass; I heard but one familiar word—"gulden," "gulden"—everywhere "gulden." All are intent upon getting something for nothing. Men and women pawn their clothes, pawn their cooking utensils, pawn any thing that a pawn-shop will take to get money to buy lottery tickets and racing pools. Suicides are, I am told, of frequent occurrence, because every thing, the last cent, has been spent in the vain hope of winning a prize, and when all is gone the grave is the dismal prize. The emperor's great-grandfather's monument has, in deep-cut letters, the *enconium* that he united the empire and *preserved* the church. I think it was the great-grandfather. Is the church being upheld by this fearful mode of raising money? Maria Theresa sits on yonder square in all the majesty of blazing bronze. She is surrounded by her wise counsellors and heroic generals; she herself is in colossal proportions; the others are of heroic mould. If the spirit of the great empress hovers over her metallic brow and looks over this gorgeous city, is it satisfied when seeing her empire upheld by a system of raising money which tends to uphold gambling? Twenty odd millions of lottery tickets were sold last year. Some say a vast deal more. The bulk of it is taken from the masses, and the government pocketed about \$10,000,000 as its profits. Time will tell whether his majesty's reign will be a good one or not. "No man can be called fortunate until after he be dead."

Thirty-six years ago I spent a month or so in Vienna. It had 400,000 people, and was a charming place for a young man to live in. A gulden would purchase more of comfort and pleasure than

a dollar would in America. There were a few good buildings, and around the "city" a picturesque old wall. Beyond this was a broad esplanade in trees and grass, marking where were once the fortifications which Napoleon had destroyed. Beyond this esplanade (*glacis* it was then called) were the *vorstädten*, or suburbs, in which dwelt four fifths of the whole population. At or about sundown, the workshops principally in the "city," *i. e.*, within the old walls, would pour out their thousands of toilers. I used to walk and talk with these (I was trying to learn German) when they crossed the broad esplanade going to their homes. The people seemed to be industrious, frugal, good-humored, and fairly contented. It was only when, after finding I was an American, that a spirit of discontent would occasionally crop out, and it would then be shown that the memory of '48 was yet alive, and that Kossuth was considered something more than a rebel. There was luxury among the elite and nobility, but as a general thing there was not an air among the people of extravagance. The emperor was young and pale, and in his Austrian uniform of pure white, looked very youthful and slender, and with his blonde hair had almost a girlish appearance. He drove by the other day in the blue uniform of a general officer, and his beard and hair seemed perfectly white. He, too, has changed, but not more than the city he has so beautified. The old wall has gone, and in its place is a broad street 180 feet wide, with bridle-path, grass plats, and wide sidewalks with quadruple rows of trees, and overlooked by great buildings, nearly every one of palatial splendor.

This, the celebrated Ring Strasse, is not a circular ring about the inner city, but is a succession of short, straight streets or boulevards, running into and meeting each other at very obtuse angles and making the inner city a great polygon. The lines of great structures are often separated by the width of a block, or somewhat less, leaving fine squares surrounded by palaces, museums, and picture-galleries, by Parliament house, rathhaus, and churches, all erected by able architects and replete with architectural ornamentations. Some of the squares have in their centres monuments in high art, others are laid out in gardens, with fine trees and exquisite flower parterres and fountains. Back from the Ring Strasse on the outer side are streets more or less parallel with it, and bisected with narrower streets called alleys, in contradistinction to the lateral ones called streets. These streets and alleys, which cover the old esplanade, are lined with buildings little inferior to those on the Ring. The suburbs, with perhaps nine tenths of the population, and lying outside of these, have struggled to tear down the old and rebuild new houses, vying with those of the new Ring city. The city, inside of the old walls, is not much improved, and I can see many landmarks not wholly forgotten. The new city is, however, unique in its manner of being laid out, and is unequalled in beauty anywhere else in the world.

All of this has been brought about since Francis Joseph ascended the throne 40 years ago. Are the people better off? They are polite and kindly, and elegant in their manners, and seem cheerful. But, if I be not misinformed, their home life lacks nearly every concomitant necessary to make a real home. Taxed, probably in excess of any other people, they cannot have the house necessary for a home, and cannot afford to purchase the food needful for health or enjoyment.

I have spoken of the frightful encouragement government gives to a spirit of gambling. Men cannot be made moral directly by law, or prepared for heaven by legal enactments. Laws cannot make men good, but laws can make men bad. That is the best law which leaves man as free as is possible for the safety of society; which protects him in his life, liberty, and property, and leaves him free and able to cultivate ethics and religion. But when those in high places lead vicious lives the people are apt to catch the disease; or when government encourages immoral practices for its own gain, then government undermines the very life of its people. There are certain classes of vices which no law can prevent; these may be controlled by government; and to do so many of the best statesmen think a judicious license system the wisest course. But when the powers that be encourage these vices for the purpose of gaining revenue, then they are as criminal as the participants in the vicious acts. Gambling grows out of a universal yearning in man for excitement, and the equally universal desire to gain something for nothing; to eat, drink, and be merry without work. Woe to the government which feeds this human weakness! It may gain revenue to-day, but it saps the very foundation of society by making plodding industry unpopular, and alluring men to cultivate those desires which should be subdued.

The Emperor of Austria has one of the most difficult of empires to govern. It is composed of many nationalities and many peoples speaking different languages, each jealous of the other, and some of them absolutely hating some of the others. Each of these strives for ascendancy. The result is, there is the German party, the Bohemian party, the Slavonic party, the Hungarian, and half a dozen other parties. These heterogeneous peoples are hard to hold in hand; and Austria has a constant danger in a war which may arouse the separate nationalities. For ages the Austrians have shown an unconquerable hostility to the Jews. Some time since it was proclaimed that this was about to end; that the Austrian Rothschild had been admitted to court and now had the right of entree into Hof circles. It seems, however, that this did not arise from any liberal change of heart on the part of the people. The government saw a speck of war on the horizon, and was looking around to find where it could raise some millions. The wily Jew saw a chance. He let it be known that if he and

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This, the celebrated Ring Strasse, is not a circular ring about the inner city, but is a succession of short, straight streets or boulevards, running into and meeting each other at very obtuse angles and making the inner city a great polygon. The lines of great structures are often separated by the width of a block, or somewhat less, leaving fine squares surrounded by palaces, museums, and picture-galleries, by Parliament house, rathhaus, and churches, all erected by able architects and replete with architectural ornamentations. Some of the squares have in their centres monuments in high art, others are laid out in gardens, with fine trees and exquisite flower parterres and fountains. Back from the Ring Strasse on the outer side are streets more or less parallel with it, and bisected with narrower streets called alleys, in contradistinction to the lateral ones called streets. These streets and alleys, which cover the old esplanade, are lined with buildings little inferior to those on the Ring. The suburbs, with perhaps nine tenths of the population, and lying outside of these, have struggled to tear down the old and rebuild new houses, vying with those of the new Ring city. The city, inside of the old walls, is not much improved, and I can see many landmarks not wholly forgotten. The new city is, however, unique in its manner of being laid out, and is unequalled in beauty anywhere else in the world.

All of this has been brought about since Francis Joseph ascended the throne 40 years ago. Are the people better off? They are polite and kindly, and elegant in their manners, and seem cheerful. But, if I be not misinformed, their home life lacks nearly every concomitant necessary to make a real home. Taxed, probably in excess of any other people, they cannot have the house necessary for a home, and cannot afford to purchase the food needful for health or enjoyment.

I have spoken of the frightful encouragement government gives to a spirit of gambling. Men cannot be made moral directly by law, or prepared for heaven by legal enactments. Laws cannot make men good, but laws can make men bad. That is the best law which leaves man as free as is possible for the safety of society; which protects him in his life, liberty, and property, and leaves him free and able to cultivate ethics and religion. But when those in high places lead vicious lives the people are apt to catch the disease; or when government encourages immoral practices for its own gain, then government undermines the very life of its people. There are certain classes of vices which no law can prevent; these may be controlled by government; and to do so many of the best statesmen think a judicious license system the wisest course. But when the powers that be encourage these vices for the purpose of gaining revenue, then they are as criminal as the participants in the vicious acts. Gambling grows out of a universal yearning in man for excitement, and the equally universal desire to gain something for nothing; to eat, drink, and be merry without work. Woe to the government which feeds this human weakness! It may gain revenue to-day, but it saps the very foundation of society by making plodding industry unpopular, and alluring men to cultivate those desires which should be subdued.

The Emperor of Austria has one of the most difficult of empires to govern. It is composed of many nationalities and many peoples speaking different languages, each jealous of the other, and some of them absolutely hating some of the others. Each of these strives for ascendancy. The result is, there is the German party, the Bohemian party, the Slavonic party, the Hungarian, and half a dozen other parties. These heterogeneous peoples are hard to hold in hand; and Austria has a constant danger in a war which may arouse the separate nationalities. For ages the Austrians have shown an unconquerable hostility to the Jews. Some time since it was proclaimed that this was about to end; that the Austrian Rothschild had been admitted to court and now had the right of entree into Hof circles. It seems, however, that this did not arise from any liberal change of heart on the part of the people. The government saw a speck of war on the horizon, and was looking around to find where it could raise some millions. The wily Jew saw a chance. He let it be known that if he and

his family were not good enough to enter the palace his money was not good enough to go into the treasury. He received his card and now Hof doors open to him. But ever since then a bitterer feeling exists among the people towards the Jew than ever before. The Jews, however, are at the top of the heap. They own the finest buildings and the richest property in Budapesth and many here. They own many of the mines. They own some of the petroleum wells of Russia, that is, Rothschild does, and therefore gets the Russian oil in here on terms very unfriendly to the American product. They own all, or nearly all, the printing establishments in Vienna and run the papers. The Austrians are like the rat gnawing the file—they can swear and grit their teeth, but the file yields up none of its hardness.

An anti-Jew party exists and openly proclaims itself in Parliament. When the old German Kaiser lay on his last bed a paper here announced his death before the fact. The anti-Semitic leader in Parliament tried to bring the newspaper men to their knees—and he lies in prison for his rashness. When the Maria Theresa statue was about to be unveiled many thousands—all Germans, I am told—sang one night near the monument the "Wacht am Rhein." Some of the leaders were arrested. The government encouraged the idea that this was a purely anti-Semitic proceeding; that the meeting was simply in honor of the man who is in prison and whose house is near by; and I hear that Germany's chancellor encouraged this belief and advised the rulers here to take that position and to punish the singers. Shrewd men, however, assert that the thing was, in fact, a German meeting, as such. But it will not do for the people to think there is such a feeling existing among the many million Germans who are subjects of this empire; and although the chancellor knows that there is a strong German party here, he also knows that Germany does not want any German complications in Austria; he knows that Francis Joseph's kingdom is the strongest wall which can possibly be kept between the Russian and the Prussian; that if Austria should be destroyed a huge part of its people are more in sympathy with Russia than with Germany, and would in all probability side with the bear. Therefore he advised that the trouble near the great empress' statue should be treated purely as an anti-Semitic outburst. Queer if the "Wacht am Rhein" has become a new watchword against the Israelites. All of this I hear. I am only a voyageur, seeing as I run, and claim the inestimable right of changing my mind when I learn better.

I said this was one of the most heavily taxed of all people. There is no real-estate tax, as understood by us. A house is taxed either on its rental or on its number of habitable rooms, or on both. A rich man's house of a dozen magnificent rooms pays the same tax as a poorly built boarding-house with a like number

of rooms. A man pointed out to me a large building with a huge restaurant on the ground floor and flats overhead, and told me that 32 per cent. of its rents were paid to government—municipal and national—in taxes. I have taken some pains to learn what are the rates paid here. It would be tedious to write them down. But it is enough to say that the average tax paid in the large cities which levy an octroi duty is 45 per cent. of the individual incomes. An octroi duty is levied in some eight to ten (I think) cities on every article of food or drink which comes into them. There is but one edible which gets into Vienna without this payment, and that is the eggs which pigeons lay on St. Stephen's noble tower. The owner of buildings directly pays the tax, but, of course, the occupants are really the ultimate tax-payers. The result is that few people here have flats large enough to entertain their friends. Their social life is consequently in the cafés, restaurants, and beer-halls. They eat a frugal meal at home, and spend their evenings in some establishment with friends, taking lager and nibbling bread and cheese, with, when they can, a dish of meat. Families, who appear in public well dressed, elegant, and well-to-do people, have not, frequently, sleeping-rooms for the daughter and son of the house. The young lady sleeps on a sofa in the parlor and the brother on a sofa in the hall. And why? Because the taxes on the house-rooms, the taxes on their business, are so high that they cannot afford rooms for all. A genuine home life is the highest encourager of virtue and economy. What with the house tax, the income tax, the farm tax, and others useless to name, it is a struggle for the people to get through the year, and true home life is hardly known.

A man's business is taxed as a manufacturing one, even if he carries it on in his own house and employs no other laborers than himself and his children. I was given an instance of the weight of this burden. A man carried on his business in a flat, say 30 by 50 feet, a part of it being cut off for his family living rooms. The entire income from his business was about 3,200 gulden, of this he paid over 1,000 for his manufacturers' tax. But this was only a part of his burden. His landlord paid nearly 50 per cent. of his rental as a house tax. This the tenant partly paid. He paid taxes on the bread and coffee he had for his breakfast, on the lean beef and potatoes he had for his dinner, on the beer and bread he and his family enjoyed when they went to a garden or café for evening society.

The taxes in the octroi paying cities are, as far as I can learn, between 44 and 46 per cent. on houses; in other towns and in the country about 30 to 35 per cent.; that is, upon the available proceeds of the several properties and upon industries of every kind; manufacturing, farming, etc., from 30 to 50 per cent. upon a man's entire earnings. These data I have not taken from public documents, but from informed persons. The whole system of taxes

seems to be laid so as to touch as little as possible the rich and the noble. A grand park, a great shooting forest pays no tax. A stable with its stud, or filled with costly saddle and carriage horses, pays no tax, nor does the farmer's; but while the former costs thousands and is an article *de luxe*, the latter is of lattice or boards and is for industrial purposes. The palace, with courts, porticoes, and halls, pays only a tax upon the rooms fitted for habitation; and such rooms, which are possibly larger than the ordinary man's whole house, pays no more than the little sleeping-rooms of the laborer. A village hotel with 20 rooms pays the same tax as the grand chateau on a hill with 20 living rooms and a park of 500 acres.

A single man or, indeed, a man of small means, can live here very cheaply and have a great many charming amusements, equalled nowhere else excepting Paris. He must be satisfied, however, with a light breakfast of coffee and simple bread. He must not expect even to taste soup in which a shin bone has taken a bath—perhaps there may be a suspicion of a scrap in the pot. But, usually, if any thing is seen resembling grease on the soup plate it was simply put on for show. He must not expect much variety in his meats. He will do well if several eat together, each one taking a dish and then dividing up. His beer costs nearly as much as in Chicago. Wine is cheap and good. But generous livers, or fat livers, as our laboring people are, will have to pay more here for subsistence than in America, and, while so living, will receive less than one third of the wages. And yet, with all of this true, we find that the man who most loudly inveighs against American laws; the man who says that laws are all a curse, and that no government is better than any government, and that in America the poor man is but the rich man's unwilling slave; the man who talks most of this stuff, will be found to have come from some part of Austria. It seems as if the oppression of the government under which he was born and has grown up has so embittered his soul that he hates the very name of government. I hope this feeling lies in the heart of only a few who seek asylum on our shores. It would be a sad day, should America have to shut her doors against the oppressed of other lands, and the down-trodden.

Vienna is not only a beautiful city, but is a most charming one to the tourist. Here he has beautiful drives and delightful promenades; a magnificent opera-house in which the opera is generally well rendered; fine theatres, one just finished most elegant; fine hotels and in large numbers, and the best of all garden music.

The Prater is a park of 4,000 odd acres; on one avenue in it, and all close together, are some six or eight beer and coffee gardens, with tables and seats under fine trees, with the fragrance of flowers filling the air, and with bands of music, military and

stringed, of so good a character that they can satisfy the most cultivated ear. Here are accommodations for many thousands, and on afternoons and evenings of summer days, thousands of the nicest people are promenading or seated, taking their evening meals, listening to the fine music and watching each other. The dingy room is left behind, and here a man brings his family and over his lager makes his home. In another avenue, not far off, are cheap amusements of every kind—light theatres, games, puppet shows, flying Dutchmen—in fact, every possible kind of fun to be had for a few kreutzers. Here, too, are thousands of those who seek much pleasure at little cost. Here a thoughtful tourist can learn a vast deal of life and human nature in a short time and at little expense. Vienna, one would think, is all on the Prater in the late afternoon and early evening; but Vienna is a city which claims about 1,000,000 population and no one stays at home up to ten o'clock. The town, however, seems to shut its mighty jaws at ten and the streets are comparatively deserted, and all because of the porter and his tip.

The tip (*trink-geld*) is as decided a feature in this city as is backshish in the worst town in the Orient. You go into a café; a waiter brings you coffee, another bread and a paper. Each expects a tip. When you are through the head waiter comes for the pay. He expects a tip. You go into a restaurant; one waiter brings you food, another your wine, a third your bread, and a fourth collects the change. Each expects a tip, and they all wear such nice full suits of black, and such white cravats that it is hard to resist their polite smiles. But woe to the man, who, failing to tip them, returns! Their memories are wonderfully tenacious and the forgetful man will find it out. When he sees three or four near him waited upon who came after he had been seated, and sees a nice, juicy piece of roast on the next table, while he is wearing his teeth away on the toughest gristle of the toughest beast that had roamed the fields, he will swear and resolve to resist the villainous custom, but after a while he will do as the Viennese do—pay and quarrel not. They all say it is an outrageous custom; but they shrug their shoulders and ask: "What are we to do?" "Why, resist." "Ah! sir, life is too short." Now, what has this to do with getting in early? This: Every house with its flats has its porter, and this porter closes the front door at ten, and the lodger who is then out stays out, or pays the porter a half gulden to let him in. In cheaper houses a quarter gulden. Now a half gulden or a quarter gulden is a great deal to a man whose daily wage is only one or two gulden, and that one or two has been left at the theatre, the garden or a café. Ergo, he goes home before ten.

Besides the gardens in the parks, the city abounds in large and elegant coffee houses, places capable each of seating at little tables several hundred. They are in amazing numbers and in

every locality and to suit every purse. Vienna possesses several fine picture galleries and museums. In them there are none of those *chefs d'œuvre* which constitute the great gems of art and the world's wonders; but there is in them an evenness of excellence surpassed by few galleries in other cities. The treasury contains jewels, crowns, diamonds, rubies, all exquisite gems, highly chased works in gold and silver, and goblets and tankards in ivory and crystal of surpassing excellence, and the collection of antiquities is rich and valuable. In the galleries, museums, and collections the student, the lover of art and the searcher after the beautiful, can profitably spend weeks. Close by the city there are fine excursions, delicious valleys, cloistered gardens and high eminences. From the summit of Carlenberg, reached in an hour by street and steam rail, and by a cog-wheel road, is presented a picture of deliciously wooded mountains, villas and vineyards, spreading, cultivated country, with broad, meandering waters and vast city life, second only to that from the mountain above Scutari, overlooking Constantinople and the Bosphorus. There are, however, many other which pleased me more, which sank into my very soul. They were simple scenes which others, perhaps, might not admire, but which suggested to me a world of thought and dreams of delight. The grand view, however, made no such impression. There is too much of man's work in the great city mapped out below me in the centre of the vast amphitheatre of 20 miles across and fringed by the high, wooded hills and distant mountains; too much which is suggestive of toil and ambition to suit my taste, but still, as a cold picture it is wonderful. I like to look upon a landscape, natural or on canvas, which points out some half hidden nook, into which I would like to steal and dream away an hour; or a mountain crag, near which I would love to climb and utter a shout, and then listen to my voice as it rolls among deep caverns or is caught and hurled from bold precipice back to me in musical echo.

If one loves to live among holy men of the past and to hear their heart-felt prayers uttered to a pitying Redeemer, he can be gratified here in the solemn chapels and lofty nave of St. Stephen's church,—into which the sunlight steals through deep windows of richly stained glass—surrounded by holy pictures, deeply moved by the tones of the old organ, and awed into solemn thoughts; he can then go out and look up to the noble tower whose spire points to heaven 470 feet above where he stands. A Gothic church, however, vainly appeals to my imagination; it is too cold, too vault-like, too fitting for a tomb and for dead men's bones. The mighty dome, with its rounded vault, resembling heaven's high, sunlit arch, with the light of heaven coming in from far above—this and these make the church which arouses my heart and touches it with religious feeling. I care not for the Gothic church; it was the invention of ascetic monks and

lately enslaved Christians, who had not learned to regard religion as a thing of love, but simply as a matter of hard justice.

To-day has been one of Vienna's great holidays. I do not know how it is called, but it follows the May confirmations. Stephen's platz and the streets leading to it were packed by thousands coming to see the procession, the eight-in-hand of the kaiser, and the six and four horse carriages of other members of the imperial family going to high service in the old cathedral. These evidences of pomp are pleasing to the people, but to an American it is yet more pleasing to see the plain carriage drawn by a handsome pair, with the ruler of the nation riding as a simple officer unattended by out-riders or guards, as he so often does. It is a pleasing thing to us simple folks to see the graceful young crown princess driving along the crowded Prater Hauptallee and returning with cordial bow the generous respect shown by the people, and the prince, heir to the Austrian diadem, with the ribbons guiding a blooded team on the Ring Strasse. Poor Stephanie! it still looks as if the Austrian crown would have to shine on the head of a daughter of the house of Hapsburg instead of a son.

For the benefit of some of my fair friends I will say, that at the races on Sunday the princess occupied the front of the royal pavilion. She was attended by two ladies. I could not catch the style of her dress, but her hat was so covered by a mass of red ostrich feathers that it resembled a high crimson helmet. Her attendant ladies wore pretty bonnets, ornamented only with lace, ribbons, and a few flowers. In the grounds about the grandstand for the *élite* were very many pretty ladies, dressed in exquisite out-door costumes,—silks of bright styles on the married ones; white and more simple robes adorned the young ladies.

One of the most charming places in Vienna is the Volks-garten, especially on the Strauss evenings. Three times a week Edward Strauss, with his wonderful orchestra, delights the lovers of music. Nearly 30 years ago Johann and Joseph started these summer concerts. Then Edward came into the trio. The first two are gone where there is an endless choir, but the brother keeps up the reputation of the garden, and fills it with delighted listeners, who drink, eat, talk, and possibly flirt to a music nowhere else equalled. Alternately pieces are given by the great leader and by a military band of highly finished artists. Here one can pass a summer's evening listening and dreaming, dreaming and listening. I like opera, but am not educated up to the mark; I can take in all of Strauss. When he played Chopin's funeral march a few evenings since I felt one could go to his own funeral without a sigh if he had this band to accompany his bier. Willie and I go from this to Russia. Johnnie, preferring a tour through Germany, here quits us. I hope the paws of the bear will be soft.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RUN TO MOSCOW—WARSAW—THE POLES—SOBIESKI'S PALACE— PEASANTS.

Moscow, June 6th (or May 25, old style), 1888.

FROM Vienna to Moscow, through Warsaw, is about 1,250 miles by rail; that is, to Graniza, on the Polish frontier, 250, and thence onward 1,511 versts, or $1,007\frac{1}{3}$ miles; time to the Polish capital, 18 hours; thence on here $34\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We left Vienna at noon on the 1st of June, and had a very pretty run till the close of twilight, which was not until considerably past nine o'clock, for we were already nearly in latitude 51 degrees. From Vienna, which lies in a sort of basin, the country was for some two hours rather flat, or low undulating, well cultivated, and quite rich. We then entered low hills, and turning the western end of the little Carpathian Mountains had charming scenery; valleys with villages of comfortable houses; fields bright and green, often bordered with trees; scattered copses of wood, and low mountains from 400 to 500 feet high, clothed with forest, and now and then crowned by a castle or old keep; some of the large villages, with their white plastered houses, roofed in red tile, surrounding a tasteful church, with orchards and scattered fruit trees, were really pretty. Other villages were of thatched roofs, and were picturesque. The whole of Moravia, through which we ran for some six hours, seemed to have a cheerful population, if one could judge by looking at the crowds collected about the stations. I noticed everywhere signs or names which showed that there was little difference between the Bohemian and Moravian language, and the general appearance of the people proved them to be Czechs. At one point we were for some time within sight of tall chimneys, from which poured long lines of smoke. This is the principal mining district of Austria, or, as a gentleman informed me, the Birmingham and Sheffield region of the empire.

Our run carried us near two famous points in the history of Napoleon—Wagram and Austerlitz—and not far off was another name, which, when I was a boy, always awoke in my heart a feeling of indignation—Olmütz, where the friend of America, Lafayette, was so long imprisoned. I felt disposed to stop and make a pilgrimage to its old donjon keep, but could not break the jour-

ney on my ticket. How certain impressions of childhood last, and what hold they often take upon the imagination! When Lafayette was in Lexington, Ky., in 1825, I was a babe in arms. My mother, living in the country, could not leave me behind when she went to town to see the great French republican. Standing in a crowd when he passed near, she held her child towards him. He laid his hand upon its head. I have never been able to rid myself of the feeling that I remembered his appearance, and that his touch had almost hallowed my brow. One of the early books given me was a life of Lafayette. My blood almost tingled when I read of Olmutz' dungeon, and its name has ever since been readily brought to mind. Napoleon's name awakens the Frenchman to a love of glory; but Lafayette's lies close to the spot whence spring the heart-beats in an American's breast.

I said in my last that I hoped to find the claw of the Russian bear lined with velvet. Its first touch upon our shoulders was certainly not unkind. The officers of the custom-house at Graniza were courteous, and passed our little baggage through with only perfunctory examination, and the conductors and servants of the railroad have been polite and attentive, and, seeing our entire ignorance of the language, have invariably put themselves to some trouble to enable us to get over difficulties. This they have done, too, without any apparent expectation of reward. Our first night was short, and an early daybreak enabled us to see the country for two hours before reaching Warsaw at six A.M. The railway carriages are good, and so fashioned that we did not find it necessary to take the sleeper. The sleeper has only one window to each compartment, and, there being already one occupant in each, we found our opportunity for looking out to be limited. The ordinary car gave us full facilities for drawing out the seats and making a very comfortable bed. The country traversed in Poland after daybreak was flat, but very productive, and the waving rye, already headed, was bending under the breeze; the winter wheat is not yet in head, and the spring crop is now being sown. I asked a gentleman if it was not very late to be putting in this crop. His reply was that "We always do this in May." "But," I said, "this is June." "O no! It is only the 20th of May." Then I found I was 12 days younger than I was the day before. We had left Austria on June 1st; we entered Russia May 21st. I shall stick to the old style as long as possible. How readily an old man catches at any straw which seems to float him back, even in fancy, towards his youth!

So intent was I in looking out upon the land of Kosciusko—another name dear to the American—so carried back into the past with the tales of heroism and the legends of daring which cluster about the name of Poland; so filled with its love of freedom—often misplaced, but never dying—sorrowing over its sorrows, and sighing over its woes, that I did not notice that we were

even approaching its capital until our fellow passengers began to prepare for leaving the car, and then I found we were already in Warsaw. Warsaw! The home of John Sobieski, who hurled the Turk back from the walls of Vienna as a ball thrown from a bat, and near which Kosciusko fought his last fight in 1794, and, bleeding, fell into the hands of his country's conqueror.

The capital of Poland for the last four centuries, lies upon the Vistula. The Prague suburb, upon a low, flat plain upon the right bank, of scattered houses, with gardens and cattle-yards, and railroad depots, was once closely built and had a considerable population, but the bloody Suvaroff burnt it in 1794, and butchered in indiscriminate slaughter its 15,000 to 20,000 people. A fine and most solidly sustained bridge connects it with the main city lying on quite an elevation, which, viewed from this suburb, presents, with its fine palace, citadel, parks, and many churches, a very pleasing appearance. It cannot be called a handsome city, but is interesting, with some fine public buildings, a large park, squatted down in its very centre, and adorned with fountains, fish-ponds, and summer theatres, fine old trees, mostly horse-chestnuts; with fairly broad streets in the newer city lined with good houses, and quaint tall old houses, three to four centuries old, jutting in and out upon the narrow, crooked streets of the old city. These, coupled with historic associations and Polish legends running back far into the dim past, make the place interesting, at least to an American in whose mind patriotic devotion, bold deeds, and long suffering are always suggested by the very name of Poland.

Warszawa (Polish) has a population of perhaps 425,000 and a garrison at this time amounting to 25,000. There are a great many Jews, who, I learn, are industrious, persevering, and provident, and in large proportion thoroughly orthodox. Their large quarter on Saturday was all shut up, and the people—men, women, and children,—were thoroughly attendant at the synagogues. One of these places of worship is full of interest, containing many treasures of the past. The Jews of Poland number about 1,000,000, and are distinguishable wherever seen by their marked cast of features, long, ungainly coats, ugly top-boots, low, drooping caps, and solemn faces. I have never seen in any country any thing even approaching the solemn visages shown by the Hebrews of Poland. They are not stern and somewhat contemptuous, as are the faces of the Arabs, nor proud and fanatic, as are those of the Turks in the interior towns of Asia Minor, nor searching and grasping as those of the Armenians. Their solemnity is of a melancholy type, and arises, I suspect, from ages of endurance, forbearance, and persecution, and looks as if it were taught in their homes and studied at all times.

The Jews of Holland are rather cringing in manner, but always keen in appearance. Those of Germany, London, and perhaps

of America, are rather self-assertive, confident, and pushing. Those of Poland look as if they desired to escape attention and wish simply to be let alone. Remember, I write mere impressions, and do not wish to assert. But to me one of the important factors of the present world are the descendants of Abraham. Many of them I like, a liking grown out of close companionship. They have their faults, and grave ones; many of their mannerisms are unattractive but are eradicable, and therefore to be overlooked in an examination of their characteristics and a forecast of their future. They measure their ethics too much by the rule of law; they too often think what is lawful is therefore honorable; they are too prone to stand by the bond though it be wet with tears or gory with the pound of flesh. These things are welded into their nature by their theology, and then tempered into the hardness of steel by ages of contumely from all the world. Without a government of their own for nearly twenty centuries, without a land they can claim for themselves during all this vast period, they have had an autonomy of territory thoroughly marked, a territory bounded by the limits marked on the earth's crust by the rays of a warming sun. Despised, they are self-reliant; robbed, they have accumulated the exchangeable governing valuables of the world; debarred the salons of rulers, kings are their puppets, and imperial governments are their instruments, whose stops they manipulate as the musician manipulates his flute. They are a book whose pages the thoughtful man should study wherever he can part the leaves. Who can tell what the last page, yet unwritten, may reveal?

The Poles tell me with pride that theirs is a *kingdom*, and that the Czar rules it as king of Poland; that they elect their own mayors and speak their own language; and yet one sees over every shop the name and business of the proprietor in Russian as well as Polish, and all law-court proceedings, and all official communications, however small, are in the language of the ruler, and that by law. All means possible are being used to russianize the country. This may, perhaps, seem harsh to its 7,000,000 of people, who have a rich and copious language of their own, a language which has had the sanction of a thousand years, and in which able universities taught for centuries; but it is the part of wise statesmanship. A nation should be homogeneous, and to be this requires a common language. One of the causes of weakness of Austria is the several languages spoken by its different peoples. As an admirer of the Pole I would regret much to see his language proscribed, but I must admit that I cannot blame Russia's emperor for his endeavor to have his every subject speak Russian. A common language helps to develop common thought. Common thought develops homogeneity of character. The Czar wishes to rule a *nation*, not a system of separate and distinct nations. To wipe out these separate nationalities and to weld

them into one must burn into many a racial nerve and give intense agony. We may regret the necessity and hate the doer, but we are forced to acknowledge his wisdom. The Lord put an end to the growth of heaven's insult, "the Tower of Babel," by introducing a babel of tongues.

While the Hebrews of Poland struck me as so solemn a people, the Poles themselves seem cheerful. Not with the insouciant cheerfulness of the Frenchman, nor the easy, cheerful manner of the Austrian, who seems almost as much a seeker after pleasure as the Gaul, but with a rather bright demeanor and with chatty, agreeable manners.

The present rulers are determined to hold Warsaw. Not only have they made their language necessary in the courts, but all the old universities have been destroyed, and the people, after the trouble of 1830, were forced to erect, at their own cost, a huge citadel, or rather fortifications, in the city, to be used, if necessary, against it, about and around which the very earth, I am informed, is mined and countermined, so that an uprising attempting to carry it can be hurled into ruin. Here state prisoners are confined, and sometimes executed. Our intelligent guide, who lived a while in America, pointed out the prison in which Nihilists have been, and some now are, confined. Some of the prisons are entirely underground. The whole thing is certainly a dangerous neighbor for a city disposed to be rebellious. This, however, I was told, the Warsaw people are no longer inclined to be. No better evidence can be given of the emperor's confidence in the good intentions of the people than the fact that when he visits Warsaw he drives about in an unostentatious manner, wholly unattended by guards. This certainly is wise. A king cannot better win the good feeling of his people than by showing his trust in them. The great emperor whose remains are yet mouldering in Germany, was fired upon, yet he showed the Germans that he trusted them by constantly exposing himself, and the last drop of German blood was his to command.

Besides the "Saxon" garden in the heart of Warsaw, there is a large and very beautiful park close by, once the property of Poniatowski, and in which is a pretty summer palace upon a fine sheet of water, and a unique open theatre; the uncovered amphitheatre is in imitation of an ancient structure, with a stage on a little island in an apparent semicircular ruin of handsome columns, a sheet of water thus lying between the performers and the audience. This is a veritable gem, and must be an exquisite place for a play on a moonlight night. Our proud guide pointed to it with enthusiasm as he said: "Gen. Sherman, when here, could not help crying out: 'Why, this is a perfect fairy scene.'" I can readily believe the grim, yet enthusiastic, old soldier might have so spoken. Leading to this park is a broad boulevard, a mile long, shaded by old lime trees and bordered by palaces of noble and elegant residences of rich citizens.

There are quite a number of fine statues of public men in different parts of the city, but the one which held our attention most was that of Copernicus, by Thorwaldsen, sitting in an easy attitude and holding the globe in his hand. The Poles should be proud of their warrior, Sobieski; of their patriot, Kosciusko, but even yet prouder of their great philosopher and astronomer. He sits here in quiet but deep meditation. The world most admires its men of deeds; but after all he does most whose deeds are mighty thoughts. A drive of an hour through waving fields of rye on the estates of the Countess Potoscka brought us to the palace of Villanov, her property, built by Sobieski, his last home and where he died. It is a beautiful building in a fine garden or park of old trees, pretty lakelets, and wonderful lilac trees, whose rounded heads were a simple mass of bloom, filling the air with delicious fragrance. I will here remark that for weeks we have been journeying with the spring and its flowers, and now the cherry and lilac are barely in full bloom. They have kept with us since we left Egypt, and the acacia or locust, which had partially dropped its flower in Greece, was perfection in Constantinople and Roumania, well out in Vienna, is now hardly white, and the air in orchards is just now redolent of apple-blossoms.

Villanov possesses fine paintings, some of them very valuable, a good collection of china and Etruscan ware, and is, in fact, a charming museum, but yet more interesting are the rooms occupied by the great Pole, still just as they were when he last tenanted them, even the bed on which he died. Here are his old clocks and arms, the garments he wore, his saddles, horse-harness, and sword, his rich presents, given by the pope and others after his glorious victories over the Turks; his plate, gifts from distinguished men, and on the walls hang the tapestry and paintings on which he rested his eyes after his hard-fought campaigns. It is said he built the house through the labor of Turks he had taken as prisoners of war. This palace and its contents are all the more interesting from the fact that the galleries of Warsaw were robbed of their fine royal portraits, which were taken to adorn the walls of the treasure-house at Moscow. My young friends will not feel any less interest in this beautiful place when I tell them that here was laid a part of the scene of much of that charming love story, "Thaddeus of Warsaw." Boys and girls, how many of you have read its thrilling love passages and failed to weep over its touching pathos? If any, then you were not as I, for I am not ashamed to confess that I not only wept over the book, but sobbed as if my heart would break, and I was over 12 years old, too, when I did it. Here in this palace are pointed out the rooms in which Thaddeus played and loved. He was great to you and me, girls, when we did not care a fig for John, the warrior. Here is his picture, and a pretty face was pointed out to us as hers he so loved. He was a pretty boy, and his hair was cut like John

Sobieski's, but it was not all shaven back from his temples and around over his ears and on the back of his neck as the warrior's was. I do not remember the book well. I only know that it made me shed many a tear, and I thought Jane Porter the paragon of historians.

The ride from the capital of Poland to Moscow was interesting simply because it was in Russia. A large part of it was through low, flat, half-swamp plains, covered with birch and small pines; then over low, flat lands, partially cultivated, and many of the fields promising crops which we in America would scarcely think worth harvesting. As in Poland, rye was the main growth until during the latter half of the last day, when spring wheat predominated. I suspect the crops suffer much from want of deep plowing. In Roumania I wrote that they break the ground with six oxen and plow deep and well. Here this work is done with a single horse, and the plow does not enter the soil over two inches. They use a queer, old-fashioned tool with two light shares, and the horse draws between a pair of shafts which lie on a level; the beam, of which the plowshare makes the point—or rather the two beams lying close together—are from four to five feet high, and morticed into the cross-bar at the rear of the shafts. It will not make our eight-hour people love this country when I tell them I saw people working in the fields a little after four in the morning and until nine o'clock in the evening. Women seem to do the bulk of the farm work, and sturdy, hardy-looking women they are. They wear coarse clothes and live on rye bread. In Moscow I have seen street pavers, men and women, stop for their breakfast, which was simple rye bread washed down with water. From light to dark is the term of a day's labor, with poor pay and poor food. My laboring friends at home, give warm thanks to the Giver of all good that your lots are cast in a land of freedom, where men work, not fight; where women are rosy companions, and not mere beasts of burden; where you can do a fair day's work and get a fair day's wage; where your children can read and write, and are not compelled to watch flocks all day in the fields, and be constantly the companions of sheep and of swine; where, if you are industrious, sober, and economical, you can, if in health, always lay by enough to keep the wolf away in your old age.

From Minsk to Moscow we were continuously near the line of march of the French in 1812, and of their subsequent disastrous retreat; through Kresnoe, where Ney left 26,000 prisoners and nearly all of his guns and his vast train of stores; through Smolensk, famous in many an old war, and where the example was set, in 1812, for Moscow to follow, in fighting the irresistible invading army with fire. Here the destruction of the French was so great when on their retreat, that the then successful Russians burned the dead in vast trenches over a third of a mile in

length ; and through Borodino, where Ney was created " Prince of Moscow " for his gallantry, and where, after slaughter of fifty odd thousand men and 30,000 horses, the road was laid open for the advancing army to enter Moscow.

Thank God, Americans do not have to immolate themselves for the glory of kings. Our rulers may often be foolish, and perhaps sometimes untrue to their trusts, and many laws may be unwise, but we do not have to appeal to the cannon to repeal the laws, or to bombs to unseat the rulers. We have the freeman's weapon to right all evils—an untrammelled ballot.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOSCOW—THE RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH—DEVOTION OF THE PEOPLE—RUSSIAN TEA—RESTAURANTS—THE KREMLIN—BELLS—PALACES.

Moscow, June 12, 1888.

I INTENDED to stick as long as possible to old style of dates because it was so agreeable to feel that I was still in the spring-time of my life, and had not yet entered the summer of ripe age. You see, however, that I have already jumped into June. This is from sheer indignation and disgust. A long while ago, when Peter the Great was making boots and hewing ship timbers—it is, by the way, to be hoped he wielded the adze better than he did the awl, for the boots shown in the treasury made by his hands for himself, are rough specimens of the cobbler's art,—at that day there lived in Russia an astronomer under him named Bruce, who made weather calculations for centuries to come. These prophecies are still noted down in the almanacs. He foretold that May of this year (1888) would be very cold. He was right. I am writing in my overcoat, and have not been able to go without one since we have been here. Bruce was so wise that Peter got alarmed, thinking him a sorcerer, and ordered him to depart the country. Being asked whither, the autocrat said anywhere, so he got away; but moved by curiosity, ordered men to watch the twelve roads leaving the city. Imagine the feelings of superstitious Peter when the reports came in that Bruce was seen at the self-same hour some versts from the city fleeing on each of the twelve different roads! It is a pity the sorcerer had not been knocked on the head before he fixed May, 1888, as a very cold month, or that Peter had changed the style, for then this would be June 12th, with warm, genial weather.

The hotel we are in, the Slavianski Bazaar, recalls another legend of superstition no the part of the people of olden days. In 1553 the first printing-office in Russia was built, and yet stands in a rear court of this house. The original starter of the thing was a victim of his knowledge, for he was threatened with death as a necromancer, and probably was maltreated by the mob. The business, however, got into the hands of the government, and has been run by it ever since. The little old house, yet preserved with great care, became the nucleus of a large establishment un-

der the control of the church, which prints all of the books, musical as well as others, for not only the Russian establishment, but for the Greek church in other countries. It is under the control of able directors, who employ learned men, and thus give its books authority with all followers of the Eastern Church. It is very rich; owns this big hotel, and much other valuable property. The managers wished to have here not only a hotel, but a concert-hall, theatre, and mercantile bazaar, all under one roof. The bazaar did not succeed. It is now a beautiful hall, large and finely vaulted, and is the restaurant or dining-room of the hotel.

The manager of the printing-house yesterday kindly explained to us many things in connection with the Greek or Russian church not before understood by us, and showed us some very rare old works, and exquisitely illumined music-books—which, however, being in Hebrew, Greek, or Russian, I could only admire from the outside. The Greek church here acknowledges no head other than the conclave or synod of the archbishops, who are held to be the successors of the twelve apostles, and all being co-equal one with another. The emperor is simply the political head of the Russian church. The archbishops, bishops, and the people elect the archbishops when a vacancy occurs; the elected's name is then presented to the emperor for his consent, which, when once given, removes all right of further control from the czar.

The emperor is very earnest in his observance of the rites of the church, and in religious matters pays great respect to the prejudices and religious opinions of the people. At one of the gates of the "Kitai-gorod," or citadel, is a little chapel or shrine dedicated to the "Iberian mother of God," in which the image of the Virgin is beautifully jewelled, and brings about many miracles. Here the emperor dismounts when he visits Moscow, and worships in the presence of the image before entering the Kremlin. From morning till night there is a stream of people going into and coming from the chapel, and toward evening this becomes a column. People of all ages and all degrees, the wealthy and the beggar, each buys one or more candles from the man selling them just within the door, and places them lighted near the altar. The revenues thus obtained are said to be very large. No one passes under the gate without lifting his hat and crossing himself at least three times. The gate is a great thoroughfare, and the lifting of hats by gentlemen and laborers, teamsters and drivers, people in carriages, and people afoot, all crossing themselves so earnestly, and many dropping on their knees, presents a curious spectacle.

One day we saw two drunken men, with locked arms, staggering along the broad square, nearly 100 yards from the chapel. When in front of it, down they went to their knees. When they attempted to rise, one could not succeed until helped up by a passer-by. The shrines and images along the streets are innumerable. Many kneel before them, and the great majority cross

themselves. We took a long ride on the top of a street-car. The passengers on this deck sit with their backs to each other on a long seat running from front to rear. By my side were two roughly-dressed laborers. They removed their hats and crossed themselves whenever passing the churches and shrines. We must have passed, in the ride, over 20 on the side we were facing. Some merchants were on the other side; they did the same when opposite a holy place on their side of the street. I have followed people to see if they would not pass some shrine unnoticed. A very few do, but poor women seem never to omit the ceremony. At a church service the crossing and genuflections are as numerous and as continually kept up as are the bowings and prostrations at a Constantinople mosque of dancing dervishes. Here, too, many of the worshippers when kneeling bend the forehead down to the floor.

Each church we have visited has one or more special "Ikons" (holy images). People are always seen before them, and all kiss the image before leaving. I asked our guide how often he thought these people crossed themselves each day. He replied that he did not doubt some who are much on the street do so more than 100 times each day of the year. People hurry past a church on a railroad train, and lift their hats and cross themselves. I think, from what I saw, that this is only done when an image is in view. But these are on the front of most churches. So far I have not seen a single sculptured effigy of Christ nailed to the cross. It is evident that the Greek church uses principally the painted images, in preference to the carved ones. I was told that this is considered the proper thing, in contradistinction to the carved effigies of the Latin church. It is said that the opposition to the church of Rome here is greater than that felt for the Protestants. I have never seen in any country among the masses greater evidences of religious devotion, at least in its outward forms, than are shown in Moscow. The Mohammedan of Cairo is not more so. This is considered one of the holy cities of the Russo-Greek church, Kieff alone ranking as high. Here every appeal possible is made to the religious heart. There are 360 churches, many old, and possessing the most sacred relics—one of the nails which fastened Christ to the cross, locks of his hair, a part of the true cross, bodies of saints incased in gilded shrines, pictures of the Saviour and of the Virgin, covered with gold and decked with jewels. Avoiding as they do carved images, the pictures which adorn the walls are very often covered over with garments of gilded silver, the garments taking the form of the body in raised relief, and showing the face of the painted picture with here a hand and perhaps there a foot. The interior walls of many of the churches are almost covered with pictures of life-size. These being clad in garments of gold in high relief make the walls look as if built of gold, and give the interiors of such churches a massive richness vying with any thing seen in Oriental lands.

"Mothers of God," painted in no mean manner, are on the front of nearly all churches, and little chapels and shrines, with the Virgin and Child, are on the sides of the streets in vast numbers. The Child is rarely represented as a baby, but is usually apparently from 6 to 12 years old, and with the thoughtful expression of even a greater age, and yet it sits in its mother's lap. Lamps are suspended before all of these images, and are lighted long before dark. These things all appeal to the ignorant and to the devotional, and keeps constantly alive a feeling of religious fervor. All churches have domes: the better ones five—one large and four smaller ones about it. Many of these are gilded, and glisten under the rays of the sun. Rising high over every dome is a beautiful Greek cross with crescent below—appealing not only to religion through the symbol of Christ's sufferings, but also through the debased crescent to the national hatred of the Turk and of Islamism. I am told, however, this was not the intention, but simply to represent the idea of the growth of the doctrine of the cross. But some at least of the common people understand it as showing the domination of the Christian cross over the crescent of Islam.

Many believe that the Russian aims at a spread of his government over the continent. If he can keep alive in his soldiers a desire to make his religion universal he will succeed in making himself almost invincible. It was the crescent at the head of his columns which enabled Timour to win his enormous victories. Men can conquer or die when taught that death in battle opens the gates of Paradise. The Czar of Russia has erected the cross. Who knows how far it may lead him? On one of the boulevards of Moscow a large pyramidal monument was lately erected; on its four sides, in bold alto relievo, are life-sized representations in bronze of episodes of the late war with Turkey. One represents a Bulgarian mother and child being cut down by a Turk; the next shows a Russian soldier slaying the Mohammedan and saving the woman. Then follows one with a priest pointing the wounded soldier to a higher land. Such things must feed in the hearts of the people a desire to drive Islamism from Stamboul. The rushing floods of this great land flow not more eagerly toward the Black Sea than do the yearnings of the Russian toward the Bosphorus.

Many of the churches here are fine, some very interesting, and one is simply magnificent. This is the Temple of the Saviour, the metropolitan church of the Moscow archbishopric. It is large, holds 7,000 people, and cost \$10,000,000. It is built in the form of an equal-armed Greek cross, of whitish stone, on a base of dark granite highly polished. The outer walls have, in high relief, in heroic size, representations of Biblical stories, and above is a central grand dome, with four others, over the arms of the cross. These domes are of brilliantly-gilded copper. The grand

portico, with its 36 columns, is very imposing. The interior walls have bases of a curious black marble, with glistening veins and wonderfully polished, from Finland; above this base are the usual rows of pictures in gold garments, raised in relief, and above them, in rows one over the other, are life-sized pictures of Biblical and other saints, finely executed, covering the walls up to the lofty galleries, which run entirely around the edifice. These galleries have many pictures of great size and in high art, depicting stories in the lives of Russian saints. The architecture throughout is very fine, and the paintings are all beautiful, and, to me, seem masterly works. One thing, and only one, helps to mar the whole. In the vault of the majestic dome, which is 90 feet in diameter, is a picture of God with the child Christ on his lap, and the Holy Ghost as a dove on his breast. This picture is a grand one; but it always shocks me to see an attempt to represent the mighty, unknown, and unknowable God as a man—as a figured being. Human ken cannot fathom the dimensions of Him who holds countless worlds in the hollow of His hand; human thought cannot conceive the form of Him who created and set in motion ten thousand thousand suns, on whose rounded sides this world of ours in flames would scarcely be a flashing spark; set them in motion so true and perfect that no mathematical science can calculate the far-off æon when the first vibration will occur in their onward roll! Human imagination cannot even dream of the brightness of His eye, which can look into a blazing sun and cause the burning flame to dim into darkness. Ah, no! God is unknown and unknowable—never conceived and inconceivable. No created thing can imagine what and how He is, whose thought created the vastness of space, and who, by His will, filled it with the boundless universe! Next to St. Sophia, and, perhaps, St. Paul, I remember no church which has so impressed me as this Temple of the Saviour. Standing within it and looking up into its dome, over 300 feet high, I was warmed as I could be in no Gothic church, though its columns and pillars were as the trees of the forest. I do not like the profusion of gilt in the Greek church, but, in the form adopted, it has been more successful than the church of the West.

About an hour's drive from the city is the only considerable elevation in its neighborhood—Sparrow Hill, on the banks of the river. It is only 200 or 300 feet high, but affords a very fine view of the town and its domes, the Kremlin and its crenulated walls and palaces. It was from this spot that the victorious Napoleon looked for the first time upon the doomed city he had so long yearned to enter, and which proved his ruin. The French soldiers, as they climbed from behind up to the top of this hill, are said, one after another, to have shouted "Moscow!" Poor fellows! Little dreamed they of the burning hand which was to grasp theirs in welcome, or of the cold winding sheet which was

so soon to enfold so many of their comrades. A map of this city looks so like that of Vienna that I mistook it the first time I saw one in a window. The river runs through it much as the canal does in the other, and the streets of the town, accommodating themselves to the form of the Kremlin and the Katai-Gorod, both walled in, assume a somewhat circling form, as does the Ring Strasse. There are very few streets which are straight for any considerable distance. There is probably no city in Christendom laid out with more absolute irregularity than Moscow. Looking at the map one could believe this irregularity was studied. Streets bend and wind in every direction, with no apparent purpose, except that the inhabitants of the central old walled town should reach the country in every direction. Streets lead from the Kremlin, or centre, for this purpose to the outskirts in all quarters, but with no attempt to preserve direct lines. They bend and wind and run sometimes into each other, and are of no fixed width. Here they are narrow, then they double their width, now they are lost in open spaces of irregular forms into which two or more streets may debouch. Cutting these country-seeking roads is a system of streets attempting to preserve to some extent the form of the Kremlin and Katai-Gorod, or central-walled ancient city, and seeking to make themselves a system somewhat circular and concentric. One of these is the grand boulevard occupying the location of an old fortification. This is of various widths—now 100 feet, and then spreading to two, three, or even more hundred, and encloses a somewhat circular space, not quite three miles in diameter. In the centre of this space, averaging a tract equal to a mile square, is the irregularly-formed walled old town, comprising the Kremlin and Katai-Gorod. Just outside of their walls is another boulevard system, occupying the once old moat. Between these two boulevards is a faint attempt to preserve a somewhat circular concentric system of streets. Outside the outer boulevard there seems to be no sort of system. The boulevards are well planted with trees, and have well-kept promenades in the centre, the driveway being on the outer sides.

It will thus be seen that Moscow possesses much to make it pretty. The old Kremlin, famous in history during several centuries, with its crenulated walls, its palaces, and quaint churches, all perched upon an elevation sufficient to make them land-marks; the Katai-Gorod, or walled citadel, with bending, tortuous streets, and old and yet handsome houses; the queerly laid-out, irregular city outside, with gardens and well-planted boulevards—these things give much that is necessary for the picturesque. Yet I am compelled to admit that a week's stay here did not, to me, make it interesting. The Kremlin and its contents, and some of the churches are interesting, but they are rather lions in the city. The city itself lacks something to warm up the traveller. Perhaps this has been only for us, and may

be somewhat owing to the continued cold, drizzly, damp weather. This may have kept the people more within; at least, when on the streets, within themselves. They all have such an air of apathy, or of selfish indifference; each seems listless, or if in earnest then bent on something belonging only to himself.

People are crowding the narrow sidewalks, forcing one to get on the roadway, and then to dodge off to keep from being run over by the drojkies, which rattle, as fast as a trot will carry them, over the cobble-paved streets. Porters are hurrying along; women in queer peasant garbs, with bundles over their backs, and basket-sandals on their feet, are trudging on their pilgrimage from church to church, crossing themselves and kneeling at every little chapel, and before every image. They look tired and weary, for they are perhaps from very distant provinces, and are making a pilgrimage which will take in Kiev—700 or 800 miles away. There are men in rough coats dozing in doorways, and drojky drivers, with flowing skirts reaching to their ankles, asleep in the vehicles, or importuning you to ride. There is all of this, yet there is nothing which I can call street life, which makes other cities of fewer people interesting.

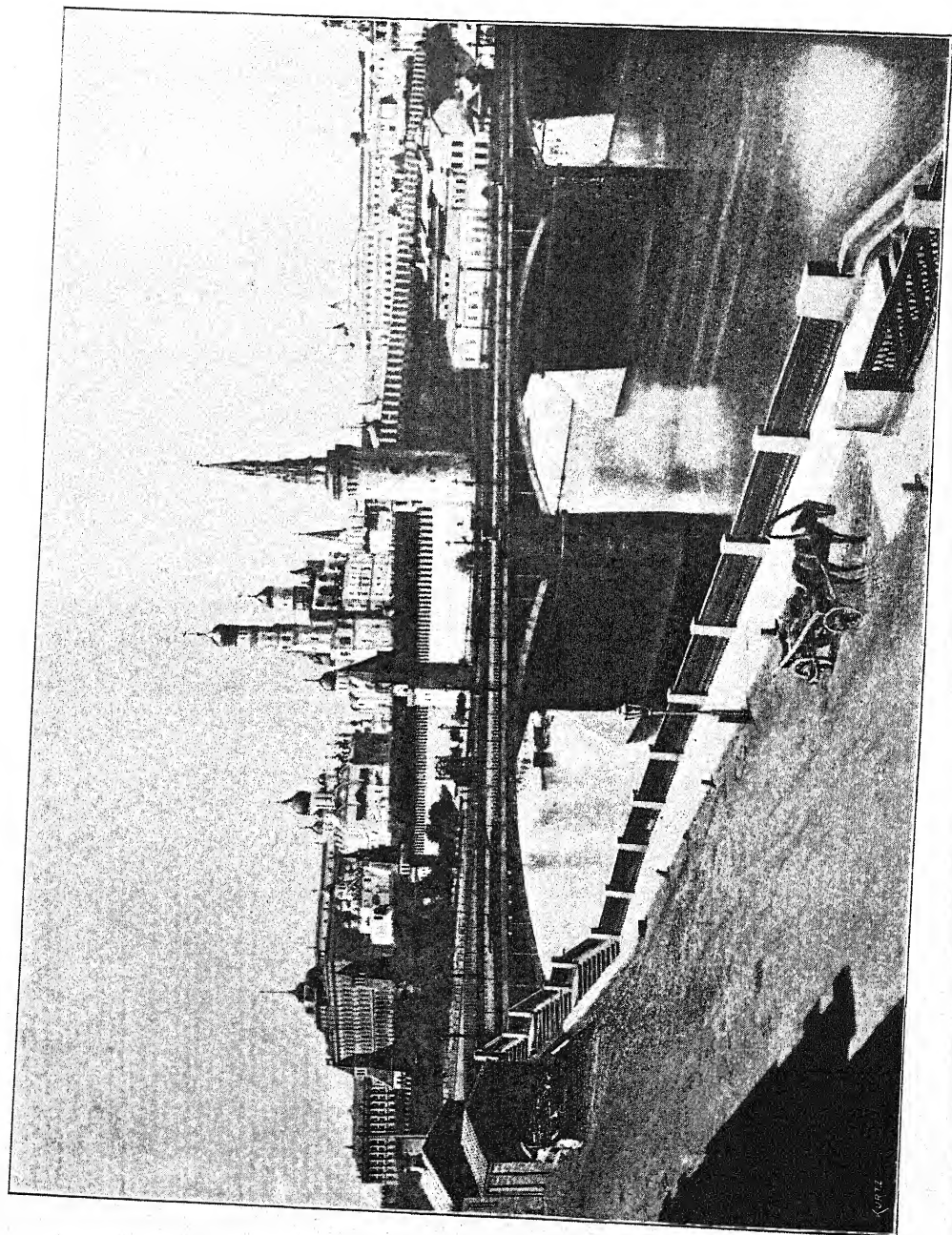
The crowds are on the street, but every one is wrapped up in a sort of self-hiding reserve. I love to watch new people. I visit cities more to look at and into their people than at and into their edifices and shows. I never wearied when walking the streets of London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, and above all, of the far-off cities of the Orient. But here there seems to be nothing offered by the people to make them attractive. The better classes are polite and courteous. The masses, however, are not looking about as if ready to be amused. They have something to do, and nothing else enters their brain. These are the impressions I received. I have gone into restaurants at the two o'clock hour of the principal meal. Here the same air is worn. A well-patronized café or restaurant in most cities presents an epitome of life, and one can spend hours in them simply as a looker-on. Yesterday, next to our table, three young men sat down, having first looked over the counter on which comestibles are spread. A small bottle with a sort of schnapps—and wine-glasses, a plate of dark bread, and another of radishes and butter, with a small dish of smoking-hot veal, were placed before them. They ate some radishes and a mouthful of veal, then filling their glasses tipped them and, opening their mouths wide, emptied the white liquor down their throats at a gulp. They then talked and eat more radishes, and a few more mouthfuls of veal, and then poured down each another glassful, throwing their heads back as if to enable the stuff to reach the right place at once. They then lit cigarettes. By this time they had become voluble, and after the third glass, which emptied the bottle, they commenced to talk German as if to prevent others from under-

standing them. A second bottle was brought, and a bowl of soup, and another dish or two of meat. They took a few mouthfuls, and dropped another glassful of vodka or schnapps down into their waistbands. The topic of conversation became very sad, for one of them shed tears, which poured down his cheek, the other two giving him warm sympathy. They were all young. Perhaps it was a tale of blighted love. We left them before the second bottle was emptied, and before they had eaten much of their dinner. Their conversation had become low-toned and sad.

The cuisine in our hotel, and in good restaurants, is very fine, and comfortably good in the cheaper houses we have tried. Nowhere is living dear. Tea, most delicious, with nice bread and enough for two, cost 80 kopecks, and a trink-gelt to the waiter of say ten—in all about 40 cents. Chocolate, two tumblers full, and bread or cake for two, same price. A good dinner of soup, two kinds of meat and vegetables, with a compote and glass of beer, costs in the best places, for two, about \$1.10 of our money. This same at a cheap, respectable place, but not so well prepared, yet good enough, about 35 cents a person, of our money. We make it a rule to try all kinds of places where food is clean and respectable. Russian tea is very fine. It is served thus: A tea-pot large enough to hold one large cup full, is placed before two persons, with another large pot of boiling water. We half fill our cups from the tea-pot, and fill up with water, and if desired with cream or with milk, at the same time filling the tea-pot with hot water. In this way we can have as much as we can possibly desire. I noticed Russians drinking and refilling until the decoction coming from the pot was barely colored. We, however, refill only once, getting thus two large cups of delicious tea. The third cup is strong enough for table use. For each portion 12 lumps of sugar are furnished, and bread enough for a fair breakfast. I noticed Russians putting the sugar in their mouths and supping the tea through it, or eating it after swallowing some tea. This, however, was when tea is taken simply as a beverage, and with a slice of lemon. One disgusting habit is common here in the better class of restaurants. A glass of water is served after the meal with a finger-bowl. The mouth is washed and the water poured out of it into the finger-bowl. I have heretofore seen this done at many tables d'hôte on the continent, but here, so far, it seems universal. There is nothing in this really filthy, but it is suggestive of nastiness. I have seen it among travelled swells in America. It is a habit I hope will not take deep root even in our swelldom. To wash the mouth before smoking is a luxury. But there are some things that are better done behind a screen than in full view. I have not yet seen a single cigar smoked except my own. All smoke cigarettes. The result is, I am forced, when talking to any one to avoid his breath as much as possible. The smoke

from the cigarette is inhaled, and makes the lungs fetid and must injure health. May not this, to some extent, increase the dread disease, consumption, which I am told is rather common in this land? At the hotel, meals are served in the rooms, with no addition to the cost, and judging from the tea-trays being carried along the corridors, I would think that nearly all of its large population take their morning meals and late suppers in their private rooms. Indeed, the manager to whom I complained that I could not find any thing ready in the restaurant until nearly nine, informed me that he would rather I took the early meal in my room, and that it could be had as early as seven. The people here are very late risers. Twilight lasts in summer very late, and in winter the day is so short that one has to live much in the dark. The people retire very late, and shops are all closed till after nine in the morning.

To nibble at something seems to be a human characteristic, and every country has its particular nibble. In America the boys eat peanuts and the girls chew gum; in Japan they eat a small seed; in China and India they chew sugar-cane; in Siam, Burmah, and southern India and Ceylon, betel nuts; in Egypt and Turkey, pumpkin seeds; in Greece, watermelon seed; here they crack sunflower seed. In the street cars, at the gardens, and along the streets people are seen eating this seed, and at every corner, women or boys are selling them. Every one has read of the Kremlin of Moscow, and every one desires to see it or know of it. It is a nearly triangular old fortress on the river which runs through Moscow in the shape of the letter S. The base of the Kremlin triangle rests on the lower curve of the letter, where the site of the fortress lifts some 50 or more feet. The whole length of the wall is over a mile and a third, through which one may enter by five gates, some of which are of historic interest, and two are very sacred passages. Over the Gate of the Redeemer is a picture, "Christ the Redeemer," highly venerated, and believed to possess miraculous powers. It is a thoroughfare, but no one ever passes through it covered. In olden days, any one omitting to remove his hat was punished by being forced to make a large number of prostrations. Now all do it, either from veneration or out of respect to the prejudices of the people. This form is observed by the highest and the lowest, the native and the foreigner. The Gate of St. Nicholas is nearly as venerable. Here in ancient times oaths were administered to such as the absolute truth was demanded from, and litigants in court were expected to swear to their cases in the presence of the mosaic picture of the saint which hangs over the arch. This holy image has witnessed many a battle and helped to withstand more than one siege. Napoleon is said to have ordered the tower over it to be blown up. The massive masonry split from the top down toward the earth, but the rent stopped at the frame of the pic-



ture. The glass covering it, and the lamp which illuminated it, and the picture were unscathed. Such is the statement of an inscription placed over the gate by Alexander I. Through another gate the victorious French entered this fortress—the goal so eagerly sought through so many weary leagues of march, and over so many bloody battlefields. Within the Kremlin walls are the real historic spots of this old capital.

Here is the odd old tower of Ivan the Great, claimed by the Russians to have been founded by that old ruler six and a half centuries ago. From its gallery, reached by a climb of 450 steps, a splendid view of the city is had. It lies mapped around, with its houses and palaces in confused piles, its boulevards and parks green with trees, its green painted roofs giving, with the trees, a garden-like appearance to the whole city. Four fifths, perhaps seven eighths, of all roofs are green, the few patches of red roofing heightening the effects of its complemental color. Bending like a great serpent the little river winds into the town, and by a couple of graceful curves lies for a moment at one's feet, and then glides off by another easy curve and seeks the outward plain. Here, close to one, hang 30 odd beautiful bells, two of them being of solid silver. One of these bears upon its rim the tell-tale inscription that it is 338 years old. Woe to the tympanum of one's ears if he happens to be in the gallery at the hour when the great bell of the Assumption clangs. For its mighty tongue is larger than a man, and its weight is 64 tons. If, however, the hearer be a few hundred yards removed, this old bell peals a tone singularly rich and mellow. From the height one can count 360 churches, many of them with gilded domes, dazzling and bright. At the foot of the tower, upon the pedestal of stone, stands the "King of Bells." Who of us in early childhood has not heard of it? I remember seeing a picture of it when I was a small boy. It was half buried, but the earth was dug away from before a break in it, and one or two men were standing in the orifice. When I was 11 years old the emperor had it lifted and placed upon its present pedestal. To do this was no easy task, for the "king" is a monster, over 26 feet high and 68 feet in circumference, or nearly 23 feet in diameter at the rim. It weighs nearly 200 tons, and the *little* piece broken out of it leaves an opening seven feet high.

Within the precincts of the Kremlin are the great palace, the armory and arsenal, and two or three churches. In the Church of the Assumption are vast riches and valuable relics. Here the czars of Russia are crowned. It is said the French took from its ornaments five tons of silver and five hundred-weight of gold. In it is a solid silver chandelier weighing 900 pounds, given by the Cossacks after recapturing the precious metal from the destroyed French army. This church has six massive pillars supporting its five domes, and so large that they resemble those of an

Egyptian temple more than a modern church. It, however, is not so very modern, for it was built some 700 years ago. Here the emperor worships, and places upon his own head the crown, and receives the sacrament as emperor of all the Russias.

In front of the arsenal, in long, compact rows, ornamentally placed, are 875 bronzed cannon, taken from the French army on its fearful retreat. They represent not only the French, but, also, Napoleon's subject crowns, for over a fourth are Austrian, a seventh Prussian, a twelfth Italian, others being Saxon, Bavarian, Neapolitan, Dutch, and Spanish. Many of them have Napoleon's initial "N." cut into them, and a great many are named. The names are sometimes not over dignified. But these hundreds of cannon were deeply impressive. Monsters brought over such vast distances to slay! I looked into their mouths and wondered how many death warrants they had uttered; how many brave men they had torn to pieces; how many women and children they had caused to mourn. And then I thought of the men who had been forced to abandon them, of their terrible sufferings, of their longing looks towards the west when all was lost, and how sweet to them was the thought of the balmy air on the banks of the Elbe and the Danube, the Moselle, the Rhine, the Seine and the Rhone, where their loved ones were. I could almost see them, as hungry and footsore they tottered over the frozen plain, and at last sank to their knees, and with prayers to God and with one more thought of home, yielded themselves to their winding sheet of snow. "How long, how long, O Lord, wilt thou permit man's inhumanity to man make countless millions mourn!"

The great palace is not very handsome without, but within there is much magnificence. Vast halls of noble proportions, and with a richness of decoration almost fabulous. Here Oriental exuberance has been married to Western taste; Asiatic dreams of gold blended with the finest touches of European art. From floors in many beautiful woods marvellously designed and exquisitely laid, up along walls rich and apparently cut from massive gold, up to the vaulted ceilings, beautifully frescoed—all was rich beyond any thing I had conceived, and yet all in beautiful taste. Nothing was tawdry; it was rich. Nothing was simply luxurious; it was artistic. These are the parts of the palace of the present line of czars. In another part are those of the rulers of long ago, rich but quaint, and lacking so many of those things a modern house would consider simple comforts. The counterpane, embroidered, by the daughter of a monarch of three centuries ago was pretty, but a few roubles would purchase a prettier one now, and a couple of roubles would buy a much lighter and far warmer coverlet than the old king slept under.

The treasury is a plain building, but its contents are of fabulous value. Case after case containing cart loads of solid silver and

gold plate; platters big enough to hold a half sheep, or upon which to spread a bushel of fruit; great goblets which a Titan could scarcely use to drink from, so large are they, and yet rich; case after case of Sévres china, complete sets, the gift of Napoleon to Alexander, all painted so beautifully that they are works of high art; great vases from the same works; dozens of state carriages in which czars and czarinas rode to their coronation, nearly as large as Barnums band wagon, all gilded and burnished. They were very rich, but of what clumsy workmanship! A first-class wagon maker in America would not let a wagon go out of his shop with such rough wood and ironwork as composed some of these carriages in which old rulers rode a few centuries ago to be anointed in the name of the Lord, as the kings of men. One of the grandest of carriages was a present from England's virgin queen. The carriage in which that strange compound of human vice and human greatness, Catharine II., rode, was there, and by it the stuffed skin of the horse she used to ride "straddle" when she reviewed her troops. The picture close by of the empress dressed as a general officer astride of a fine horse is a fine one. Under it is the saddle she rode, and her bridle, studded with jewels and pearls of great value, the gift of the Emperor of China or Shah of Persia. In one room are crowns and sceptres, a mass of jewels and gold, some of the uncut gems as large as pigeon eggs. I said to a Russian, also a visitor, that the emperor might sell these things and pay the debt of the crown. His reply was, the crown would not be worth much to him if he were to attempt the thing. The treasury consists of two great suites of rooms, one on the first and the other on the second story. It seems a little odd that downstairs, in a most prominent place, is a grand picture of Napoleon (I think it is by David) and his iron bed; and at the head of the suite on the second floor is a splendid statue in marble of the same wonderful man. What a beautiful face his was, and yet what a strong one!

There are very many interesting portraits in these rooms, all of the Russian emperors and all of the Polish kings, and many of its nobles. I had hoped that Kosciusko's might possibly be among them. Perhaps if they had it they would not hang it here. The museum is in another part of the town. It has life-size figures in every pose, wearing the costumes of every province of this vast land. The picture gallery in the same building has some fine works, all arranged according to schools. Some of them are of high order. I have written to our minister at St. Petersburg for a permit to go to Samarcand, and that I hoped he would get it in four days. He replied that he would get it, but that four days is a short time to get any thing from the officials in Russia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PRINCELY KINDNESS—RICH PRAIRIE LANDS—VERONIJ—NECESSITY
FOR FOREST PROTECTION—THE COSSACKS—BRAVE CHILDREN
—SUNFLOWER THE RUSSIAN NIBBLE—ROSTOF ON THE DON.

Vladikavkas, June 19, 1888.

FEARING that Mr. Lothrop, our minister, might not get our Transcaspian permit in time, I resolved again to avail myself of my high position as an "American sovereign." Armed with our credentials we called upon Prince Vladimir Dolgoroukoff, a member of the council of the empire and governor-general of Moscow, at one o'clock, his hour of reception. We were detained in the ante-chamber, with quite a number of other visitors, for fully an hour. The prince was evidently having a good appetite for his lunch. Finally he appeared in the grand inner room, preceded by a few aides, who backed out in front of him. A committee of a financial company was shown in first. Its chairman bowed up to the prince, kissed him on either cheek, and presented him with a copy of some handsomely-bound proceedings of the company, which had just celebrated its jubilee. Some speeches were made in a low voice, the chairman and committeemen frequently bowing. The prince evidently received them very graciously. Cards were then presented, ours among them, and an aide soon bade us enter. I introduced myself, asking if his excellency spoke English. He replied in the negative. I then proceeded in the best French I could command. He bade us most cordially to be seated, and asked what I wished and what he could do for us. To explain this I had to mention our extended journeyings, and why I desired to visit Turkestan, to see if Russia was carrying there the light of the West. He at once got us into conversation, and said that Willie was having a grand opportunity in thus voyaging so far under the tutelage of an experienced man. I remarked that this was almost the exact expression of the King of Siam, when he honored us with an audience. His Excellency at once became decidedly interested, and kept me telling him of the king and his manners, etc. I then showed him my credentials. He said Gen. Annenkoff, the builder of the new road to Samarcand, had just arrived on his way to render his account to the emperor, and was to be with him that afternoon, and that he thought he and the general could

arrange for us. He kept us fully 25 minutes, when, remembering that others were waiting, he bade us good-by, saying he would send his secretary to us that evening with such papers as he could give us. The secretary came at nine o'clock with the information that as the matter was already in the hands of our minister, the prince preferred not to intervene, but, advising us to proceed to Tiflis, and to write at once to our minister to have the permit telegraphed to the governor-general of Transcaucasia. I felt dished and so expressed myself, saying that I could not risk going so far and then probably finding no means of making the trip I so much desired. The aide assured me that the governor-general said there was no doubt I would receive the dispatch. I sent my thanks to his excellency, etc., etc. The next day, being the day we left, on our return to the hotel after a walk, we found the prince had honored us by a call in person, but, finding us out, sent us a message that before our train should depart, he would send his secretary with some letters which would help us through, and urged me to go on to Tiflis. The aide did come, and brought a beautifully engrossed letter of introduction to Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, governor-general of Transcaucasia, introducing me and asking such aid as we may need to get through to central Asia. In other words American sovereignty is in the ascendant—at least for a while.

We have passed over a magnificent farming country on our way here, it being a part of the mighty grain-producing plain of Russia. We left Moscow at 11 at night, but at 2:30 it was already light; from that time until seven in the evening the road ran through a country almost a counterpart of our best prairie land, a great rolling plain as far as the eye could reach, except when appeared intervening copses of young trees or growth along streams and little rivulets, the whole covered with rye in head, wheat sprouting or already up, and, towards Veronij, nearly a foot high; oats just planted; potatoes four or five inches up; small patches of beautiful hemp; here and there plowed land not yet showing any green, and with broad pastures interspersed, on which great herds of horses and cattle and flocks of sheep were grazing. Rye was at first the predominating growth. With its greenish-gray heads waving in the gentle breeze, with the young wheat gleaming in emerald green in the sunshine, the brown plowed fields and other growths of slightly varying hues, with copses of wood and long lines of trees here and there, with the herds now in hundreds near by and then cut against the sky on the ridge of some distant rolling elevation, the whole presented a charming view to one who delights in fields and farming prospects. Near Moscow, and, perhaps, for over 100 miles, the rye was light and the soil apparently thin; then the rye became heavy, and the young wheat had large healthy heads. Altogether, this prairie surpasses any of ours, except, perhaps, a part of Kansas. The soil is deeper, running

from two and one half to four feet, and the substratum is better, a clay not cold and stiff like that overlying our hard-pan, but intermixed with sand and red oxides, something like the subsoil of the blue-grass regions of Kentucky, whereas the bulk of our prairies have an underbed of gravel or sand, or a stiff, worthless clay. This land has more recuperative powers than ours. The crops are by no means so good as our average, but it is, I suspect, owing to bad cultivation. The plowing is very shallow, and there seems to be no rotation. Ever since we first entered Poland I have noticed that land seems to have but one means of rest, and that is by leaving it fallow for a greater or less time. In the north two seasons of crops and then one or two of fallow is the rule. This fallow land affords pasturage for vast herds of horses and cattle. The herds help greatly to keep up the quality of the soil. I also remarked that all manures for 100 or 200 miles south of Moscow are spread upon the land. Straw is not burned, but the animals being so numerous and nearly all under cover at night and fed with straw, the crop of manure is large and utilized. Thus far these people are good farmers, but they plow so lightly that the roots of crops must depend too much upon the mere surface, and the weeds all sprout and grow as fast as the grain. This makes hand-weeding necessary. Cheap labor makes this possible, but deep plowing would save many a backache to the poor field-laboring women. I know I am writing with considerable assurance for one who sees from railroad cars. But I was bred a farmer, and have always closely observed its modes. This enables me to see and to ask questions of every one who can understand me. I will stick to second-class carriages, where I meet the people. In every train I find some one who speaks a little French or German and acts as interpreter for me when he himself cannot give me information.

Here I must bring in one of my dissertations. I am opposed to all sumptuary laws, but am in favor of, and would warmly urge, a certain kind of legislation which would interfere somewhat with private rights. The land of a country may be in the ownership of individuals, but its preservation belongs to the State and to posterity. A man has, and should have, the right to crop his land as he wishes, but he has not the right to destroy it. Mother Earth yields of her bounties. Man should return something of her rich yields whenever she gives him a superabundance. He has no right to destroy the forests, which keep up a healthy rainfall. He should use the wood, but a scientific oversight should be exercised by government to determine when such use by the individual becomes detrimental to the masses—that mass which, aggregated, makes the State. Every State should have forest laws, which should watch over a man's woods and restrain him from destroying them. Government restrains the hand of the man who would commit self-slaughter. An acre of good woods

is oftentimes worth more to a large district than a half-dozen such men as would be fools enough to cut their own throats. Again, we have in our Western States a virgin soil, and the people of the older States who have worn out their old lands are filling up the new, and are doing their level best to see how quickly they can make them unproductive. Every thing which the farmer cannot use or sell is burned. Our Western prairies of virgin soil are now feeding the world, but it will not be many generations before they will be exhausted, as are the lands of the older States. Nothing fitted for manure should be burned, unless when it be unavoidable. If our people have not forethought to keep them from destroying the woods and from wasting manure the government should take the thing in hand. We pass laws to protect game because a few sportsmen have taken the thing in hand, and to protect fish, which was also inaugurated by the followers of Izaak Walton. Who will take the initiative and preach a crusade against the other far more injurious waste? Nearly every European country, I believe, has inaugurated forestry laws, and vast benefits have accrued therefrom. A political convention that would put in a plank of that sort would find it much more easily floated than some of their tariff platforms which forces the candidate to play the great modern game of "mum" until the election be over.

Toward seven o'clock we entered and took an hour or two in passing through a fine tract of wood—oak, birch, and some pine. Birch seems here almost a national tree. I have seen more of it since I crossed the Polish frontier than before in my life. Between Warsaw and Moscow, and then for some distance on the road south, we have passed very many miles through forests which looked as if the trees were whitewashed, and vast wood-piles—thousands upon thousands of cords—which Willie thought had frost on them.

We passed through many fine towns, and in sight of hundreds of peasant villages, looking like collections of old straw-stacks. I shall, however, not say any thing of them, or of peasant life and outlook until I shall have seen more. Veronij is on the Don, 367 miles south of Moscow, is a broad-streeted city of 50,000 people, spread over a large surface, the bulk of the houses being of one story; it has some fine churches. The city is on a high bluff, which lies on one side of the river, and affords a fine prospect over the vast plain, on the opposite side, with a dozen or two large villages in sight, and great farming-lands spread out as on a map. The town seems a thriving one, and its market-place was an interesting study, filled as it was with country people, with their clumsy costumes, of which, too, anon.

As an illustration of the necessity of forest protection, I will state that Peter the Great built at Veronij a large fleet of deep-draught ships, with which he suddenly covered the Black Sea, and thereby gained vastly over the Turks. The timber and masts

for these craft grew in the neighborhood, for forests abounded along the river. Growing population soon levelled the forests, and the Don, which had floated for 1,000 miles armed ships, became so shallow that only light flats can now navigate it. The disappearance of trees dissipated the rain-giving clouds to a great extent, and now there are often injurious droughts. The steppe or prairie south of Veronij is wonderfully rich. A very intelligent man, educated in German and Swiss agricultural schools, was our fellow-passenger for two days, and gave me great assistance in studying the country passed. The black-soil Russian steppe is of vast extent, stretching from the Hungarian frontier nearly to the Ural Mountains, east and west, and from less than 100 miles south of Moscow to the Black Sea, north and south, with occasional breaks into it of sandy lands, and covering an area of perhaps 1,000,000 square miles. This is sometimes flat and somewhat cold; but is generally more or less rolling, and often has high undulations. Some, over which we ran, were as high rolling as western Iowa. I saw much land with fully four feet of dark soil, and below that a mass of fine reddish clay; for several hundred miles scarcely a stone was in sight, even in deep railway cuts, and nowhere did I see any shale or shingle underlying the soil. Oftentimes as far as we could see there were fields of rye swaying and bending in the wind. It for the first half of our way, seemed to cover the country, and magnificent rye, too, heavy-headed and with tall, fine stalks. As we came south the wheat became taller and more abundant, and was, before reaching Rostof, in head and a good and the predominant crop.

South of Rostof, on our way to Vladikavkas, we passed through a great flat plain, all covered with very fine wheat, or with grass now being cut and in hay-cocks. The wheat-fields were of vast extent, a sea of green, and the hay-lands, though of spontaneously-growing grass, were as thickly-covered with cocks as our best timothy-meadows. At one time a somewhat distant tract of 6,000 to 10,000 acres had so many that I thought them thickly-strewn bushes until the glass brought the hay-cocks out. Russia, generally I am told, follows the three-field system—two years of grain, then a fallow. In the south the fallow lies for years, with no fixed rule, and produces fine pasturage and splendid hay. Sometimes we saw, all along from Veronij to this place, herds of cattle of several hundred head. Each village has its individually owned cattle grazed in a common herd. The flocks of sheep, too, were very large. All railway-stations had sheds filled with wheat in bags, and huge bales of wool. The sheep are frequently dark and black-spotted or brown, and mostly of the broad-tailed variety. This side of Rostof we saw many thousands in droves, being driven from the great western plains to be slaughtered near the Black Sea. They were in bands of 500 to 1,000 each, an ox-cart with a hugh hogshead of water accompanying each band. This for the shepherds who were driving.

Nothing has so far so surprised me as the Cossacks. I had supposed them a half-civilized set of rough people. We have constantly had Cossack officers on our trains, polite and nice men, and their wives pleasant ladies. From Veronij to Rostof we came on a very slow train, taking 36 hours to make about 400 miles. It made stoppages of from a half-hour upward at several stations near which were large villages. In this way I was enabled to go out and see how the Don Cossacks were and how they lived. Their houses were more comfortable than those before seen in Russian villages. Generally there was grass about them and little gardens and flowers in pots in the windows of nearly half of the houses, and even in the huts of the poorest. I have always found I can enter a peasant's cot by talking to and caressing the children. I tried it here with success. I spoke to fully 20 squads of children of all ages, from the toddler up to seven or eight-year-old ones. For the first time I found children who had no sort of fear of foreigners. An unknown language generally alarms a peasant child. Here it did not. Whether the child was alone or with others, hardly able to walk, or a frolicking girl or boy, when I would speak to it and hold out my hand, it invariably gave me its own with a grin. I thought at first I must be mistaken, but I tried the thing at a dozen villages, back some distance from the station, where the children could not have been familiar with foreigners. In every instance the little ones would look me squarely in the face with frank, uncowed eyes, and would then scamper off to tell their companion something of the man who did not know how to talk. In some instances this little attempt of mine would win a rose or other flower from the mother, who probably was at work near by. Generally, however, most of the cottages were locked up—mother and father being far off at hard labor in distant fields, and the youngsters left to take care of themselves; or possibly the children of several families are left in charge of some woman, who, for that day, stays at home. In this way at least I accounted for the fact that many youngsters were about cottages where the woman I saw could not have been the mother of them all.

I saw people mowing grass at a little after four in the morning. I saw people, too, raking up grass as late as 9:30 at evening. I saw hundreds trudging along the roads and others on our train going to mow in distant districts. I am told they will go several hundred miles to work in the mowing season. Fifty or more would be seen making hay at one time. In this way each farmer gets his grass down at once. Men and women walk 100 miles for the privilege of working for 60 to 80 cents a day. And yet there are men with us who rave at our government and talk of themselves as being wage-slaves! But such will say the purchasing power of money in cheap labor countries evens things up. This is a great mistake. Articles representing labor are cheap, but these are luxuries. But staple articles of food and material cost not much less.

in other lands than in our interior States. Our laborers live on the fat of the land and wear good clothes. These consume no fat and precious little lean, and their clothes are cheap and well patched—never wear out.

After leaving Veronij a half day's distance we saw little or no timber, and then came to a country where manure is almost the only fuel. It is mixed up with straw and made into cakes as in the other Oriental countries we have seen, or, what is more usual here, made into large bricks a foot long and four inches wide and thick. This fuel was everywhere to be seen. Very often the doorway was fenced in with this stuff, to be used when needed. I spoke of the Russian people eating sunflower seeds. I have tried them now, and when baked or roasted they are nearly, if not quite, as agreeable as the peanut. The amount thus used here is enormous. One will sometimes see little patches of street and of parks gray with the hulls, and there is rarely a spot about a depot or place of resort where the ground is not thickly strewn with them. We have seen thousands of acres growing the plant. At one place I saw a field of over 100 acres, and a smaller field was rarely out of sight. It furnishes a large amount of oil much used, especially about their feast days. I have often wondered they were not utilized with us, and have myself given them to my chickens. Who will start the cracking them into fashion at home? They are better than peanuts, in that they are so small that they do not fill up, and in that way a little eating keeps one a long while in occupation. I will say for the benefit of our youngsters, there is an art in eating them; they are put endwise between the front teeth and then cracked; with the tongue the hull is thrown out and the kernel retained, somewhat as seeds are eaten by canaries. Roast some sunflower seed, my young reader—not till burned, but simply done—then watch a canary eat, and thank me for a new experience. I am told they are perfectly healthy, and keep lots of people out of mischief. There is nothing like a pleasant, easy occupation. Peanuts satiate; these do not.

We spent some hours at Novoherkask, the capital of the Don Cossacks. It was early in the morning, giving us an opportunity of seeing the peasants with their produce in the different markets. Little wagons were ranged along the market places, loaded with vegetables or with earthen and wooden jars, holding from a quart up to several gallons, and filled with sour milk—not skimmed, but thick and creamy. It was not the bonny-clabber of our Southern States—one of God's best gifts to man—for clabber will not bear shaking, the whey at once separates from the curd and spoils it. Our Northern people call it spoilt milk, and lose a great luxury. The Cossack sour milk is probably turned with rennet, as is the "lubbin" of the Turkman in Asia Minor. The buyers taste before purchasing. A few old women tasted so often that we concluded they were getting a cheap breakfast.

In these, as in other Eastern markets, every thing is sold from a pin to a harrow; from a yard of tatting to a bolt of cotton; from a dried minnow to a sturgeon. By the way, the Don is the veritable home of this magnificent and delicious fish. He resembles somewhat our sturgeon in appearance, but far surpasses him in flavor. It is from the egg of this fish the celebrated caviar is made. Great factories are devoted to it in all towns along the river. Of a certain small size the sturgeon is a great delicacy, and is carried alive in tanks to Moscow and St. Petersburg for the tables of the rich. In the dining-hall of the hotel (Slavianski Bazaar) at Moscow there is a large tank or fountain of running water, in which fish are constantly kept, being renewed from day to day. A guest picks out his fish—it is at once scooped up, and in a few minutes is a tempting dish on the table. Twenty-five thousand tons of fish are taken from the Don annually, and over 150 tons of caviar are made along its banks. The fishing is exclusively the property of the Don Cossacks, who, like the Finns, are a people to themselves, are *quasi* free, and have privileges other provinces do not possess. The heir apparent to the Russian throne is made "Hetman" of the province, and is considered by the Cossacks their own. They serve only three years in the army, while other Russians serve five. My prejudices against the Russians are being rubbed off, for I can call the Cossacks a splendid lot of fellows.

Rostof is a thriving business city of 70,000 to 80,000 people, situated on a high bluff, has broad streets, and is fairly well built. Along the river it shows a busy scene, two or three miles of piers lined with warehouses on a narrow strip under the bluff on which the city stands, and the water covered with steamers, barges, and light craft. The railroad runs along this pier, and vast piles of grain in sacks, and wool in bales, and cotton in black woollen bagging from Transcaucasia, show the amount of commerce done in this Russian seaport. Coal, too, is seen in great quantities. Very rich coal-fields lie not far up the Don, and I was told a good quality of anthracite exists in exhaustless supply.

From Rostof to Vladikavkas, a distance of 416 miles, is at first through an almost flat plain, on which wheat, stretching for miles and miles, was superb. I have never seen such fields—so large, and at the same time so heavy in head. On the plain, too, is an enormous crop of hay. The hay land, I was informed, is let, not by the acre, but by the verst. Along this plain are many mounds from four to ten or more feet high, said to be the tombs of chieftains of old, who were buried there during inroads of the Tartars and others from Asia into Europe. This was their highway after they had passed the Caucasian range. Some few miles back from this place on the road we lost the bulk of our passengers, who alighted for the mineral springs which abound about the neighborhood, and which the Russian government is endeavoring to make the Saratoga of Russia.

Up to that time we had a gay company, mostly Petersburgers. Nearly all spoke either German or French, and many both. All were jolly, and the ladies easily becoming acquainted with. Indeed, in every instance they made the first advances towards us. It had become known we were Americans, and all seemed anxious to be of service to us or to make our time pleasant. Some of them were students off for their vacation, young men of a very high order of intelligence. I find that German is becoming very popular, and is studied more than French among the masses. The news of the death of the Emperor Frederick, which reached us at Rostof, was deeply lamented, and all seemed to fear the consequence. Just before reaching the mineral springs Mount Elbruz came magnificently in sight. He presents a glorious head, lifting above the clouds. He is 18,500 to 18,600 feet high, and is one of the monarchs of the world. It is a pleasant thing to look upon these mighty snow-clads, a sensation for which one can make many miles of hard travel. Few mountains present so noble a sight as this sovereign of Europe—for he is more on that continent than on Asia, and stands 3,000 feet above Mount Blanc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VLADIKAVKAS—GRAND VIEWS OF THE CAUCASUS—A GLORIOUS
TRIP—FLOWERS—FRUIT—TIFLIS PRETTY AND INTERESTING.

*Georgia Wayside Station in the Caucasus Mountains,
June 26, 1888.*

AGAIN I write from Asia, and from a locality which in my wildest dreams I never thought to visit, in the very heart of the Caucasus Mountains, near which we have supposed our race was cradled. The roar of a rushing stream, whose fountain-head is near by in a glaciated peak, separating Asia from Europe, fills my ear. The odor of a lime-tree comes through my window—an odor as sweet as in my youth I dreamed was the breath of the Circassian maiden, whose home was in the deep valleys of these mountains about me. All around me are lofty heights clothed in wondrous green. They encircle a little basin not a half mile long and under 400 yards wide, a basin which seems to have been scooped deep down among mountains several thousand feet high, and all densely covered with trees, and having no apparent outlet in any direction. Last night we slept among the clouds. Coming down to-day a few miles we found this spot so pretty that we both said at once: "Let us rest."

Just at nightfall yesterday a wild storm caught us upon the summit or dividing line between the two continents, 7,977 feet above the sea. Hail-stones rattled about us, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled as if in anger that two Yankees should attempt to visit this, its lofty home. Below us all was cloud; about us all was cloud—a bright streak, however, seen through a cloud-rift illumined old Kazbek's dome, on which Prometheus was bound and suffered. A dashing run soon brought us down to the highest station, where we spent our first night in the Caucasus Mountains.

But I must go back to make my start into these mountains regularly. I was unprepared for the beauties which are the main features of Vladikavkas. It is a town of some thirty odd thousand population, including a considerable military force always stationed in or about it. It stands on the edge of the plain, extending along the banks of the Terek River, here running off to the north. This river is a rushing stream, so darkly muddy and thick that it looks like liquid muck. So rapidly does it run through the town that its roar is constantly heard as if it were a cascade. A broad

boulevard, with promenade in the centre, shaded by quadruple rows of lime-trees, now deliciously fragrant, runs a mile long through the town, near to and parallel with the river. On this at evening was a crowd of promenaders, well dressed and gay. The uniforms of the officers and the costumes of the Georgians and Caucasians, of some bright color, the men with long knives and pistols, the gay handkerchiefs over many of the ladies' heads, gave the walks a very bright appearance. Stretching behind the town is the great upper chain of the Caucasus, which commences on the north side of the Black Sea, east of the Azof, and runs 700 miles southeasterly into a deep notch it makes in the Caspian. These mountains rise very rapidly by a few tall foot-hills on the north or European side, and spread far to the south, covering a large country lying between the two great inland seas. The real backbone of the whole range lifts immediately from the European side. Vladikavkas looks at this mighty backbone, and sees it throughout a length of 75 miles, for on its northern line the range is almost straight, with no spurs. First there are a succession of foot-hills in range, beautifully wooded and green, which look as if mantles of emerald velvet, soft and smooth, were spread over them. These foot-hills have prettily undulating crests, and are broken and uneven, but softened and toned down by the small trees and bushes which cover them. They stand generally in a single row, a sort of ornamental bodyguard in front of the monarchs. Behind these advanced foot-hills are, in mighty column, the real guard—tall, rugged rocky mountains—broken, full of precipices and deep gorges, and crested with massive, sharp rocks, lifting in horns and jagged teeth. These, if they were the main range, would be grand mountains. But they are overtopped by the great snow-capped peaks which cut the sky over and beyond them. In many features these mountains are among the finest in the world, and, viewed from the north, present a noble outline. For hundreds of miles they lift up boldly to an average height of nearly 11,000 feet. Elbruz and Kazbek, respectively 18,500 and 16,500 and odd feet, occupying the centre of the vast line—themselves, however, perhaps not far from 120 miles apart. Kazbek, until comparatively lately supposed the taller of the two, stands behind Vladikavkas, his lofty, steep dome of burnished silver, flanked by other peaks to the east and west, reminds one somewhat of the view had at Interlaken in the Swiss oberland. The different peaks here, however, do not apparently run along in snowy heights from Kazbek, but lift at intervals, this appearance owing probably to parts of them being hidden by the terrible rocky mountains in advance.

Unfortunately, there is no elevation in the town from which to take in this whole view. At the rear door of a large store we found a point from which to take in a large and the best part of the picture. The proprietor, seeing us there for quite a while,

brought us chairs, so that at leisure we watched the huge mountains for much more than an hour as the sun sank to his rest. A few fleecy clouds hung around the giddy heights, now veiling them, then slowly passing off. Here a cone was lit up and glowed. There another in shadow was cold and spectral. Now the snows glistened white under the falling rays; then they became pink or rose, and finally of a golden pink or delicate salmon. We looked till the horizontal sunbeams painted the whole in mellow golden tint. I turned away quickly that I might hold in memory the glorious scene.

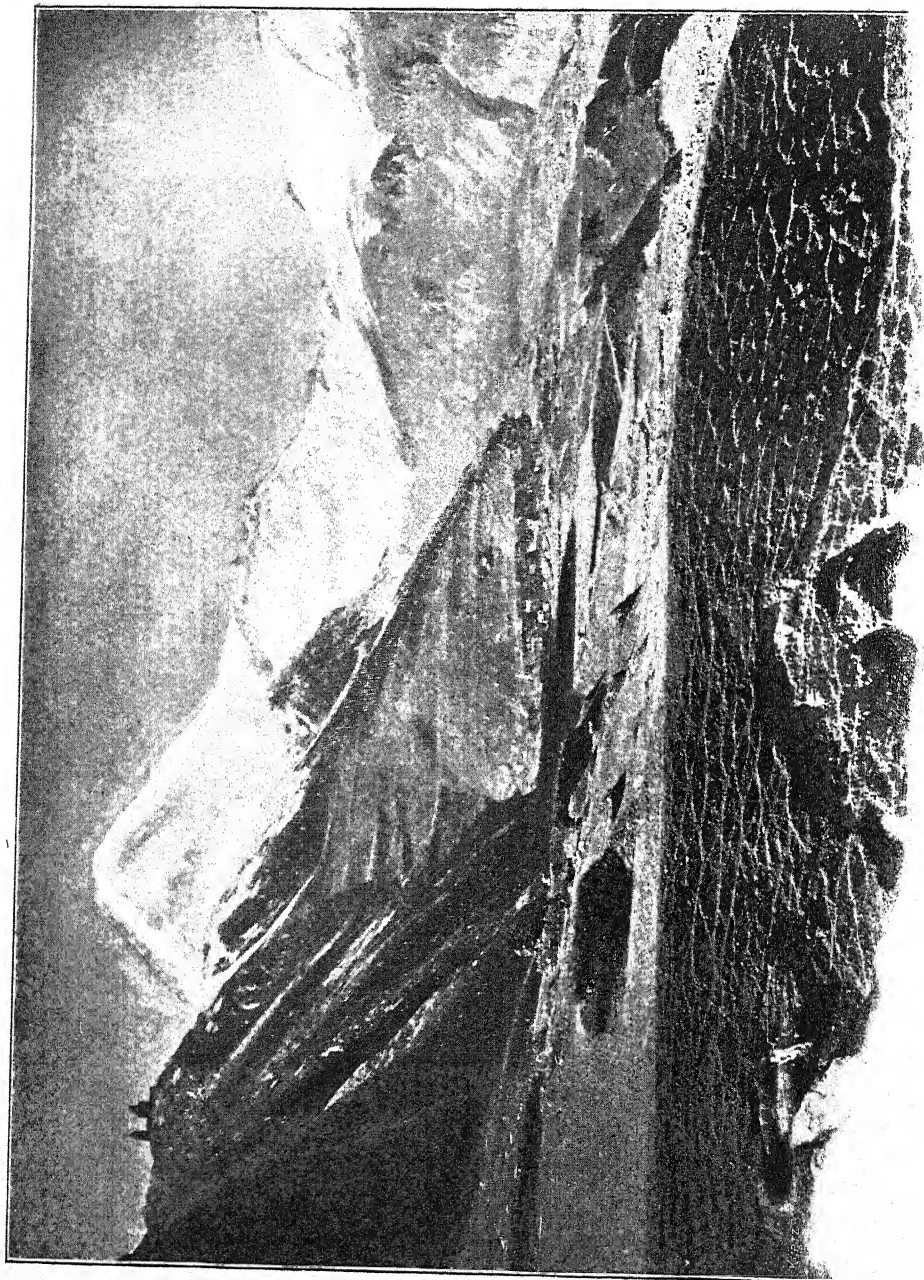
We took a long walk in the morning about the town. Standing at a corner, doubtful which way to go, an intelligent man in fairly good German asked if he could assist us. We got into conversation. Learning whence we came, he asked if the Jews prospered there. On my telling him of their great thrift and success in our town, he sighed and said he often dreamed of America, and wondered if he might ever reach it, and inquired as to the probable cost of reaching New York. We were in the Jewish quarter, and were soon surrounded by quite a number—men, women, and children, whose dark eyes and other marked features showed their ancestry. They do not anywhere since we left Poland wear the marked costume there seen, nor have they that studied, solemn look so characteristic of the Polak sons of Israel. In the outskirts of the town a Russian officer, seeing us again doubtful which way to take, pointed to a road running into the country, and evidently indicated that we should follow it. A half-mile's walk explained his meaning. We came in sight of a military encampment. A spot perhaps a quarter of a mile square had been planted in trees in regular transverse rows, now old enough to make a nice shade. In the squares made by the cross rows, and elevated on tufted plats, were pitched the tents of a regiment. Passing in front, we were ordered off by a sentinel. We walked down the side, and seeing some officers on the porch of one of their quarters—comfortable one-story houses in the rear of the tented camp—I approached to apologize for our intrusion. We were invited to be seated, and finding two or three who spoke some French were invited to the mess-tent to take a glass of wine. It was 12 o'clock, and their dinner was nearly ready. After a glass of wine taken and some jokes with the officers—there were by this time a dozen present—we were pressed to remain and eat with them. We did so, and had a right jolly good time. They were all young, for it was a lieutenant mess,—and I, too, cannot realize, except when climbing, that I am not a boy. Joke after joke passed in bad French, helped out by worse German, and laughter was the rule. We finally parted, and left behind us as nice a set of young fellows as I have ever met, bright, genial, polite, and finely mannered young men, who again showed us that the Russian bear can have very velvety paws.

Our English guide-book had made us expect the hotels of Vladikavkas to be bad, dirty, and buggy, and we intended to hurry through. The hotels have improved, or the traveller who gave Murray his ideas was over fastidious. We found the Hotel de France quite comfortable for two nights, and its director most kindly gave us much assistance in getting a carriage and providing for post-horses over the mountains to Tiflis.

We took a "tarantas"—a sort of strong victoria—and engaged relays of horses for the whole distance, three to each station, of which there are 12, the run varying from 12 to 20 versts. The distance to Tiflis is 201 versts, 134 miles. A "telega" or springless wagon is generally used by officers, and costs less, and the diligences, two daily, still less. But we, for the time being, own our carriage, and can take as many days for the trip as we may wish. Horses are harnessed abreast up to four. On the steep parts of the road the diligence uses as many as eight, four at the pole and two and two in the lead, the two preceding spans having a position to each.

We started from Vladikavkas before the sun had risen. An hour's run brought us into the foot-hills along the banks of the swift-rushing Terek. Not a single cloud or a cloudlet was to be seen. The green hills were deliciously fresh in the cool morning air. The rocky monsters behind were sullen, dark, and repellant in their rugged grandeur; their denticulated crests were cut clear and exact upon the snowy masses rearing behind, white, cold, and as bright as burnished silver. As we rode onward the sun dipped into the valleys, warming up and lifting the moisture-laden atmosphere, which reaching and touching the snowy heights, was caught, and its invisible woof woven by icy fingers into filmy clouds. Now a delicate cloud-spray rose and bent like a wreath of pale smoke from the loftiest point; then spray met spray, thickened, and fell like gossamer-mantles over the monarch's shoulders, while above the snow-crowned brow caught up and held the glowing sunbeams. Up the banks of the rushing Terek we rode, our driver cracking his whip, and the bells on our shaft-horse merrily jingling. On our right and on our left rose near by the bush-covered hills, and then came the rocky, inner line in massive and mighty precipices, broken and cleft, and revealing bits of snow-clads beyond.

The scenery along the narrow pass was fine from the beginning, and, growing finer as we proceeded, became terrifically grand, at the Dariel Gorge, which gives its name to the entire pass. Through a cleft in the mountains, which lift thousands of feet above, the rushing stream has cut its way. Roaring in a succession of cascades, it whirls below. High above, the mountains lift in point upon point—needles and teeth upon needles and teeth. We entered a sort of vast pit, cut down in ragged, jagged masses of solid rock, the broken-pointed and denticulated



MOUNT KAZBEK FROM STATION IN CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

pinnacles of its rim reaching the blue sky, thousands of feet above us. The cleft through which the river rushes is of solid granite, which has here upheaved the mighty backbone of the range, carrying the stratified rocks far aloft, bending and pitching them into broken curves and vertical sections. These, through the wash and melt of countless ages, have been split into pinnacles and spires, horns and jagged teeth, rising one above the other, so closely pitched as to seem perpendicular when viewed from below. Passing through the cleft we were in a mighty rock-pit, the walls of which at the lower cleft and at the one above so blending and running into each other in their confusion, that there seemed absolutely no exit. We seemed caged in a rocky crucible, whose upper edges were thousands of feet above us, and up which no human foot could climb. A sharp bend, however, brought us through another cleft where there was a Russian fortress, and on a rock, several hundred feet high, was perched an old ruin built 1,800 years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world. These two clefts, in the granite ribs of the earth, are the celebrated "Portæ Caucasæ," locking the pass between the Roman empire and the unconquerable Scythians, whose home was the boundless steppes of the north. Not far from this, cut as a gallery high upon the terrific precipice, we saw a narrow road far above us, running along the dizzy crag. When and by whom built I know not, for there is no mention of it in the guide-book, and no one we met could tell any thing of it. Perhaps it was chiselled by those hard Roman hands, whose iron grip knew no relenting, when a *senatus consultum* had decreed a nation was to be destroyed, nor could we see any use for it, unless the pass below, was, at the time that this was cut, a lake which has since broken through.

Passing through the Dariel Gorge, and soon ascending by easy grade over the fine military road, Kazbek rose close by us, his head shaped like a Georgian's cap, or a very steep dome. A great glacier descended from his shoulders, now in deep fissures clear and greenish under our glasses, then broken over some lofty crags, it showed a mighty precipice of riven snow. This glacier was not colored and stained by dust and débris, but was white, pure and as undefiled as a snowflake just caught in its fall. Here we found a well-built station, and close by a village of Circassian mountaineers. Seated at a window looking out upon the snowy mountain, we had a delicious meal of mountain-trout, and drank to the health of old Kazbek in a bottle of Caucasian wine. After dinner, finding a bench near the house, I lay down, and breathing from a fragrant cigar, gave myself up to one of the sweetest of all delights—a communion with undefiled nature. I fear I am too much in love with nature and her creation to describe her in her various haunts—each one is so beautiful that I am apt to think the present one unequalled by any which has

gone before. A lot of men and boys gathered about us to sell crystals and other specimens. Our opera-glasses made them forget trade. These have been the delight of the ignorant in all nations.

We did not see many flocks on our upward trip, but in the narrow valley there were small herds of roach-back hogs—queer, plucky little fellows, with prodigious crops of bristles and little meat. Now and then a flock of sheep could be seen on a steep slope, looking as though they were hanging rather than walking upon it. The mountains abound in game—chamois, roebuck, and wild boar, bear, stags, and the ibex. We saw a pair of horns from the latter, lately killed, which weighed 50 pounds. We met many vehicles passing from Tiflis and beyond, where all Russians who can, leave for the hot summer months. The stations are government houses where change of horses is had, a slight buffet is spread, and where a good many people can sleep in a large common room by providing their own bedding; each station has also a room or two with comfortable beds. They are run on the principle of the East Indian rest-houses. A traveller has a right to stop two or three days on payment of a moderate fee for lodging, and longer if no other traveller needs his place. We spent two nights in them, and not at those recommended, but where our convenience demanded, and were very comfortable. The guide-book dwells upon the necessity of bug-powder, etc., in all of this country. We have not felt a flea or any other nocturnal brute. The English are so particular that they keep themselves miserable. They are like the avenue lady who insisted that the mayor should keep nude boys from bathing off the break-water, admitting at the same time that she could see nothing shocking except when she used her glasses.

Where the valley widened out after passing Kazbek station, villages often perched upon the steep slopes, and queer two and three story towers, sloping upward like an obelisk, and occasionally the ruin of a castle of considerable size and of picturesque appearance. Some of these towers are seen dizzily roosting upon steep and high rocks, where in the days of yore the Georgian chiefs could swoop down upon caravans passing from Europe to Asia, or vice versa. I suspect, however, they were used mainly as places of refuge for villagers when attacked by hostile clans. The village houses are all little flat huts of stone, laid without mortar, and roofed over with flags on which dirt and turf is spread. I went into some of them, a few kopecks given to the children winning the mother's heart. They were mere man-stables. A bench or two and a shelf—dirty and smoky, and stinking from the smell of the cow-coal which is stacked in and about them. They have no chimneys, the smoke from the stinking fuel blacking the walls. From Dariel Gorge up to and for a station or two beyond the summit, there are no trees, and the other

fuel cut into blocks or flattened in cakes is the only one. We saw an old man carrying an armful of this, not over-dry, on his left arm, while under his right were a couple of loaves of black bread. I asked myself the question; "After all, what is dirt? Is it not simply a sentiment or a conventionalism?" At the station below the summit a side stream came down from quite a valley. In the junction of the two streams, and quite among the huts of the small village, is a little graveyard. There was a peculiar smell in it. I was unable to decide whether it was from a dead man or a dead rat. They to me are nearly the same. Being curious, I looked closely, but could not see the rat; there was, however, a little, rough stone-pile over a grave not long made, and a rat or a bad-smelling ghost may have been among the loose stones.

Over the same village is an enormous precipice, hundreds of feet high, and jutting over. The under half of it is composed of basaltic columns, laid flat, the ends forming the wall. It resembled a vast pile of oddly-hewn timbers, seen at the ends; over some feet of it were the cow-cakes drying—a heroic filth-dryer. The whole pass would be a charming place for a geologist to study; the rock formations are so peculiar and of so many varieties; great cliffs, a mile long, looking like Titanic heaps of chocolate; trapite cliffs and basaltic colonnades, metamorphic rocks in vertical sections, dark and shiny; granite shoving into, and now and then bursting through, the overlying rocks. The gradations of heat through which these several rocks passed is so distinct and marked that I should think a scientific man would find them a valuable book to read. The distance between the last northern station and the summit was made over a beautifully winding road, bending and doubling again and again over itself. We were among snowdrifts of last winter, or of late slides, and our road at one point was cut through a solid mass of white ice 10 to 15 feet deep, and the river, now a little mountain torrent, often ran through tunnels of its own cutting under acres of hard snow which will not melt away yet for a month or more. White Alpine roses and a purple flower, shaped like a hyacinth, were spread over the upper somewhat level tracts. Sometimes the rose of pale white, lying close to the upland meadows, made them look as if covered with myriads of huge snowflakes. The short grass wore that strange emerald green, more intense even than the emerald itself, which is seen nowhere other than on lofty places where the summer's sun carries the snow covering quickly away. At a little under 8,000 feet we were on the line dividing Europe and Asia. Suddenly the sky just over us darkened, lightnings flashed, and thunder rolled, and great hail stones rattled on our lifted carriage-top and made our horses dash madly on and down the steep grade for a short distance, where we halted for the night.

Two clean beds and two cups of tea and bread in the morning cost us one rouble and 35 kopecks, or say 60 odd cents. It rained hard during the night, and a heavy fog enveloped our mountain perch when we awoke. It, however, soon lifted, and our early ride of ten miles to the next station was deliciously exhilarating. We had to go down a narrow, treeless gorge, adown which starting from the narrow heights above a stream falls with great rapidity. The roar of rushing waters came up from far below, although the head of the stream was but a little way off above us; but it was snow-fed, and quickly filled. A bee could have flown to the point we were to reach by a flight of a mile or less. We ran over about eight to reach it, without using a break or having our horse once bear upon the breeching. We used but one horse on this stage; his only duty was to guide the shafts. Winding about a perfect grade, he trotted rapidly, while we saw our road now a quarter of a mile to our right, then 100 or so feet below, and then again away off to the left. At one point four tracks lay visible below which we were to reach in succession after many a beautiful bend. I have been over Swiss and Tyrolean carriage-roads, but over none where so rapid a descent was made by such easy and regular grade, and displaying so fine engineering. We reached the Aragra River, down whose banks we were to descend for a long distance. Although separated by only a few miles from the northern slope of the great backbone of the Caucasus, we were not only on Asiatic soil but also in an Asiatic clime. The difference was perceptible to the senses of feeling and of sight. Vegetation took a ranker growth, and the little mountain crops were far in advance of those at much lower heights on the European side; and the snows were much higher up the mountain, and were soon seen only in the loftiest gorges. Many flocks of sheep and herds of cattle hung upon the lofty, grassy slopes, and wheat was at first green, and in a couple of hours knee-high. The green, grassy mountains began to wear a few trees, and before we reached this station, at ten o'clock, were covered by dense woods almost as luxuriant as one sees in a tropical land. The northern side of the mountains was of rocky grandeur, and in the distance of snowy beauty. This is soft, verdant, and flowery. The northern side held us in wondering awe; this lulls us into dreamy pleasure.

After a delightful day and a half at the station mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, and where, thus far, it was written, we resumed our drive, and at the station below left the river, which made a long bend and ran up a beautiful little valley, climbing the mountains through masses of wild roses—great clumps 10 to 15 feet high and of equal diameter, almost solidly covered with flowers, mostly white, but some of a very pale pink, some of them climbing 20 to 30 feet up the trees. The roses peering out from among the glossy leaves of the wild pear were very pretty.

I suspect this is the original home of the pear. The fruit, yet green, is small and woody and very astringent. I tried to get our postilion, by sign language, to tell us if they were eaten when ripe. I understood his signs to be negative. There was also wild hollyhock, bush dwarfed, flower large and yellow. Is not this its original home? Along the whole valley are wild plums resembling small greengages. There are many flowering shrubs, and near and about Tiflis pomegranates are blooming in wild, unfrequented spots. The flora of the whole pass is abundant, and many of the specimens very fine.

Our road, after leaving the river, ran over a rounded, mountainous country, topped by a high-rolling farming land, of good soil, red, but mixed with large gravel, making plowing very heavy. In spite of this the ground was broken from six to ten inches. To do this, eight yoke of oxen and buffalo were hitched to the plow, which had a long wooden share fully three feet long, laying the glebe so perfectly over that not a spear of grass or weed could be seen. The farming on this upland was excellent, and the crops of wheat and rye very heavy. In the centre of this upland of a few miles' diameter is the old Armenian city, Duchet, six or eight centuries old, and once the capital of the Georgian province. Whether these Armenians are the farmers or not I could not learn; if so, they are as good farmers as traders. It was not until lately they were allowed to acquire real estate. Rapidly, by purchase or mortgage, they are getting into their hands much of the best land in the country. The Georgians save nothing. They are vain, and love show and dress, and mortgages are easy things to make. After regaining the river, having made some 16 versts across country, the valley was wider then when we left it, and the stream spread in still rapid descent over a broad, shingly bottom. Every half mile or so there were little mills along the bank, queer structures, about 12 by 15 feet, and not over eight feet high, with flat mud roofs. The wheel, not over six or eight feet in diameter, turns horizontally, its centre beam being also the spindle for the stone. The stone necessarily revolves rather slowly.

Fourteen miles from Tiflis the stream we had been descending emptied into the Kur, a bold river which cuts its narrow channel through a solid rock, and flows for a long distance in a canyon 30 to 40 or more feet deep. At the junction was once the capital of Georgia—the rich city of Mtskete, now a little village. Tradition carries its foundation back to a time not long after the flood, and history tells of it in Roman times. We passed over a handsome bridge, built upon the foundations of a structure erected by great Pompey, at the feet of whose statue great Cæsar fell; then running under lofty rocks or over a pretty valley, with some vineyards of the grape of the Caucasus, we reached Tiflis, the capital, where I now write. We have been more than usually

fortunate in our trip. We had beautiful weather, except for an hour one evening—I am told an unusual thing, for it is rarely clear two days at a time in these mountains. We have now been here four days, and learned that just behind us was a fearful storm, carrying away much of the road. Willie says it is all our luck. He is almost justified in the assertion, for, excepting a few days in Constantinople, we have not been interrupted by rain since we left home.

We found no Transcaspian permit here, and no message from St. Petersburg. The day after our arrival we presented ourselves at the palace of Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, governor-general of Caucasia. We were told he could not be seen until the next morning. I expressed my regret, and sent up our cards and the letter of introduction from the governor-general of Moscow, and asked the attendant to deliver them as soon as possible. Before we had time to quit the palace he returned and motioned us to ascend. We were ushered in without ceremony. There was no retinue or aides. The governor was alone, seated at a working-table. Rather gruffly he demanded our wishes. I explained. He said the whole thing had to come from the war department, and that no message had been sent him on the subject. I told him in French what our minister had written me at Moscow, and that I had again written him to telegraph the permit to his excellency, and that I could account for the fact of none having come only by the departure from St. Petersburg of Mr. Lothrop the very day I had written. I told him that we in America saw Russia and her advances into Asia to a great extent through English mediums; that I had come to the country prejudiced against it, and that already much of this prejudice had been removed. I spoke so rapidly that politeness forced the prince to listen. It was well, for his countenance softened, and in pretty good English he said, when I showed a disposition to leave: "Sit down, please," and then told me that up to lately the Transcaspian country had been under his jurisdiction, but was now no longer, but he would at once telegraph to the Minister of War, Vanovsky, for a permit. He said he would like me to go to Samarcand, but feared I would find it excessively hot; that he had a sunstroke there years ago, from which he had never entirely recovered. He then offered a cigarette, and when we again rose to leave he got up, saying he wished to show us something. He took us into his cabinet of curiosities, a very large and valuable collection—arms of many sorts, old vases and antiquities picked up in the mountains; exquisite rugs, beautifully carved furniture, etc.,—all of his own gathering during his many years in this country—40 odd, I think—and several while in his present position. He told me he was 70. I said he certainly had taken good care of himself. He laughed and showed me his left hand, all crippled up with a wound, and

pointed to his leg, which had been broken in battle, to a wound in his shoulder and another in his side. In fact, the old general was a weather-beaten and war-stricken soldier; had fought in many a battle, and assisted in all of the victories won by the Russians for many years. He then carried us through all of the state-rooms of this splendid palace, which was built by the Grand Duke Michael when governor. The prince's particular hobby just now is the founding of a historical, military museum of the Caucasus country; its arms through all ages, portraits, when possible, of its great men, and all illustrated by very large battle-pieces, in one or two of which he himself was a figure. These latter are now around the large room in the palace, and were really very good. Passing through the splendid rooms and upon a balcony to look at the large, handsome garden, I remarked he certainly had a splendid palace to live in. He answered with a smile and a sigh; "Yes, to show to travellers," adding that he was alone, had lost his wife a year ago. His voice trembled and won my sympathy. He kept us an hour, and was very kind, several times laying his hand upon my shoulder when he wished to direct my attention to some particular thing, and seeing Willie examining some books with English titles on the Caucasus, he told him to take some of them to the hotel to read and to bring them back himself, thereby inviting him to return. When he gets an answer to his telegram he promised to notify me. The weather-stained old warrior has helped to rub down some more of my anti-Russian prejudice.

Tiflis is an interesting city, with a population of largely over 100,000. Twenty-four thousand Georgians, 35,000 to 40,000 Armenians, 30,000 Russians, and several thousand Germans. These latter settled here as refugees from Wurtemberg long ago, to avoid religious persecution. They speak Russian and are loyal to Russia, but the "colony," as the German quarter is called, shows their Teutonic characteristics, namely: neatness, thrift, and comfort about their homes. The long main street in their colony is lined with shade-trees, mostly lindens, and now deliciously fragrant; fine gardens, with a luxuriant growth of fruit-trees and vineyards, give their residences a charming, home-like aspect. Seeing a nice frau and fraulein promenading in one of these grounds, we were sorely tempted to go in and introduce ourselves. I understand that while thoroughly true to the government these deutschen do not love the Russians. The Armenians are the real business men, of the place, and control the bulk of its wealth. They care not for nationality, but adhere strictly to their religion and to their commercial avocations. They and the Russians live and commingle in their residences and society. There is little difference between them and their costumes. The Georgians are all of the Greek church, and hold many offices, as, I believe the Armenians do also. The wealth of the latter gives

them great influence in the country. They are beginning to own its best farms and populate many of its best towns and villages. The Georgians, to a great extent, wear their own picturesque costume of conical astrachan caps, long robes gathered at the waist by a silver belt, with a double row of cartridges on either breast, and long dagger, and sometimes sword, with pistols at their belts. The head-dress of a majority of the ladies seen on the street is a small, stiff, round cap, somewhat lifting from the crown, over which is thrown a large silk or lace handkerchief tied under the chin, generally of heavy figured white—sometimes of bright color—and under this a rather long lace veil hanging behind. It is very becoming, having much the same effect upon the face as a Spanish mantilla. It is certainly far prettier than the bonnet of French fashion worn by others.

Again I am forced to say that French fashions, while stylish, are conventionally pretty, but are generally artistically damnable. Of all the villainous tyrannies ever oppressing a cringing world, the tyranny of French fashion is the most detestable. Statesmen and patriots rail at the tyranny of kings, emperors, and sultans, but I honestly believe that the tyranny of Queen Fashion is to-day doing more harm in Christendom than all the sultans and despots of the East do in their own lands. Its changing whims breed extravagance and waste; it destroys the health of women, kills babies, and sends men into the world deformed and but half made up.

One can, in a few hours walk in Tiflis, see as great contrasts in nationalities as in any other city we have yet visited. One locality is modern European, with American open fronts and French styles; another old German; a third is thoroughly Persian a fourth simply and purely Asiatic. In the latter two one sees Tartars, Bulgarians, laboring Georgians, men in high Persian caps, and men with sheepskin caps as big as half-bushel baskets. In them men sit cross-legged or on their haunches in and before their little shops, doing all sorts of mechanical labor, and the streets are redolent with that peculiar odor which pervades the mighty East. This odor is as peculiar and distinct as the smell of a wet dog, and as indescribable. One recognizes it at once, but no one can enable another by description to even guess how it is, or what it is.

The city lies on either bank of the Kur River on a narrow, sloping valley, with low mountains, barren, treeless, and generally brown, but at this season moderately clothed with thin grass, behind the town on each side. The river runs through it in a narrow channel cut deep down into the rock. At one point for half a mile or more this rock lifts in a precipice over 100 feet high. Back of this is the old Asiatic city. On it the rear of houses rise sheer with the cliff, some of them of two or three stories. Many of them have balconies hanging several feet over the water rushing

far below. From these one sees people emptying rubbish into the river, and drawing water with a bucket and long rope. All sorts of rubbish and filth are thrown into the river from the banks, or from the several bridges which span the narrow stream. The water is thickly muddy, and richly yellow in color; it rushes under its steep banks with great speed—boiling, eddying, and tumbling—reminding me much of the Frazer in its canyons. So even and regular is its surging flow that it wears a rather majestic look, though its width is sometimes under 100 feet, and nowhere over 300. Mills are strung along under the bank in one quarter of the town on a sort of floats or keels. Their large wheels are rapidly turned by the natural current. I counted eleven of these, one after another, before the stream bent and was hidden from view. The city has a good street-railway and a water-supply, with a very strong head at the street hydrants. There are fine, hot mineral baths close by. I think the name of the town means "bath place." But how we do revel in the delicious cherries,—great, black, luscious and pulpy fruit, as solid as peach flesh; others are pink, sub-acid and delightful; still others, equally large, are of a slightly yellowish white. There are also good apricots and plums. The Germans in the town and in some villages near by are the gardeners. To them, too, is owed largely the grape and its product, a really delightful, fruity, rich wine, both white and deep red.

The Georgians claim a very early Christianity, from the time of the earliest Christian emperors, when it was a Roman province. They are a fine-looking race, very fair, straight, and slender. They hate the Armenians, call them thieves, etc. They are themselves very improvident, save nothing, are heavily mortgaged to the Armenians, and hate them accordingly. I have seen nothing yet to justify the reputation of the women for great beauty. A peep in Constantinople under a Turkish yashmak and youthful ardor and imagination have contributed more, I suspect, for their great reputation than nature has done. A dark eye and a white forehead seen from behind a veil enables a fervid imagination to fashion a beauty which a fully revealed face would not bear out. A French modiste knows this part of man's nature, and she does more by permitting a peep or a glimpse to allure us susceptible bipeds than Eve ever does in the East by adopting nature's simple uncovering. The Russians have struggled hard to stop the trade in girls for the Turkish harem, but an intelligent Georgian told me it was still carried on to a limited extent, but insisted it existed only upon the mountains near the Black Sea, and not in his part of the country. But, after all, is the hatred of the thing not sickly sentimentality? A handsome girl is sold to a Turk—she becomes his wife—and her parents from her price in their old age have some comforts. Left here, she and they live like pigs in a sty. The girls do not go as unwilling slaves, or,

at least, not more so than many a beauty at home, who marches grandly up the church aisle to the wedding march, smothered in orange blossoms and lace, and is given by prudent pater-familias to some rich *roué* or half-made-up Dives. It is not in Georgia and Circassia alone that warm young hearts are turned to stone for the sweet privilege of treading on soft, Oriental carpets, and sipping tea in egg-shell china, and eating from silvered plate. Kings and emperors would suppress the selling of slave girls, and yet their own wives, daughters, and sisters are a species of princely merchandise. Not far from the Baltic there are royal studs where princesses are bred and regularly trotted out and right royally sold. The thing is called state alliances. Following these are those shining examples for common folks to follow, such as Milan's platonic flirtations with actresses, crown princesses drinking many waters while their husbands dissipate in pastures green, and imperial morganatic widows the leaders at Nice, etc., etc. Bah! the slave trade in girls has been partially suppressed under these grand mountains, but it is still rife in princely palaces in Belgravia, and possibly in fashionable American society, and is of a beastly character in London purlieus.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CASPIAN SEA—BAKU AND ITS MARVELLOUS OIL WELLS— PETROLEUM AS A FUEL—BALAKHANA—A BURNING SEA—NATURAL GAS.

Steamship, Caspian Sea, June 30th.

I COMMENCE this on the Caspian. There is a small sea coming from the east; still our ship of only 300 tons, lies directly in the trough, and rocks like a cradle. Many of the deck passengers, of whom there are about 100—Persians, Tartars, Georgians, and Russians—are paying their awful tribute to old Neptune, and our only Oriental first class passenger, a fat, greasy, and in every way disgusting looking Persian, is heaving and retching, as if he would pull the sole of his foot up through his stomach, just at the bottom of the gangway and under the deck cabin in which I, with difficulty, write. Willie suggests that we throw the fat Persian overboard as the Jonah that causes our ship to roll when there is no wind blowing, but it is at once voted that he cannot be of the family of the original live bait, and, therefore, would not, as the one of old did, appease the god of waves, for no whale could keep this greasy old chap down for a half-hour.

I look out of our windows upon this great inland sea. It is a mass of rolling green—not the slightest tinge of blue in its deep waters—and I am told that, even where it is 400 fathoms deep, it has the same grass-green hue as here. The Russian fathom has seven feet. This mighty sea is about 700 miles long and about 200 in width. It lies in its isolated bed 89 to 90 feet below the surface of the Black Sea. Its waters are dense and bitter, but have only three per cent. of salt, whereas the Atlantic has about five. We took a swim in it at Baku, and found the water very soft, perhaps more so than elsewhere, for there millions of gallons of petroleum washings escape into it daily. It looked clean, however, with now and then some rainbow tints thrown off from filmy patches of oil floating upon the surface. A sail is never out of sight; over 5,000 belong to this sea. Most of them are engaged in fishing, for it teems with fish,—some of them of delicious flavor. Twenty-two thousand men are employed in the business on this sea, exclusive of a still larger number on the Volga, and the catch is over 350,000 tons, a large amount being taken for the roe alone, for the manufacture of the celebrated caviar. This peculiar Rus-

sian food is exported to all parts of the world, but only those who visit southern Russia and taste it when fresh can have any idea of how delicious it is.

I look toward the left over wild Daghesten, and towering above is the snow-clad range of the Caucasus, great masses of broken mountains, some of them glistening with eternal snows, smooth and burnished. Among these, more or less near the Caspian, are the deep valleys and lofty fastnesses in which Schamyl so long bid defiance to the Russian power. Among the historic paintings now being executed for Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff for his museum is one representing the surrender of this great mountain chief. The motive of the picture is peculiar, and, I believe, unique. The Russian artist depicts Schamyl in sullen disgust, his face averted, and holding a sword as if saying: "Here it is, hacked and worn. I have fought you for years, for I hated you, and hate you still, but my old weapon is no longer edged and sharp; take it. I cannot hand it to you!" I mentioned this to the prince. He replied: "It was historically true."

We were five days in Tiflis, and were not wearied of it. It is really a charming city, has some very pretty gardens, and very fine views, and presents decided and marked types of people. In it one can study central Asiatic peoples most advantageously, for, while in close juxtaposition, each maintains its tribal characteristics as thoroughly as if isolated by long distances. In one quarter one is in Persia among men of a delicate type, wearing rather long hair, soft as silk and black, but dyed with a slightly logwood-tint, and covered by tall, straight caps. In another he is surrounded by Tartars and Bucharians of strong features, of wild Mongol cast, in rough, coarse garments, and wearing huge, rounded caps, a foot to a foot and a half in diameter, of heavily-woolled sheepskin. In another Armenian thrift and sharpness meet the view at every turn. In still others there is the light and cheerful Georgian, living in the sunshine of to-day, and careless of what the morrow may bring. Besides these there is the clean and home-like German colony, and scattered everywhere Russians, who mingle freely with all, and are slowly but surely russianizing all. If they be as slow in every thing else, however, as they are in their red-tape official actions, their progress will not be rapid. For example, Mr. Lothrop, our Minister at St. Petersburg, wrote me on the 8th of June that he had applied for a permit for me to go to Samarcand. On the 10th he wrote again that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had applied to the War Department, where the matter belonged, and that I would receive it in two or three days. The governor-general of Caucasus telegraphed to the War Department for it, saying to me it would certainly come in one or two days. I then received a letter from our legation, dated the 15th, informing me that the War Department had promised to send it at once. On the 26th, 11 days

after the date of that letter, and 18 after the first application, nothing coming, I became disgusted and resolved to abandon the trip, and drew money to carry us to Nijni Novgorod, by the Volga route.

We then called upon the prince to thank him for his kindness, and to pay our parting compliments. The brave old soldier received us most kindly, and seemed chagrined that he had received no reply to his telegram. He was alone and entertained us for more than an hour on a balcony overlooking the palace garden, where tea and wine were served. His manner has the simplicity of an old soldier, and his conversation is thoroughly free and easy. I was enabled to learn something of Russian ideas and management, looking through the eyes of one of the governing powers, and not of the governed. For he is the governor of the whole of Caucasus, is a member of the Imperial council, and has a vice-regal power over the governors of the several Caucasian provinces. He is a blunt, plain, and rather outspoken man, in his manner very democratic, and, though 70, is active and full of life. He gave me his photo, and to Willie the letter of Prince Dolgoroukoff introducing us, with some kind words written in it by himself. With the hope that we would see Russia as thoroughly as possible, through our American eyes, and not through those of the English, he wished us all good things, and saw us to door of the outer hall. Thus, by the simple claim of American sovereignty, we have received most kindly treatment from two of the great rulers of this mighty land, and one of them, at least, won from us a warm and kindly sympathy, I believe not misplaced, though he be one of the lords of the earth. Remarking that on our visits the prince was alone, I congratulated him upon the apparent happiness of the people I had met in his province, but that I feared he himself was somewhat isolated. He said yes, that he felt he could not stand it much longer, that he had lost his poor wife, and two of his closest friends within a year; that his eldest son was compelled to be with his regiment, and his other was in the navy. He was thus alone, and could hardly stand it. The world thinks that all is bright and gorgeous among the great ones of the earth, but there is as much sadness and lonely-weariness in the gilded halls of a palace as in the humblest cottage; and, indeed, probably more, for the comparison between the days of pampered indulgence and luxury, and the moments of solitude and sorrow makes the latter more bitter than is the sorrow of the lowly, who are educated to endure.

At midnight we took the train for Baku, the great petroleum centre of Russia. At daylight we were in a broad, flat valley, lying between the greater and the lesser Caucasus mountains. The latter, to our south, lifted, not far off, 12,000 or more feet, and was clothed in snow. In the far distance over them

were others. I saw sharp, conical, burnished peaks in the far-off which I took to be Ararat. His peaks are very precipitous and difficult of climbing. I could not help thinking what a hard time the mighty line of living things had when marching by twos, male and female, from these cold, bleak heights down into the plains below after the great flood had subsided; and what a time good old Noah must have had to keep some of his warm-blooded pets from freezing on that lofty 16,000 feet high pinnacle. Noah's ark, with its countless denizens, was always to me harder to swallow even than Jonah's three-days' sojourn in the whale's belly. What a pity our theologians do not boldly preach that the Bible is a mighty system of truth, but that its truths come to us clothed in Oriental legend and fable—that the truth is there, pure and undefiled, as the grain is pure and uncontaminated by the chaff in which it is housed—instead of trying to make a reasoning world swallow the chaff for solid kernels. Then many a thinking man, who, finding himself choked by the husks and hulls, throws out the whole, grain and all, would learn to see the grand truths abundant and rich, like the golden wheat in the dun and dusty straw.

For countless ages God's truths were handed down from mouth to mouth, and to enable memory more readily to hold them were clothed in poetic figures and Oriental hyperbole. The Asiatic husbandman holds his trodden harvest aloft, and as it falls the clear wind of heaven blows away the chaff, and the grain falls below as food for man. So the biblical husbandman should hold aloft the mass which has come down through countless ages of tradition, and let the pure breath of reason fan away the broken chaff, and leave the kernels of God's mighty truths to fall into the mouths of hungry and famishing seekers for the veritable and the pure. To one who runs with the sun and sees the myriads of the vast East bowing down in earnest worship of their manifold conceptions of the great ruler of the destinies of man, and studiously strives to peep through the crevices left by countless superstitions, and to brush away the metaphors and figures of Oriental poesy, there comes the dazzling brightness of the eternal—the one unknown and unknowable God, whose revelation lives and burns in every man's heart, which can never lead him widely astray, if he resolutely does unto others what he would they should do unto him.

The valley of the Kur, below Tiflis, is settled principally by Tartars. We saw many of their villages of low huts, and some temporary villages of tents, where they live while gathering crops distant from their permanent homes. They are a hardy set of fellows, are first-class workers, and command one's respect by doing men's work by men, and not forcing women to do her own and her lord's duty to boot. They are all Mohammedans, and as such the women's faces are concealed, even those of the humblest;

but I am told there is a growing relaxation of the rule among them when there are Russian neighbors, who become somewhat intimate with the men. We saw a number of groups of women with their little children squatted not far from the road, with a band of cloth drawn across the upper face, and another on the lower part, permitting the eyes alone to be seen. The men all wear huge sheepskin caps, spreading very wide at the bottom, and slightly tapering and rounding off at the top, and nearly as large as a half-bushel measure. They wear these winter and summer. They cut or shear the head, some, however, retaining, like the Persians, a large lock about the ears. The face is full-bearded, the beard often dyed to a rich red. The Persians, by the way, as far as we have observed, or at least many do, dye the hair to a soft reddish-black, and many of them shave the beard, but leave a full mustache. The Tartars are not only the farmers of this part of the world, but the hard day laborers and railroad workers. We are informed they are steady and industrious. At Baku all of the drosky drivers, teamsters, and the bulk of the laborers generally are of these people. They seem cheerful, manly, good-natured, and independent. They look a man fearlessly in the face, and are not afraid to maintain their rights against even a Russian officer, and would return a blow for a blow with any man.

The mountains, both north and south, as seen from the Kur valley, are brown and nearly treeless, and before reaching the sea, were as bleak and desolate as those of Egypt. The plain is thin in soil, but I am told the wheat produced is of a very fine quality. Irrigation is necessary for steady crops, for the rain is not regular, and near the sea very rare. Much of the valley plain is green with wild licorice, thousands of tons being annually exported. It is a low-growing, weedy-looking shrub. This, too, seems the original home of the asparagus, much of it, with its spreading top of red berries, being seen indigenous along the road. Along the banks of the Kur, where we crossed it, are thickets of pomegranates, 15 feet high, bright with orange-red flowers; and the thick wood, covering the margin for a few rods along the now overflowing stream, was vocal with glorious feathered songsters, mostly an almost black thrush.

Even far off here, where we at home suppose every thing half savage, nice lunches and delicious tea are to be had at many of the railroad stations. Our railroad managers could gain much by studying more the comfort of their passengers, and taking lessons from Russia to bring it about. A Russian station buffet or dining-room is an inviting and appetizing place—a long counter, with cool-looking-glass, tumblers, and decanters, polished and bright; a great glistening urn of boiling water, and the daintiest of teapots, all ready for a cup of fresh tea; a long carving table, with huge platters warmed by gas or oil burning below, and with

a whole roasted pig, a mutton roast, and sirloin of beef, cutlets breaded clean and brown, chickens old and young—not swimming in nasty lard gravy, but with a sauce as tempting as one could wish. You select your dishes, and sit down to a table covered with a cloth as white as snow, a napkin fresh and clean, which one does not have to wear out scrubbing fly-specked plates; good beer and wine, and all at fixed and very reasonable prices, and these, too, at small village stations.

Before reaching Baku, the broken low mountains by the sea were absolutely devoid of every vestige of growth; and I had pointed out to me what appeared to be a tall sand-hill dotted over with cones from 4 or 5 up to 20 feet high. These are little volcanoes thrown up by escapes of gas from the mighty gasometer underlying the whole country. These things, however, did not win from us the attention which we gave when looking out upon the great sea, that far-off, mighty sea of Central Asia. When this race of ours with the sun shall have ended, I fear I shall have lost one of my sources of previous enjoyment. There will be but few spots where a visit can be possible which I can look forward to seeing with enthusiasm. There is an exquisite pleasure in the first view of something much dreamed of but scarcely hoped for. The Caspian Sea was one of those at the extremity of my *ultima thule*. The sight of its calm, green waters was exhilarating to the heart as the cool, fresh sea breeze was invigorating to the cheek. Immediately about Baku the hills were somewhat cultivated. There could be seen several large Tartar villages and large flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle were browsing on the fields of lately-harvested, scanty grain. Good rains would make the land productive, but there are no streams or hills to make irrigation possible. Wells are scattered here and there—wells into which one descends by long flights of steps to meagre pools 20 to 50 feet below the surface; pools into which the water seems to ooze, rather than flow, and so shallow that one can scarcely dip a handful without stirring the bottom, yet these are the sources of the slightly brackish water which serves for men and beasts. The country has everywhere wastes and flats, white and smooth with salt.

When we alighted at the station at Baku a uniformed officer addressed me in Russian, asking if my name was "Garrison." There is no Russian "H," and the first letter of my name is always rendered with a "G." A bright German commercial traveller, Mr. Zigenfus, a fellow-voyager, informed me that the officer was the chief of police, who was directed by the governor of Baku to meet us and to see that we were properly provided for. Our good friend Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff had dispatched to the governor a request that he tender us assistance in seeing what was of interest during our stay. The aid was timely, for my pocket had been picked the night before of a few roubles and the

receipt for our baggage in the luggage-van. We would, but for this, have had much red tape to unravel before getting our valises. The telegram from "the governor-general of all Caucasus" to the "governor of Baku" was, however, a talisman which soon gave us our traps. Hardly were we in our hotel before the secretary of the governor appeared, saying he was delegated by the governor to take charge of us, and regretting that his chief had been compelled to leave town that morning, but had before leaving, countersigned a permit for us to go to Samarcand. The permit, it seems had that morning been sent the prince from the War Department, and he had forwarded it, with the further request that we be otherwise assisted. Am I to be blamed if I find my prejudices against the Russians fast dissolving into thin air, or for the warm feeling the good old soldier-prince had awakened in my heart?

It was, however, too late for us to take advantage of the permit. We had not funds for the trip, and to get them from Tiflis would entail further delay. With the full conviction that the very hot weather had soured the grapes, we left the permit unused. But now we are rather regretful that we have lost our opportunity. After all, what is, is right, and we are consoled, but we shall never think of Vanovsky, Russian Minister of War, who gave us this permit nineteen days after it was applied for without dwelling on his dilatory action, and uttering a gentle anathema aimed at Russian red tape. There was no sense in the delay, no inquiries were made, but big bodies move slowly, and all official matters in this land are big, and, therefore, must have a dignified gait. A commercial man whom we met at Tiflis had applied twenty days before, and yet was living in hopes. He, however, had business to do as he neared the Caspian and was not losing time. Mr. Lothrop, in reply to my first request to get the permit in four days, said: "Four days is a very short time to do any thing in Russia." There are in the Greek Church an intolerable number of fête-days—two hundred, I am told. On these days nothing is done. We wished to give out our wash on Saturday. "No use," the hotel people said; "to-morrow and next day are fête-days—holidays: you must wait till Tuesday." Banks are closed, and, as government studiously inculcates the dogmas of the church, the officials scrupulously observe every holiday. There were several holidays during the time we awaited our permit.

The polite secretary took us during the evening to the club in the governor's garden (a public park and the only patch of trees in the city) and early the next day accompanied us to Balakhana the oil town, eight miles from the city. As we approached, it presented the appearance of a Turkish cemetery, with tall, spire-like cypress trees close together. These were the black derricks over the wells, in the neighborhood of 400 on a space about a mile square. Here, on this little spot, come from below the

countless millions of gallons of naphtha (crude oil), which so much interferes with the oil-kings of America. There are wells in other localities about Baku, but the principal ones are at Balakhana. Here some five or six or more years ago a firm struck "ile" so furiously that they were ruined by the very vastness of the product; for weeks or months a million puds of oil poured out daily, carrying vast quantities of sand, which engulfed the houses and works of neighboring firms, and made a great lake near by and then flowed off to the sea. The damages wrought, ruined the owners of the well, and their poor engineer, unable to chain the monster, died of a broken heart. The lake has sunk down, but still its bed, around which we drove, was soggy with oil. We saw a well, bored four or five months ago. It belched forth for days 250,000 puds a day of oil and sand, covering one-story houses around it on nearly a half acre of land. The sand finally ceased to come up, and then for days from 100,000 to 200,000 puds a day spouted 20 feet in the air. It is now controlled, and over 50,000 puds flow off every 24 hours to the tanks.

It is said the Russian oil-fields stretch over a length of nearly 1,000 miles, but have only a narrow breadth of six to ten miles. At a short depth below the surface, at Balakhana, oil is reached. At first it flows for a greater or less number of months; then has to be pumped. If this diminishes too much the auger is inserted, and at a lower depth again it spurts up. The wells are close together, there being 400 on a mile square—and even on this surface and quite in the middle there is a spot, a quarter of a mile square, on which no oil has been obtained; around it stands the productive wells. The flow from one seems to be entirely unaffected by that of another a few yards removed. When the great well, bored a few months since to 130 fathoms, poured forth its vast supply, no perceptible change was noticed in that of its nearest neighbors. Though they were not near so deep. A pud is 40 Russian pounds. This well, therefore, poured out from 2,000 to 4,000 tons a day for a week, and now, under control, gushes up 800 tons a day, and not a quickened or lessened pulsation is observed in a dozen wells within 100 or 200 feet, some of them not reaching a third of its depth, and others below its bottom. These wells about Baku are delivering annually about 120,000,000 puds, or say 2,000,000 of our tons. I may be largely over or under the correct figures, but when one deals with such vast numerals the ordinary reader is sufficiently informed, even though an error of a few figures occurs.

A part of Baku is called the "black town," because of the smoke which formerly arose from the great kerosene manufactories therein situated. Twenty millions of puds of clarified, distilled, burning oil are sent each year up the Volga to be distributed throughout the north, and 10,000,000 over the railroad

to the Black Sea. These figures are, I think, correct. At a dozen or more stations we met or passed great trains with 20 to 30 huge cistern cars, such as are used in America, only larger, filled with kerosene. Five hundred ships ply in and out of the harbor distributing this oil. It now burns as the head-lights, and the residuum as the regular fuel of locomotives on daily trains running 1,000 miles beyond the Caspian into Central Asia. Who knows? Perhaps this is the light from the west which is to illumine the heart of the great continent; material light, to bring in its wake a purer spiritual light! The oil of these regions is not so strong as that of Pennsylvania and does not emit the same disagreeable odor. While at Balakhana we walked upon a soil sodden with oil, we skirted little lakes of oil, we crossed on little bridges over flowing streams of oil; streams large enough to turn good-sized mill-wheels. There was a greasy smell about it, but not as much of what we at home call petroleum smell as one catches from a half dozen of our oil barrels. Only 25 per cent. of this oil can be refined into kerosene. The Pennsylvania oil yields from 60 to 75.

While far less burning-fluid comes from this than from the same amount of American oil, yet it is claimed here that the larger refuse is much more valuable—more valuable for lubricating and for heating purposes. It is used for heating in every way. Food is cooked with it, stoves in the houses have pipes over the grates with a faucet. A man lights a fire and turns a faucet and keeps his room warm. Manufactories use no other fuel, except to light up with, for it does not burn well except over a high heat. Locomotives burn it, and ships and steamboats have dispensed with coal, and use only a few cords of wood a month to start up with. The engineer of a locomotive steps from his engine with a white shirt-front, cleaner far than that of the first class passenger, who, being behind, catches more or less dust. The fireman's clothes are greasy from the oil he uses on the machine, but his face needs no washing when he goes to his dinner. The fire roars in the fire-box, and the steam screams when the throttle is turned, and the train rushes at the rate of 30 miles an hour, but the plates in front of the fire-box are as clean as my lady's tiled hearth in the parlor. We rushed up the river from the sea to Astrakhan at the rate of 16 versts an hour on a steamer. I went down into the boiler-room, and all was as clean as in a first-class kitchen, and under each boiler there was less than a capful of ashes, made early in the day when a few sticks of wood were burned to start the flame.

The agent of the steamer company told me that one pound of this fuel had as much evaporating power as a pound and a half of the best coal. At Baku it costs one and one half kopecks a pud, at Astrakhan about seven, and the average price thence up to Nijni, 1,530 miles, is about 14 kopecks; the price increasing as the distance increases from the supply.

But the cost is far from being the only gauge of its superiority as a fuel. There is no smoke from the smoke-pipes, and no cinders to fill passengers' eyes. Fuel is run into the fuel-tank in the locomotive tender as easily as water is, and the stoker keeps up his fire by now and then turning a faucet. An engineer turned off the oil at the faucet in the fire-box of a locomotive, and the monster rushed along with only a tiny burning jet under its boilers. A tap by a small gavel at the faucet set the fire-box to roaring. On a large steamer, for my amusement, the engineer shut off the fire entirely, and all was black in the furnace, while the ship ploughed through the waves. A simple light tap from a mallet not larger than a hen's egg filled the fire-box with a seething infernal flame. The steam can be got up before a fire can be made to burn with coal; stoker's labor is saved for feeding the grates, and entirely saved in emptying the ash-boxes. I have not yet been able to find how far north this fuel is used on railroads, but in Caucasus and Transcaspia none other is employed, and among the vast number of steamers for passengers and towing on the Volga no other fuel is consumed. I am informed that already a decided improvement is visible in the salvage of forests, and possibly it will bring an increase in rainfall. The commerce on the Volga is so vast, and on the railroads leading to it, and the consequent destruction of forests was so great that the stream was certainly losing its depth, owing to the lessened rains. Forests are being saved, and the Volga will be deeper. This information, from the agent and one of the directors of the great Caucasus Mercury Steamboat Company, a man of very decided intelligence, ought to have weight. He said to me, when discussing the matter, if there was no other benefit from naphtha fuel, this alone would make it a national blessing.

After our return from Balakhana we received a call from the Mayor of Baku, and an invitation to dine with him. Like myself, he has served his city for eight years. His rule is said to have been of great benefit to it, if not of pleasure to himself. After an elegant dinner with some very agreeable gentlemen, Mr. Despote Zenovitch, the mayor, took us in a steam-barge out some miles to witness the wonderful spectacle of a burning sea. We were fortunate in having a calm night, and thus in having a fine exhibition of this unique phenomenon. Over quite a large surface of the outer bay escaping gas from its hidden depths boils up in the sea as if in a great cauldron. Some of these boiling spots are only a few feet in diameter, while others are several yards wide. They can be found at night by following the odor of the gas. We got on the right track, and were proceeding very quietly, when my attention was called to a seething sound, as if from a monster mass of foaming champagne. Then I saw the water boiling and rolling away. A piece of lighted tow was thrown into the vortex, and immediately the whole surface of the

sea for some yards was in a blaze. Our little barge's course, though slackened, carried her over the cauldron, and the flames rolled up on her sides, but vanished as the barge passed over the gas source. Then we changed our wheel, and when a jet came from under her bow another bit of blazing tow was thrown in, and again another fluid fire-works. Presently another barge, brought out by the calm evening, approached, and added her share to the spectacle. At one time, when she happened over a very large cauldron of gas, her hull was enveloped in flame. I was told that the heat evolved is so small that a wooden boat can safely pass through a very considerable blaze. It was a rare sight, and one which few see, and, I think, no others than those who visit Baku.

Not far off, but on the other side of the bay, gas rises everywhere from the sands. Push a cane deep down and draw it up carefully so as not to destroy the hole it makes, then apply a match, and a gaslight can be had sometimes several feet high. The Tartars suspend their kettles over holes thus made and boil their fish. They dig a small pit into the sand, fill it with limestone, set fire to the gas percolating the mass, and burn lime.

At Surakhani, a little farther off, is an old Persian temple, where, until quite recently, a flame was burning, said to have been lighted before Zoroaster gave his divine laws. It was deemed by the fire-worshippers to have been ignited by God, and to have been burning from the beginning, and that its extinction would presage the destruction of the world. One can readily comprehend the awe with which a superstitious people would regard a flame burning for ages with no apparent fuel for its food. They could readily believe it to be fed by the eternal breath of the god of fire. Here Parsee priests attended the burning shrine for thousands of years, and pilgrimages were made to its sacred flames by fire-worshippers from the farthest limits of Persia until quite lately.

Our guide-book told us that there was a decided smell of oil about Baku, because the dust was kept down by sprinkling the streets with naphtha. The good mayor seemed amused at the fiction. There is but little smell in the town, and the oil was never used for such purposes. The name of "black town" is now a misnomer for that quarter in which the refineries are situated. Since the complete use of residuum has become successful, by breaking up the oil jet under a boiler with a jet of steam, but little smoke is evolved. I wish our cities where great palaces burn soft coal were any thing like as free from smoke. From the water at night the city presents a beautiful sight. The vast number of street- and house-lights lifting up from the rounded bay gives it the appearance of a brilliantly illuminated and vast amphitheatre. Street-lamps are very close to each other, and every window is lighted. The city is pretty, too, by day from the bay,

with its old fortress and lofty tower built by the great Queen Tamara long ages ago. When the wells were bored here a few years since there was scarcely any town outside of the walled fortress, now there is a population of 60,000 to 70,000. The Russian scientists feel satisfied that there will be practically no end to the supply of oil. To my inquiry if he thought the oil would last forever, the Mayor of Baku replied, "No! it will give out after a while, perhaps, in about 1,000,000 years." A very bright young German lad acted as our guide and cicerone at Balakhana. To my question how it was accounted for that wells could be bored so close to each other and find oil at such greatly differing depths—that is, from 200 to nearly 1,000 feet—and yet in no way interfere with the supply one of another, he pointed to the veins in the back of his hand, saying: "There is the solution: there are veins running near each other, but totally separated, and at different depths, and all fed by a vast oil river far below any of them."

While I write it is two o'clock in the afternoon. I am finishing this letter on the Volga. The sun is but rising at Chicago. Guns are firing, for it is July 4th, the birthday of my country—of my own, my native land. May it give happiness to countless millions through countless ages!

CHAPTER XLI.

THE VOLGA RIVER AND MIGHTY TRAFFIC—ASTRAKHAN—KAZAN—
NIJNI NOVGOROD—RAFTS—THE PEOPLE—THE GREAT FAIR.

Volga River and at Nijni Novgorod, July 12, 1888.

SEVERAL persons, among them the American Consul, being also English Resident at Moscow, told us we would find the Volga utterly uninteresting, except for a short distance near Samara, and advised us by no means to ascend it from Astrakhan; that if we were determined to travel along it, then to descend it instead of going up, which would take at least two days longer. We chose, however, to go south by rail and then return north by river, so as to get up with our correspondence on the steamers, and thus avoid the necessity for stopping a day or two anywhere to bring up to date. Instead of being wearied by monotony, we have found this mighty stream very interesting. There is to me always a charm in moving along the bosom of a great river—a charm all its own, and of which the ocean is utterly devoid. The ocean gives its pleasures, but they are wholly different from those afforded by the running stream. One learns to regard a river as an entity, as a separate and distinct and, to some extent, a sentient thing, with which one can hold communion, and to which one gives affection and friendship, and all with a vague feeling that there is a species of reciprocation. I look down upon its floods, and can imagine I hear them laughing and see them dancing far above in a hundred little pellucid rills—laughing and dancing in dark shades of forest, never sad, however deep the leafy gloom about them; stealing in quiet glee through grassy meadows, now leaping up in tiny wavelets to catch the airy butterfly which ventures too near on its gilded wing, then with gentle murmurs striving to join in the chorus of singing birds in the blossoming bush overhanging it. I hear the woodman's axe far off on the lonely upland side; its sad tone comes now from close by in yonder wood, then from afar off, bending and stealing through the forest trunks—now loud and distinct, then scarcely heard. I hear the song of the maiden as she trips along the brook-side, and stoops to lave her brown hands in its cool shallows, and, throwing a leaf into the rapid channel, watches to see if it be carried into the whirling stream below or is floated off into the calm,

eddy pool at the side—and is gay or sad as she thus learns her coming fate. I hear the low of kine and bleat of flocks as they come down to drink at the little river-bank, and the laughter of villagers along its margin; and the sound of hammers and workshops in cities on the same little river, now grown into a navigable stream. The river talks to me, and tells me of these and other things on its upper line. It catches my sympathy and returns it. For we were both once little infants, now grown to manhood. We have had our struggles in vain to go upward; we have had our ever-downward march. I stand and look down upon the deep flood slipping from beneath our keel, and passing off, like me, with the oft-repeated questions, "Whither? What? How?" There are pleasures to be derived from the shores of rivers; the mountain, bare and bleak or green and wooded; the hill in shrub and verdure, with villages and houses and flocks; the undulating plain in waving field or close-cropped turf. These give pleasure, but are not sympathizers in my moods. The rivers themselves speak to me and commune with me.

I have grown to be the friend of not a few within the last year, since we began our "race with the sun." The Columbia, with its white current, and rocky precipices dyed in purple and as soft as velvet in tone; the mighty Yang-tse-Kiang, moving in grand and deep majesty; the Pearl, covered by thousands of Chinese boats, and floating a city; the Menam, overhung by hundred-rooted banyans, and about which tiny canoes steal like darting water-bugs; the Irrawaddy, reflecting 25,000 pagodas to propagate the faith of Gautama, whose charity did not forget the tiniest insect. We touched again and again the holy Ganges, which has washed away the sins of countless millions, and can make clean the human heart, though steeped in crimes of the blackest dye. We crossed the great Indus and its several branches, beyond which the world's conqueror, Alexander, could not carry his victorious army. Then we lived for days upon "Old Nilus," whose hoary head has been ever lost in the centre of the Dark Continent, and the Danube, washing the greenest fields and the most golden vineyards of Europe. And now the Volga! These rivers, or all but two at least, I count my familiar friends.

No such feeling is ever awakened by the sea; on its bosom one watches the mighty swells marking the deep respirations of old ocean. Whence they come and whither they go they tell not, nor can one guess. They arise from the vasty deep, and die away on the boundless wastes. One can watch the monster waves lifting in foamy crest, hungry for human prey. Angry and fierce, they repel every human emotion, except fear and awe. They ask no sympathy—they give none. From out of fathomless caves they rush, and, sullen, return to their gloomy homes. I love not the ocean, and dread its angry moods. Its calms are treacherous; its ripples are deceitful; its storms paralyze; its

depths are a maw giving back no return; it is a far-reaching realm, with no single ray of a redeeming love to light or cheer. I love it not, and never go upon its bosom without a dread of its frown.

The Volga is Europe's largest river, and is one of the grandest of the world. With a length of 2,300 miles, it is navigable by large steamers for near 1,600, and for comfortable steamers and broad barges for 550 miles more. Its head is in the Voldai Hills, near St. Petersburg, in the northwestern part of Russia. Its main branches—in fact, the main river, the Kama—has its source in the northeast quarter of the empire, and unites with the true Volga about midway in its course. This great river—formed by these two branches and their several hundred affluents, many of them navigable—spreads like a huge vein with innumerable feeding-veins over one of the richest and largest grain-producing districts of the world. Its deep waters abound in fish fit for an epicure's table. The taking of them gives employment to a vast number of people—upward of 30,000 on the main river,—and furnish an ever-ready supply of food to millions. Dried fish lie in great uncovered piles about the cities and villages, in markets and groceries, and one sees barges 200 feet long, covered with cured fish piled in ricks 20 feet high, the heads of the outside course protruding in regular layers, and looking like some new style or pattern of stonework. Six hundred and odd steamers ply the river. The one I now write on is 330 feet long, 60 feet beam, with engines of 800-horse-power, and makes a speed of 20 versts an hour.

Passenger steamers ply daily along the entire river for over 2,000 miles—I, perhaps, will not err if I say 2,100 and odd miles—up and down with every comfort for first and second-class passengers at from \$1 to \$1.75 for 100 miles, not including meals; a good dinner, however, costing about 40 cents; and comfortable quarters with good sleeping-bunks for third-class passengers at from 26 to 30 cents for 100 miles. Innumerable barges of large size, some of them over 200 feet long and of good breadth, and drawing 8 to 12 feet when loaded, are being constantly towed in long strings up and down by powerful tow-boats, one of which I saw having 1,800 horse-power, and drawing barges on which were loaded 1,100,000 puds, or 44,000,000 pounds. So many tow or passenger-boats are met that they themselves enliven the voyage. Vast numbers of rafts are constantly seen below the mouth of the Kama, and some above. These are of all lengths, from 200 feet to a quarter of a mile. They are built in sections, so that at any time one can be detached and disposed of. Many of these rafts have upon them comfortable log-houses of one, two, or more rooms, glazed and ornamental. The raftsmen live in, and at the end of their journey sell them at a profit to be taken down and re-erected—a sort of ready-made house.

These log-houses are so peculiarly a Russian institution, and are so pretty that they deserve a description. The logs are perfectly straight, dressed smooth, the inner side flattened, the outer left rounded, the upper and lower side brought to a straight edge, or perhaps with a slight groove. The cross logs are so let into each other that they fit down close, leaving the ends projecting a half-foot more very ornamentally. The logs are let down upon each other with calking or a hair-felting between, making them thoroughly close. We have seen some quite large houses of this kind, two stories high, and with many rooms. The partitions, being all of the same structure, are shown by the projecting ends, making a pretty relief. Generally throughout the wooded country, and in small towns and villages, the houses are of wood, the better ones built in this style. Sometimes the logs are ripped in half, but the rounded side is always out. In some localities the space between the logs is calked with tow or a fine-broken grass or moss, perhaps usually with hemp-tow. We have seen officers' quarters near encampments built in this manner and painted a brown-red, but generally all wooden houses are unpainted. Paint, except on a roof, is evidently not to the taste of these people. There is no kind of house for a wooded suburb which is as pretty as these of logs.

There is another wood-carrier, on this river of a remarkable character and used for sawed lumber—a keel-boat, 150 to 200 feet long, of heavy boards, well calked, but without deck. In this sawed or hewn timber is laid across with the beam, increasing in length as the flare of the hull increases, so as to fill it closely. When the top of the hull is reached boards are packed on, maintaining the flare of the hull, and up to a height of several feet, then the flare rapidly increases, until the top juts over the whole hull many feet. On the water the thing looks like a great boat, the upper part not yet boarded, with a breadth of nearly 100 feet. On this upper deck are generally one, two, or more of the ready-made log-houses above named. The amount of lumber on one of these hulls is enormous. They are generally floated down in high water only, and stranded when sold. We saw many of them far down the Volga. As the stranded hull is unloaded it falls out to the side. No sawed lumber is carried down the river, except on these crafts. The number of rafts, however, is very great, the logs coming mainly from the Kama River, and its 400 affluents, to be sawed up below when used.

There are many large flouring-mills in different cities along the river, one of them, I was told, turning out many thousand puds of flour. Every city, town, and village has numbers of windmills. On the high ground back of one moderately-sized village, I counted 39. Everywhere in the land the bulk of the peasant-grinding is done by the wind. Going south by rail we saw many hundreds. In some of the steam-mills wheat-meal is

made instead of flour—a rounded grit as coarse as our fine corn-meal. The bread from this is delicious. Bad bread seems to be a rare exception in Russia. Bread is the food of the people, the working people living on black bread, but it, too, is of excellent quality. One sees bread for sale in every kind of store in the smaller towns. I have thus been enabled to examine a great many specimens. No one ever objected to my “hefting” a loaf. It always seemed light and never sour, and as the loaves are made very large (say a foot and a half in diameter when round, or when oblong, 10 inches by 15 to 20 long), and are cut to sell to small purchasers, I could examine it well. I have never seen such bread in any other country. I wish Russia would export many of her bakers to America—who can beat the world in making sour bread and sodden biscuits. It is an exception when one gets really good bread in a small town in the United States, and even in our large cities one seldom finds as sweet and toothsome a loaf as is had here everywhere. I have talked of this to several commercial travellers—that modern race of sharp men throughout the world—and am informed that throughout Russia there is rarely ever seen a bad loaf. It is made here of many kinds—for eating with meat, for tea and coffee, plain or slightly sprinkled with seed and sugar, purely white, purely rye, and mixed. Like the Orientals, the people do not seem to think bread can get dirty. It is, therefore, piled on tables and counters, and small rings and pretzels are hung on strings exposed to the dust, and hucksters peddle the small rings on the dustiest roads. The common laboring women wear a sort of coarse woollen sacque, very loose and tied in at the waist. The bosom of this sacque is a sort of carry-all. One can see one of these women pack into this greasy receptacle a half-bushel of rings and small white bread. I suppose such is not made in the peasant village. The bread must be savory by the time it reaches the hamlet, several versts away.

The women along the Volga all seem to do their full share of work, even of the heaviest kind. Among the fishermen she rows the boat while her man casts the net. She trundles barrows and carries stone, loads wagons, and carries wood and heavy freight upon the steamers, and helps to build embankments on the railroads. She is man’s helpmeet, and I rather think, *meets* him more than half way. But I think she does it of her own free will. For she is too tough and strapping for her lord to force against her will. She could hold her own in a fair fight, and has many opportunities for taking an unfair advantage, for all the peasant men have the luxurious habit of getting very frequently gloriously drunk. They go to the cities for great distances on important fête days. They pray and cross themselves to an astonishing extent all the forenoon and even up to one or two o’clock, when the church services end, and then they drink like fish. We

have been lucky in being in cities on holy days. The other day at Kazan was the great fête of the year; over 100,000 peasants were in town. We drove out along the roads leading to the country, and saw the peasants returning to their villages, some perhaps 10, 15, and even 20 versts away. They were afoot and in wagons, the latter having a sort of wicker body, and without springs. Some wagons held two or three, some five to eight. Every man, in wagons or afoot, was more or less intoxicated. Here were a couple arm-in-arm, in hot but good-natured discussion; there a half-dozen with arms about each other's neck, singing and happy. Here a woman dragging her husband along; there she props him up in a wagon; here they lie in the bottom of the vehicle; there sitting in it and swaying back and forth. Sometimes there were a half-dozen men with arms over each other's neck, the outer one having his arm over a young woman, all singing at the top of their voices as they reeled from side to side along their homeward road.

The women, in such cases, seemed thoroughly sober but amused by their male companions, whom they were conveying safely home. Some of them were, perhaps, their brothers. I have never seen as many drunken men at one time, nor, indeed, on 50 or 100 occasions together, as I saw on one road here during a half-hour. At one locality there were several dozens of houses about an open space, a sort of wagon-yard. These were all filled with men who were laying in their supply of drink. In one wagon were four men asleep on the bottom, a woman and little boy driving. The woman did not seem at all put out. She took it as a thing of course. There were a few nearly grown lads somewhat high. Men of 30 and under were full and jolly, from 30 to 40 full and stupid. Nearly all the old chaps were clean gone and asleep. I spoke to a gentleman of what I had seen. He said he doubted not that nine out of ten of all the thousands of male peasants in town that day went home considerably intoxicated, and the bulk of them thoroughly drunk. These are the descendants almost pure of the old Scythians of 2,000 years ago, great drunkards at that far-away period.

A very prominent physician from Moscow, a travelled man and one of our fellow-passengers, tells me he does not think the Russians drink as much as the Germans, but that they are the only people in the world who drink on empty stomachs and before eating. To that he ascribed the drunkenness, and says the peasants do not hide it when drunk, for among themselves it is no disgrace. They are not quarrelsome, nor very noisy, but are thoroughly good-natured. When boozy, a Russian's great desire is to go to sleep, and if permitted, sleeps off all of his drunk.

Kazan is a very picturesque city on the east side of the river, and was for long years the last spot from which the exile to Siberia looked back toward his lost home. Here he entered that

great steppe land which was to be his almost trackless road into cold and bleak Northern Asia. It was the capital of the Kazan Tartars for centuries, and now has some 10,000 of their descendants in the free enjoyment of their religion and customs. They have not the coarse Mongolian face of those about Baku, but all have the outstanding ear with large stem. The city has a population of nearly 150,000, some fine buildings, a large university, and many fine churches. In the cathedral within the Kremlin, we witnessed the imposing ceremony of the reception of the Ikon of the "Virgin of Kazan," which, by divine miracle, escaped unharmed the terrible conflagration which swept over the city in the sixteenth century. After a long and beautiful ceremony, the Ikon was brought in by two sisters of the monastery, which has it in sacred charge. The bells throughout the city pealed in wild acclaim, and the people seemed almost beside themselves with joy. Received with profound veneration by the archbishop and his long list of assisting bishops and priests, it was carried in procession, followed and surrounded by the bishops, through several streets, to a booth on a low plain, where the "Ikon from Smolensk" and another were met. Then the bells again pealed in wild noise, and the 100,000 people and over, on the Kremlin heights and in the adjacent streets bowed and crossed themselves in a religious fervor bordering upon frenzy. The sun's rays were pouring down fiercely, yet every head was uncovered for an hour or more while the procession slowly moved, and every man, woman, and child bowed and crossed themselves, bowed and crossed, again and again, until I almost felt theirs was a muscular religion requiring as much activity of the vertebral column and of the right arm as that of a trapeze performer.

The Virgin Mother of God visits the city once a year and remains one month, and her Ikon is daily carried from church to church, when she again leaves, the sins of the city being too great for her to remain longer. During this month she receives from 50,000 to 100,000 roubles from the grateful people, whom she blesses by her presence. The Kremlin wall stands on high ground; from its foot a sloping grassy bank drops down nearly 100 feet, and then runs off into a broad decline. During the procession we witnessed, this bank for a considerable length, the walls above, and the incline below, was a dense mass of pious people, mostly peasants. They were in their holiday dress, light red being the dominant color. Then came pink and purple and white. Looking upon this mass of people, we saw a picture to which the pencil of a Teniers or a Van Dyke could hardly have done justice. We had admirable opportunities for witnessing the ceremonies within and without the church, for the police, who were necessary to keep the pious masses from crushing upon the holy orders, recognizing us as strangers, permitted us to stand among the privileged classes.

The ceremonies of the Greek Church, which we have now seen on three prominent fête-days—at the Cathedral of the Saviour, in Moscow, the cathedral in Tiflis, and then at Kazan—are very imposing, and the music simply exquisite. No organ or any other instrument is permitted, but the choirs of men and boys are thoroughly trained. The chanted responses from the choir are wonderfully sweet and touching, and the whole, I think, more impressive and much more religious in tone than when accompanied by the organ. But the mass of ceremony—the bowing and kneeling; the crossing and kissing of symbols; the intense veneration of Ikons and pictures; the manipulation of robes and vestments, degenerated into an absolute idolatry as intense as any thing to be witnessed in Hindoo worship or Chinese pageantry, and lacking the deep, heart-reaching simplicity of the Buddhist forms. An intelligent Russian, a firm supporter of the Greek Church, said to me to-day that this intense formalism was all for the ignorant peasants, and that to him it bordered upon atheism, the extreme of idolatry and absolute unbelief meeting in the excessive formalism of the church. At times, during the movement of the procession at Kazan the tens of thousands of people looking on would bow and cross themselves for several minutes continuously, looking like thousands of life-size supple jacks worked by a single string; and some who had space enough, would drop upon their knees and bow their heads upon the ground, and now and then could be heard a man chattering as if in an ecstasy of worship. In the churches, ceremony follows ceremony in quick succession, as the receiving the Bible and kissing it; the elevation of the Host; the preparation of the wine and bread, gone through by archbishop and the assisting bishops; the kissing each piece of vestment as it is put upon the prelate; the kneeling before and kissing the sacred symbol; the many points where the entire audience has to bow and cross itself, and where all have to kneel and many to abase themselves so as to bring the forehead to the ground; the marching out into the body of the church or in front of the screen, which shuts off the high and sacred altar or inner tabernacle from the main church by the priesthood; and then the counter-marching and bowing to each other, lifting frequently some piece of robe as a lady lifts her favor to her partner in a dance; the frequent removal of tiaras or gilded hats, and then the replacing them with formal ceremony; the constant moving of many priests with long, flowing locks, often curled and hanging far over the shoulders and mingling with the flowing beard; these ceremonies are so numerous and long-continued, and all so eagerly watched by the ignorant masses, that I was forced to the conclusion that the main features of the Russo-Greek religion are simply in a close observance of outward forms, and that the piety of the people is mostly in externals. And when to this is added the

observance by the people of the outward form of crossing and removing of hats and short prayers before the many Ikons and shrines which line the streets, before which few pass without some ceremony, the low and illiterate never; and then the fact that after a day spent in this outward ceremony of worship, thousands of men will give themselves up to besotted drunkenness; and when so drunk that they can scarcely totter, if a shrine should be passed, they will drop upon their knees and cross themselves frantically, and chatter out a maudlin prayer—when one sees all of these things and compares them to the slavish idolatry of the far Orient—an idolatry as sincere as any thing here seen, but not more slavish—the question arises, is not the one nearly as idolatrous as the other, and will not the good God listen to the worship of the ignorant in the far East through their symbols as he listens to these? And will He not meet out to all in accordance with individual sincerity and personal merit?

At Kazan there is a pretty garden or park, where a regimental band plays every evening. The frequenters are of all classes. Willie, with a sigh, declared he did not see even a fairly good-looking woman during the two evenings we promenaded in the park. There were several Tartar women so veiled as to show only their eyes. His imagination worked them up into Oriental beauties. Seeing them sitting apart and rather removed from the crowd, with their mantles thrown back from their faces, we passed before them on a reconnoitring expedition. They were painted and smiled upon us, evidently open for acquaintance. They were of the sinners who prevent the "Virgin of Kazan" from dwelling longer than a month each year in her old home. The music played in this garden till full midnight. Even then, there was a streak of day along the northern horizon. The clatter of vehicles under our window going to and from the garden over the rough cobble pavements, and the music, kept me awake. Just at twelve there was a wild peal of bells. I supposed, at first, it a part of the fête ceremonies, but soon a glow was reflected from the tall building opposite our window, and people began to hurry toward the Kremlin. We followed. There was a fire—a large mill, which we had tried to enter during the day, but were repulsed, was burning. It was of wood, several stories high, and filled with flour and grain. It seemed to me the entire town was on the Kremlin heights. The illumination of the many church domes and gilded crosses of the tall bell-towers, and green roofs, and of the vast crowd, made a brilliant sight. The loss was over 100,000 roubles, and 14 laborers about the establishment are, I am told, missing. There seems to be no attempt of the firemen to subdue the flames. The building being detached, was allowed to burn at leisure. They, however, watched and used water about the other buildings where sparks were falling.

The police force of provincial cities are not considered large enough for property protection. Private night-watchmen are

employed. They sound a sort of rattle to disturb the night at frequent intervals, I believe, to tell thieves that they are about, and their employers that they themselves are not asleep.

There are about 40 large cities along the Volga, and over 1,000 towns and villages, and many of the latter large and covering extensive spaces of ground. Astrakhan is virtually a seaport, though it is 80 miles from the Caspian, at the head of the delta of the river. The Volga has many mouths, the two outer ones being perhaps 100 miles apart when they reach the sea. At the foot of the western mouth and a little out, is a sort of floating town called "Nine Foot," that being the depth of water on the bar. Here large ships unload upon smaller vessels and lighters. Above the bar the river is much deeper. Between the eastern and western channels of the delta and the other mouths is a low, flat, island country, with some cultivation, much grass, and a large number of cattle, and many fishing-villages. Few river cities make a larger display of vessels—ships, steamboats, and barges—than this old Tartar town. Hundreds are lying along its extensive piers and anchored out in the broad stream. It is a busy city of 70,000 people, with an old walled kremlin, many fine churches, some good public buildings, and substantially built up streets. Here are shown Peter the Great's little ship, built by his own hands, and many of his implements. The whole was locked up when we were there, owing to some visitor having lately dropped and broken the old emperor's drinking tankard.

We have halted at Saratof and Samara, both worthy a visit. Before reaching the latter we passed under a magnificent railroad-bridge with 13 huge iron spans, and about 80 feet above the river. It is the only one on the Volga and is a noble work. The footings of the pier are far beneath the bed of the river.

Nijni-Novgorod, the upper terminus for heavy river craft, 1,530 odd miles from the sea, makes a great display of river craft. Hundreds of steamers and barges lie along the banks of the rivers, or are anchored in sets of from four or five up to a dozen out in the rivers. From this, for 500 or 600 miles farther up the river, lighter steamers are required. One line, distinguished as the "American steamers," are stern-wheelers, some of them fine specimens. Nijni-Novgorod is so celebrated for its great annual fair, that its beauty of situation and splendid views have been overlooked, and the traveller's attention has scarcely been called to them. Viewed from the river, it is exceedingly picturesque, and quite peculiar. The town of 60,000 or more people is situated on a peninsula, made by the confluence with the Volga of the Oka River, which comes up from the southwest, and is nearly as large as the main stream. Along the banks of these two rivers is a strip of nearly level land, ranging in width from 100 to 200 feet up to 500 or 600, and extending along the Volga and

up the Oka two or more miles. This strip is closely built with nice stone houses, business places, and several handsome churches and a monastery or two. Behind these buildings lift very steep hills, 200 to 300 feet high, and rather level on top. On these the main city is built, many of its best houses and churches lifting from the crest of the hills and seen from the water. Between the hills come down deep ravines, and into them run other and smaller ones. The bottoms of all these have been handsomely graded into streets, with very steep, even slopes, lifting up to the hill-top. These slopes, both on the river and on the ravines, are prettily sodded, with here and there little bunches of vigorous trees. No houses are built on the slopes, except where, at the lower edges, a couple of monasteries with handsome churches slightly climb. The Kremlin's crenulated wall climbs up the hill on the Volga side, and with its towers, aided by churches, crowns its crest. Zigzag foot-roads, well graded, mount the sides of the slopes, and the deep-cut ravine roads are seen creeping upward from the water. Thus is given the peculiar picture of a city, with a sort of belt of green, beautifully sloping, and well kept hill-sides, running around and separating the upper from the lower town. The view of the city is beautiful. The views from the terraced gardens on the hills are magnificent—a vast plain, sufficiently wooded, with villages and many domed churches, with a mighty river reaching far to the north and to the south in graceful curves; the plain beyond, cut here and there by smaller waters; the river below, with barges and steamers by the hundred at anchor, and yet alive with many moving among the silent ones. No lines of smoke tarnish the pure air. These things make a glorious picture, and one well worth visiting, even though no fair were held here. Yet so great is the fair, that thousands visit it as a show, and hardly see the real beauties of the town.

The locality of the great fair is on a flat plain, over and north of the Oka, and reached by a long and very broad floating bridge. I had no conception of the extent of the buildings required for this great annual market, and supposed we would find a few temporary structures and large open spaces. Instead of that, we found a good-sized city, with miles and miles of well paved and thoroughly sewerred streets, bordered by miles and miles of brick houses generally of two stories, but often of three, and quite a number of four. These streets are from a half mile to perhaps a mile and a quarter in length, some of them with walks through the centre, shaded by fine trees. Many of the buildings are pretty, and on some streets uniform in style. Nearly all have wide wooden awnings covering the sidewalks. Cutting across this city, which is oblong, are two or three broad canals—rivers in breadth,—crossed by bridges, and some spanned by houses of light, pretty, and airy construction, elevated upon piles. All

shops and warehouses are now closed, except where men and women are busy repairing and cleaning up for the vast gathering to be held in a couple of weeks. It was a curious thing to rattle over well paved streets among well built houses at mid-day, and find nearly every thing silent and deserted. If it had been night it would have seemed natural, for one could have imagined the citizens yet asleep. On some streets not a soul was visible. Our drosky rattled dismally, as in a city of the dead. In less than a month from now all will be different. Shops will be filled, and brilliant displays made of goods from all lands and of every people. Two hundred thousand people from many quarters of the world will be here jostling against each other ; and in five weeks' time products of scattered countries to the value of \$100,000,000 will have changed hands.

The fair, I am told, however, is not what it was formerly. One no longer sees vast crowds of Asiatics, and long trains of camels laden with the goods of the far East. The Suez Canal has made all Europe neighbors of India and China, and the wealth of those far-off lands comes to the West on the ships of the sea, and not on the ships of the desert. I learned that one sees at the fair many people of many lands, but no longer, as formerly, in colonies redolent of Asiatic odors, and quaint and curious with Asiatic costumes and customs. Two hundred millions of roubles' worth of goods change hands, but the traders are nearly all Russian, and the bulk of the goods is of this land. Still, it must be an interesting sight to see 200,000 people all in their own shops and warehouses, eager and anxious to crowd a year's dealing into a few weeks of time. One probably cannot see the peculiarities of many people, brought out in bold relief as formerly, but it must be a grand spot, for one who can speak the prevailing languages, to study human nature, and to watch it in its greed. Then, too, one can see it in moods other than when intent on trade. There are theatres, large and small, and all kinds of amusements. There are great churches, one of them—a splendid structure—open only during the fair. The whole thing is a state institution, the state owning the ground, the public buildings, and a large number, perhaps the great majority, of the storehouses and shops. Private persons, however, have built some, and have long leases on others. One sees signs over shops, beautiful in design, and costly, and, as yet, nothing has been in the shops since last September. The buildings are nearly all metal-roofed, and the roofs are all painted green. This seems almost universal among public buildings in Russia. One of our reasons for desiring to go to Samarcand, was that it would bring us here when the fair would be in progress. We, however, cannot afford to be long enough near it to come again.

I said, in the beginning of this letter, that I found the Volga a charming river to travel on. It may, perhaps, be called rather

monotonous, for many of its long reaches are lacking in picturesque highlands, though these are not entirely wanting. It has one feature, I think, peculiar to itself. The bluffs and high grounds, such as it affords, are continuous on the right bank, and, with small exceptions, entirely lacking on the other. It seems to have trended all the time westward, occasionally forced, by barriers it could not surmount, to the east. This disposition is, I suppose, the result of the earth's easterly motion, leaving the freer water behind, which, therefore, takes a westward course as it flows to the sea. In parts of its course, and perhaps the greater part, it lies in a valley 10 to 20 miles wide. This valley is a depression in the great rolling steppe which spreads across southern Russia. The river hugs close under lofty cliffs or low hills on the right bank, leaving a broad, flat belt on the other shore, which it overflows in its floods. In its normal path it is from three quarters of a mile to two miles wide. In its flood, for nearly 1,000 miles from its mouth, it is from 10 to 20 miles wide, spreading much wider at Astrakhan. Some of these bluffs are picturesque, varying from 60 to 100 and odd feet in height, in steep, rocky cliffs, washed into grotesque forms, and filled with deep caves. Above the bluffs the table-lands, more or less rolling, stretch off westward, and are the great grain fields of the country. Near Samara, between 900 and 1,000 miles from its mouth, the river comes upon a little range of mountains, 600 to 800 feet high. These bend it nearly 50 miles due east, when it breaks through them and immediately turns westward, making a lofty, narrow peninsula of the mountain range. Here the scenery for 100 or 200 miles is fine, and a part of it exceedingly so, the hills or mountains being beautifully wooded.

Russia is said to have no spring or autumn; it jumps out of winter into summer, from a pale cold sun into one of fiercest heat. I never felt a hotter sun than we had on the white, paved streets of Samara. We were driving, and being desirous of seeing the town well, were forced to be out at noon. At one time I became anxious lest one of us might receive a sunstroke. Our hats were covered with white silk and our umbrellas hoisted, yet the heat poured upon our heads almost as if they were uncovered. During the intense heat of noon the people keep much in-doors. The Samara streets at that hour were nearly deserted. The nights are so short that work can be commenced very early and kept up until ten o'clock. All who are able, take a long mid-day sleep. The peasants, however, seem impervious to heat. They can be seen working bareheaded under the fiercest rays. A result of these hot suns is a growth of vegetation intensely vigorous, which gives to the forests and wood-clad mountains a wonderful richness of verdure. The young shoots on the trees are sent forward so rapidly and bear so heavy a foliage that they droop and hang, adding to the dense appearance of the foliage. Many of

the forest-trees can, at this time of the year, be called weeping. The birch, linden, and some other varieties of trees, even some of the firs, have young hanging twigs, swaying like drooping plumes. The crops of the fields push forward with remarkable rapidity. Having passed over the same latitudes less than a month before, we were enabled to measure the rapidity of growth. We stopped long enough at several towns to drive a few miles out to see something of the country, and occasionally, through breaks in the bluffs, with our glasses we could see the great rolling, cultivated lands behind. These, with the many villages along the river, their artistic coloring free from all glaring paint (in them the weather alone applies the brush and time tones into delicious harmony); the large churches, with green domes and lofty belfry; the whirling windmills behind; the great herds of cattle at noon at the water side, and towards night rushing from the upper lands through clouds of dust down for their evening bath; the peasants in bright red, mowing grass and making hay; and on Sunday and on a fête day crowds of people on the banks, brilliant in red and purple and blue; the many steamers met cutting the water at 15 miles an hour; the tow-boats with long lines of barges swinging behind; the huge rafts with new, bright, and pretty log-houses mounted upon them floating by; the fishermen landing nets or wading out with rod and line; boys and girls in little skiffs lying by to catch a rock from our steamer's swell; the many landings at handsome wharf boats, where crowds of people were gathered, and women old and grave, or young and laughing, peddled raspberries large, red, and pulpy, strawberries huge and luscious, or small, wild, and spicy; venders of bread and of cakes, and of fish and of bottles of fresh milk for our third-class passengers; and pretty roguish girls ready to swear a bottle of sour milk was genuine tartar koumiss; men and women in oddest dress; old women with sandals like baskets and blanket-wrapped legs as large and shapeless as mill posts; well dressed men and commonly dressed men, all in top-boots wonderfully wrinkled about the ankles, and many of them with heels so high that the wearers seemed to be standing upon tiptoe; Tartars with shaven heads and beautiful Astrakhan brimless caps, and Tartar women with mantles drawn closely about the face; droskies ready to take one for a drive behind tough, fine horses at 20 cents an hour; newspaper-sellers with a dozen papers, their full stock in trade, and glad to sell a dozen a day;—all of these things made the run from Astrakhan to Nijni-Novgorod extremely pleasant. It is true we were a whole week on the water, exclusive of the days we halted at cities. I came up the river to write, and found it difficult to go within my room and to my pencil. We saw to-day a beautiful stern-wheeler, so like home, of a line running yet 500 miles higher up the river above Nijni, that we have made up our minds to try it.

CHAPTER XLII.

FROM NIJNI TO RYBINSK BY RIVER—THEN BY RAIL TO ST.
PETERSBURG—PETERHOF, ITS BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAINS—
THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

St. Petersburg, July 21, 1888.

I SAID that a river had a species of individualism which wins and returns a sort of sympathy, and sometimes a friendship. The Volga to a marked degree has this characteristic. As the child is father to the man, so is the earlier and infant portion of this river father to the mighty stream it so rapidly becomes. With a total length of 2,320 miles, it is navigable for 2,160 odd by steamer, and for 1,524 miles floats great double deckers and bears upon its bosom a vast commerce. In its smaller upper stream it is nowhere a turbulent and boisterous torrent. Drawing rich and copious aliment from the oozy flats among the low Valdai hills and the spongy plains about them, it quickly becomes a dignified stream. Its reddish-dark water, though clear in a glass, yet almost black when there is a small depth, gives it an appearance of deepness even among its boggy sources. It is fed by many respectable affluents. While it is nowhere turbulent, it does not at any point lie in stagnant pools, and very rarely can be called sluggish. In its upper 150 odd miles, where steamboats do not ply, I am told small keels and flats can be floated, and afford considerable traffic, and little rafts come out to make up the great floating islands of wood, which descend toward the sea, and make lumber comparatively cheap in the vast steppes of the south. Throughout its entire length the traveller feels safe upon its bosom. There are no treacherous, shifting bars and rapidly changing currents; no cry of boatmen heaving the lead, or with poles taking soundings, telling the half-asleep voyager that he may prepare for a bump. Nowhere does the steamer forward and back, feeling for a safe channel. Nowhere are there formidable rocks and precipices threatening to topple down, or dark and dreary swamps breeding mosquitoes and noxious vapors. Everywhere this great river seems the friend of man. He crowds its banks in over 1,000 cities, towns, and villages. Back from its borders one can see in the rising, rolling plains hundreds of other villages more or less dependent upon this mighty river for food and aid. So redundant is the population above Nijni-Novgorod

that at points the villages along the shores seem almost to run into each other for miles and miles, and lying back are so frequent that I counted at one time 15 large ones in sight and often six or eight. Fishermen are always in sight; fishermen with long nets worked from boats, and fishermen catching a meal with rod and line. I frequently watched the latter and saw many a silvery side glistening in the sun or bright in the twilight as the sportsman would throw the fluttering sufferer through the inhospitable air.

What a cruel monster is man! We descant on the savagery of the tiger, the cruelty of the cat. Yet what do these brutes half so cruel as the angler does every time he impales the worm upon the hook, or leaves the shining victim to dry to death on shore, or to suffocate in insufficient water? We eat tender veal, never thinking of the cruelty meted out to each little animal, tied by its feet and thrown upon carts, cars, and steamboat, and trundled often very many miles in horrible agony. The whole habit of the common fowl shows that they are fashioned to carry the head erect, and yet we carry them for hours head downward with the feet tied so tight as to prevent all circulation in them, forcing the blood into the head. Man is the world's huge butcher; the only one of God's creatures which kills for the mere love of slaying. If his victims could only write his character, he would be depicted as the most horrible of all monsters, and yet in his vanity he claims to be made in God's image, and in his egotism writes ethics and sings pæans in praise of his own godlike nature. The fishes in the depth of the sea, and the worms in the bowels of the earth have no conception of man's existence. Perhaps there are, floating in and peopling the pure, ethereal realms surrounding us, beings of such transcendental natures that we, like blind worms, see them not. If so, what countless volumes must fill their ærific libraries, and what vast pictures must adorn their transparent walls, descriptive of man's inhumanity to man and of his savage, wanton cruelty to all of earth's sentient creatures! We are amused by the colonies of pariah-dogs of Cairo and Constantinople, fighting to prevent or punish encroachments on each other's borderlines. How our aerial neighbors must smile when they look down upon the million of armed men marching and counter-marching, filling steamboats and railway trains, to prevent some little encroachment upon the borderlines of Austria, Germany, Roumania, and Russia! We boast of our own far-reaching brains, of our freeborn souls and our liberty-loving hearts; and yet, because two kings, one an untried young man, and the other a man of no great force, are meeting out upon the sea and hobnobbing—smiling instead of growling at each other,—the money of Russia goes up ten per cent. in its purchasing value. Bah! Man is not only a cruel brute, but he is a foolish one. But a little fish has led me into an odd digression.

Many of the river steamers are modelled after those of America, one line using stern-wheelers. Below Nijni-Novgorod all seem to

use refuse petroleum for fuel; above, some use wood; coal I did not see on the entire river. Petroleum is burned by throwing a jet of steam through a small stream of oil, thus breaking it into spray. The jets for steam and oil are in the immediate front edge of the fire-box. A fireman controls his fire by tapping with a small mallet or gavel the faucet controlling the flow, often tapping it so lightly that he moves it almost imperceptibly. Through a small window in the casing of the boiler, he watches to see if there be any smoke issuing from the flues, his object being to consume all so as to make no smoke. The boiler-room is clean and neat. The fire roars intensely and with great heat. The oil is held in tanks containing from 10 to 16 tons. Oil-barges over 100 feet long are at the piers of each steamboat line, and the oil is fed into the tanks by a hose. The barges carry huge cisterns in their holds containing many thousand puds. At various points along the river are huge oil-tanks resembling gas-holders, each holding perhaps 1,000 tons. These are upon high banks, and oil is pumped into them from the river barges, and fed from them into railroad cisterns or other land conveyances. At one town I counted 39 of these great tanks. They belonged to several of the great Baku refining companies. Kerosene is sent all over the land where reached by rail in cisterns, and not in barrels. At Kazan the best kerosene costs but seven or eight cents a gallon. One result of this cheap burning fluid is that at night towns along the river look as if illuminated for some gala occasion, the houses being so universally and brilliantly lighted.

From Nijni-Novgorod to Rybinsk, 306 miles, we came on the *Alabama*, stern-wheeler—slow, but comfortable. We did not object to the want of speed, for the trip was enjoyable and very pleasing. There were none of the high mountains nor steep cliffs which are occasionally seen on the lower river, and which, at a few points, give a scenery bordering upon the grand, but there were high hills and all was home-like, of Russian, not of English or American stamp, for there were no farm-houses or country villas, but a succession of villages—often nearly continuous. The immediate banks being low, we could look over long reaches of rising ground, with waving fields and meadows, the latter now gay with the variegated costume of the peasants, red predominating; villages nestled everywhere; copses of wood, now and then good-sized forests, and back of all, from 6 to 15 miles away, the summit of uplands crowned by wood, village, and church domes. Many of the villages are dominated by large domed and belfried sacred edifices; some of the domes gilded, but generally green or blue, and here and there the latter bespangled with gilded stars. We passed some large factories, which, after twilight, were brilliant with Edison's electric lights. The most picturesque objects, however, were the great monasteries—vast piles with splendid churches, domes gilded or of azure blue, turrets and colonnaded cloisters, covering many acres, generally on commanding points,

or on promontories projecting out into the placid stream. These monasteries are very rich, and are surrounded or backed by great domains in field and meadow, with comfortable villages half hidden in wooded copse. The monasteries are so large and rich in appearance that they give to the upper Volga a scenic effect delicious and pleasing.

The villages, from our steamer, looked comfortable, houses of wood—many of the pretty log style—with steep roof of thatch, kept in place by poles. Windmills are abundant, 10 to 15 often close together, throwing their weird wings in rounded circles above the low cottages; then over the back country and cutting the horizon on the distant upland, these spectral-winged monsters, whirling in the lessening twilight, add greatly to the pleasing picture. No paint gives garish white or tawdry coloring to the villages, but all is æsthetic and soft, the weather alone softening all down into delicious harmony. Herds of cattle here, as indeed, all along the river, are bathing in the hot noon.

Several of the cities are very picturesque from the river. Yaroslav and Kastroma we had time to drive into. In the former, which has a population of only about 28,000, there are 73 churches. It was once the capital of a free province, as Kastroma for a few years was of all Russia. In the latter there is a monastery nearly 1,000 years old, with a quaint old church, and within its walls the little house in which Michael, the first of the Romanoffs, lived as a refugee before the crown was tendered him. His house is a little bijou affair, preserved religiously as he left it. The monks show with great pride many of the czar's relics, rich vestments in brocade and pearls, and goblets of solid gold. The wealth of the churches and of the monasteries of Russia is vast; some say it would go a long way in paying off the country's debt. It would take, however, many tons of gold and silver, and bushels of pearls and precious stones to pay off a debt of \$2,500,000,000.

At Rybinsk we took rail, ran through a low country of bog and partially cultivated lands, with great woods of birch and pine. It being Sunday, we saw hundreds of peasants at the stations—come to see the railroad train, the women probably to look with round-eyed pleasure at the well dressed lady passengers, who promenaded the platforms when the trains stop for a few moments. The peasants seemed poor, but not discontented. We saw hundreds when driving in the outskirts of Rybinsk coming into town for the holiday. The women all were barefooted with their Sunday shoes over their shoulders, to be donned before entering the crowded streets. Nature patches up the soles of their feet, but a cobbler alone can fix those of their shoes. The every-day shoe of the peasant is a sandal of plaited bark; but it seems, from what we can see, that the man treats himself to a pair of boots long before he gives leather to his wife. Throughout Russia high top-boots are almost universal. Officers and upper classes all wear

them, and only the middle-class city man is shod in shoes. The laborers, when sufficiently well off to drop the sandal, take to boots, never to shoes. The boots are all of varnished tops and made so as to wrinkle closely about the ankles, and are washed when soiled. Boots and shoes are made of uncolored leather, and when finished are varnished black. High heels are foolishly affected—so high that many in walking seem to suffer from corns, and often the well dressed lady minces along in a very ungraceful gait.

The country after striking the great Nicholas railroad from Moscow continued low, except through the Valdai Hills, which rise to 600 and 800 feet. Thence to St. Petersburg this great trunk line traverses a wooded country with a cold, thin soil only partially cultivated. The road was not laid out for local traffic, but as a military highway between the two capitals. The celebrated order of Czar Nicholas, who, when asked how he wished the road to run, replied by taking a ruler and drawing a straight line, bears repetition here. The track is as nearly a bee line, as possible, and is gratefully so to travellers, for the trains glide along it almost without any jar or even crepitation. I do not recall any road which seems as smooth.

We have now been in St. Petersburg six days, doing the capital at our leisure, and enjoying an almost continued day, for at 11 o'clock one can read by the twilight, and a broad dawn covers a quarter of the northern hemisphere at midnight. Thursday, the 19th of July, we visited Peterhof, about 20 miles from the city, seeing the great imperial residence, and at the same time witnessing the meeting and landing of the emperors of Russia and Germany. For a week or two the London *Times* and other western papers have been talking of the meeting of these two rulers, yet not until four days ago was it even alluded to by the St. Petersburg papers, and then only meagrely. It would be amusing if it were not distressing to see how the people of this capital have to go to papers published so far away for information as to what passes or will pass directly under their noses. For example, I noticed a strong platform being built around the Alexander monument in front of the Winter Palace. I inquired, but could not learn, its purpose. To-day I learn its object from the London *Times* of three days ago. The government does not appear to think the people have any interest in its doings. Ukases are published, but not discussed beforehand. The publication is the first information the general public has that a law is even thought of. Gen. Annenkoff lately finished the Transcaspian railroad to Samarcand. Russians with whom we have travelled told us they expected him now to become one of the big men of the country, but how they had no idea. Two days ago it was announced by the *Times* he had been given the diamond order of Alexander Novsky, the highest in the land. The public did not know what the proceedings at Kronstadt and Peterhof connected with the

meeting of the emperors were to be until the day before they took place. The emperor is the father of his people and presumes they will be satisfied with whatever he in his parental love will do for their good; and so far I have not been able to discover that his children are not satisfied with this order of doing. They never discuss politics, at least with foreigners, except as to the relations of Russia with foreign lands. Then there is not much reticence. I have not seen one intelligent man who does not declare that a free outlet into the Mediterranean is a political necessity, and that they want and must have unrestricted trade with all of Asia. They say they do not want India, but they desire free roads and free commerce with that land, and they have a general impression that English rule in India is galling upon the natives.

Peterhof is the residence of the czar. He occupies the palaces in the capital only for short periods each year during the gayeties of the winter season. His so-called country residence is a pretty though not grand palace. He resides, however, even there in a fine villa residence and not in the true Peterhof palace, which stands upon an elevation of 70 to 80 feet, overlooking a beautiful park of some four or so miles in length along the bay lying between the mainland and Kronstadt, five or more miles off. The park is broken and not over a third of a mile in width—perhaps not over a quarter,—and is finely wooded and prettily laid out with drives and gravelled walks. Immediately in front of the centre pavilion of the palace an alley is cut through the woods down to the beach, here hardly a quarter of a mile off. This alley, less than 100 feet wide, is flanked by tall firs, running up in spire forms. In the centre of the alley runs a stream or canal of water confined between granite walls, and not over 60 feet in width, leading down to the beach, spanned by three pretty bridges, and ending upon a small walled-in harbor, with pretty landing pavilion, from which the royal household takes the imperial yacht when it goes upon the water. Immediately under the palace the head of the alley spreads to 200 feet, after having dropped from the terrace on which the building stands, down to the canal or stream below. This descent is fashioned into a beautiful system of marble steps, with waterfalls, fountains, and jets supported by 30 or more statues of life-size in burnished gilt and supporting jets d'eau. The statues are in double rows, the two inner ones in a line with the walls of the stream leading down to the sea-shore. At the foot of the terrace is a large circular basin, 50 to 100 feet in diameter, with a gilt statue of several times life-size, holding a dolphin, whose mouth is a jet throwing up a stream of 80 feet, and surrounded with many smaller jets. Along the walls of the canal which runs seaward are rows of fountains with lofty jets throwing 50 feet high, mingling their sprays with the branches of the fir trees. Flanking the large fountain at the foot of the terrace are two other fountains of very large size, with beautiful

sprays, and below them two marble houses 30 feet high, with gilded domes and fan-like fountains pouring over their golden sloping roofs. Altogether there are more than 100 fountains or jets immediately in view from the terrace above. The great one, called "The Samson," throws its water 80 feet up; and 30 more spout in spreading spray about 50 feet; the others from 10 to 20 — the majority of them vertically, others at angles. Looking from the upper terrace down upon this system of jets d'eau and along the marble walks below, filled with brilliantly dressed people, the lofty sprays mingling with the foliage of the trees, and the calm sea seen silvery in the sunlight through the clean-cut alley, we had a picture of surpassing beauty; or looking up from the lower end of the marble canal, through the jets and to the dazzling terrace, over the 100 fountains, one could feel as if it were the creation of a fairy's wand. The waters at Versailles are larger than these, but far less artistic in design.

This scene we had time to enjoy, and through it was to be conveyed the young Emperor of Germany on his royal visit. It was expected the czar would reach this little harbor with his guest at three o'clock, and the empress and her suite and many high officials, in flashing court uniforms, were in the pavilion at that hour. We soon found that there would be some hours to wait. We whiled away our time walking about the parks and inspecting the long lines of guards and young cadets who lined the drives along which the emperors must pass, and in watching the thousands of people gathered to do honor to their country's guest. We heard German constantly spoken about us, showing that the subjects of William II., or the czar's Courlanders, were out in full force. Hour after hour passed, and it was about five when we saw in the distance, near Kronstadt, a puff of smoke from one of the men-of-war drawn up in line. Soon the whole line of ships, stretched apparently for miles, was blazing away. We could not hear a cannon's report, but we could see the firing. I suspect it gave us an idea of what an old-fashioned naval fight in line of battle looked like. It was not long before every ship was enveloped in smoke, and nothing was seen but a thick veil rolling away to the southward. Presently my glass showed a steamer with a lofty white flag, emerging from the smoke cloud and headed for Peterhof, and when I saw the tidy, trim-looking empress standing alone in the open hall of the pavilion, with her glass levelled at it, I knew she was looking toward her imperial lord. On either side of the pavilion on the pier there were long lines of seamen, in clean, white uniforms. These began to show a stir, and when the steamer was a quarter of a mile off, a couple of cannon were fired by them in the regulation salute, and not long after the emperor's yacht steamed to the pier. The gang-plank was run out, and the burly, towering autocrat of all the Russias mounted it, affectionately embraced his lovely wife, and presented his guest. Having

witnessed this, we hurried back so as to get a position from which we could closely see the two men who wield the destinies of so many millions of human beings. There was some shouting, but by no means enthusiastic, as the emperor entered the drives lined with people.

First came the imperial open carriage, drawn by four handsome black horses. Alexander wore a Prussian helmet, and made no acknowledgment of the salute of the people. Politeness accorded the reception all to his guest. The Emperor of Germany was uncovered, and bowed to the right and left. I was not over ten feet away from him as he slowly crossed one of the little bridges, and was glad to see a decidedly good-looking, bright face, with a pleasant expression, not lacking in intellectual characteristics, and withal of much strength. The next carriage held Prince Henry and the czarowitz, both in lively and laughing chat. The prince was uncovered. I would have known him at once from a picture in the *Graphic* when he was married. The Empress of Russia and one lady were also in a four-horse carriage. She was cheered with very considerable enthusiasm, and her warm-looking face evinced real pleasure at it. While not a beauty, she is decidedly pretty; has fine dark eyes, rich complexion, full lips, and, I should judge, could love deeply and hate not wisely. Our old friend, the Grand Duke Alexis, was alone in his carriage, as handsome as ever, quite gray, and, I learned, a great favorite with the people. He is the admiral of the Russian navy.

I could not help feeling a sort of admiration for the Emperor of Germany—admiration for his wonderful position, so young and with such power for good or for woe to so many millions. As he passed, the thought flashed across my brain: "You look strong and brave; you have in your hands the destiny of Europe for years to come. It groans beneath the tramp of millions of men, banded and trained to destroy. What will you do with them? Kings have boasted that with a stamp of the foot they could set armies in motion and hurl them against the world. Will you not invent a new royal boast—the boast that with a stamp of *your* foot you disbanded armies and spread over a suffering world a panoply of peace? So many kings have worn the laurel and the oak for wreaths that their leaves are hardly an honor. Cannot William of Germany deck his brow with an olive leaf—a unique crown for a king? The world has had so many military heroes that it has groaned beneath their weight, but so few really wise rulers in peace. Can you not be a leader of the few?"

Of all the infatuations of mankind, to me the strangest is its worship of the soldier and its admiration of bravery. Bravery is so common, so animal, and withal almost universal. Europe to-day has several millions of soldiers. A coward among them would be a rare exception, except in a panic. Few soldiers have the courage to show themselves cowards—the moral courage to

enable them to brave the contempt of their fellows. The commonest one will march up to a cannon's mouth. Not one in a thousand would turn and run when the bugle sounds for a charge. And yet the world bows before a soldier, and bends the neck to the tread of one who happens to be at the head of an army when it performs some mighty feat of slaying.

I could not catch the features of the czar as he passed us. He was next us, and kept his face too much towards his guest for me to see more than a glimpse as the carriage came up. He is very tall, and now quite fleshy; looked, with his epaulets and helmet, a giant by the side of the well knit but rather undersized kaiser. The drive, along which passed the long line of splendid carriages, with coachmen and footmen in cocked hats and covered with gold lace and braid, with their occupants, officers in brilliant uniforms, was guarded by soldiers, placed apparently less for protection than for keeping the foot-people from pressing too close, and a part of it being the guard and battalion of young cadets. The whole made a handsome picture, especially as the cortege crossed the bridge over the canal, along which the white spray of fountains was washing the branches of the green trees. Desiring to see the czar closely, I walked up to the palace directly after the cortege had passed the bridge, while the carriages took a roundabout line. An officer was at the steps mounting the terrace at the waterfall, and turned all away from it except a few men in uniform and some finely dressed ladies. I touched my hat, saying: "Ya Amerikanets" (I am an American), with a gesture showing I desired to ascend. Whether he understood my Russian or not I do not know. At any rate I mounted, with the conscious dignity of being an American sovereign. This declaration of mine, "I am an American," has given me many opportunities for seeing things denied to others. I shall take out a patent for the thing, for it is quite as effective for me here as Paul's declaration, *Civis sum Romanus*, was to him nearly 19 centuries ago.

To-day the grand military review was held at Krasnoe-Szelo. We did not go out, for we would have been kept back with the mob, and would have seen but little of real advantage. Yesterday I was told, by one who ought to know, that a drive, expected to be taken by the czar and emperor, was changed because of some Nihilistic rumors in the air. Big men here are quite as easily scared by rumors of this sort as they are in Chicago, where anarchist ghosts are constantly bobbing up before some people's visions. This afternoon the great street, Nevsky Prospekt, was lined with people who expected the emperor to pass. The crowd waited long, and finally, nearly three hours after they were expected, and during which time one half of the driveway was kept clear by the police, an open carriage, followed by three or four others, came along in a brisk trot. Emperor William and Prince Henry were in the front, and bowed their salutations to the

people. But the czar was not there. Was it "etiquette" which prevented him from accompanying his imperial guest on his drive to see the city, or was there some truth as to the Nihilistic rumor? I felt a satisfaction in the fact that the German was not afraid to go where he was announced, even if his host was less willing to trust his subjects.

The czar occasionally, but rarely, drives through the streets, going to a church, or for some other purpose, but it is never known in advance what way he is going. The villainous murder of his kind father, the best friend that liberty had had in Russia, is enough to make the son feel somewhat anxious, but I doubt if he be wise in holding himself so aloof from the people as he does. A king wins confidence by showing it himself. There may be madmen who would attempt to repeat the cruel act which took Alexander II. off, but such madmen are, however, best disarmed by being ever watchful and on the alert, and, at the same time, showing them that they are not feared. The assassin is a coward at heart. To avoid him helps to make him less a coward. A bold, fearless front makes him more and more a coward. I lifted my hat with a feeling of increased respect for the brave and cheery-looking young German Emperor when he drove by me this afternoon, with no apparent guard other than the good-will and hospitality of his entertainers. The people of this country have already received from him large benefits. Every dollar's worth of goods exported from Russia brings back ten per cent. more of return than it did a few weeks ago, before he announced his visit to the czar. Five weeks ago I received for my English sovereigns 11½ roubles; last week I could only get 10½. The trusting act of William in driving unattended through the streets of this great capital called forth many kindly expressions from its people, and he received evidence of their respect in a generous cheering and universal removal of hats.

What may be the political effect of his visit time alone will tell. Wise newspaper men abroad are giving out their learned opinions in tones worthy of Malvolio. They say it means nothing, but I, who am rather an optimist in political matters, prophesy that good, very decided good, will grow out of it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ST. PETERSBURG—POLITENESS AND GOOD NATURE OF THE RUSS-
SIANS—SUPERB GALLERIES—HERMITAGE—WINTER PALACE
—WINTER REVELRY—ST. ISAAC'S CHURCH—ILLUMI-
NATION AT PETERHOF.

Wiborg, Finland, July 26, 1888.

I HAVE always had a vague impression that Peter the Great was somewhat daft—that he was a sort of a *lunatic bear*, who imagined he could create a mighty empire and rule it from his ice-cave home up near the polar sea. His odd sayings and odder doings, read of when I was a boy, gave me this impression; and nothing was more conducive to the formation of the idea than his determination to build a mighty and permanent city on the quagmire at the head of the Gulf of Finland, where every thing was frozen up for nearly nine months of the year, and where, during the next three, an outraged sun hatched mosquitoes into fierce beasts of prey. But since I have seen St. Petersburg, and have been an eye-witness of its grandeur, and have seen so much of the vast country of which it is the capital, I have been more than ever confirmed in another of my theories—that lunacy and genius are, if not one and the same, at least twin brothers. Men are in the habit of saying that to the eye of genius things unfold themselves with crystal clearness, while to the ordinary mind they are cloudy, if not muddy. I, however, have an idea that one-eyed genius sees the things which throb in the brain behind, and, lacking the lights of judgment, is not turned to the right or the left by those arguments of reason, which hold other and more rounded brains bridled and in check. The poet utters the thought which burns in his frenzied brain. His words are deep chiselled into marble, and ring throughout all time. The same thought has run through a thousand steadier brains, but judgment whispered: "This is fustian, sound, and fury," and the thought was not formulated into words; but when these same steadier brains afterwards heard it from the poet's lips, it comes home to them and awakens echoes in the soul, and they bow down before the genius who uttered in madness what they themselves have a thousand times felt but dared not clothe in words. Lear and Hamlet were madmen, but Shakespeare—Ignatius says Bacon—gave words to their mad-dened thoughts, and sent them seething down into the souls of millions of calmer men, who recognized them as echoes of their

own moments of agony and sorrow. They, however, suffer and are silent. It was Voltaire, I think, who gave nearly the same idea when he said: "Le génie—c'est l'audace." Madman or genius, Peter drove a pile down into the quivering bog on the banks of the Neva, and swore that on it he would build a "house with a window through which he could look out into Europe." His counsellors dared not expostulate, for it was a dangerous thing to thwart the will of the autocrat. What is, is right. The steadfast rock gathers moss, and around its base nature heaps up sands. Indomitable will and despotic force laid the foundations of this city; the people, but earthworms, bored about among the rocks and cut them into shifting sands, which grew and grew about Peter's cottage. They dug canals, which unite the Neva through the Volga with the White Sea of the north and the far-off Caspian of the south, and married these distant waters to the Baltic of the west. And St. Petersburg, the creation of mad Peter's will, calm, dignified, and grand in the twilight dawn of a summer's midnight; brilliant and dazzling in the snows and burning lights of the long, gay nights of winter; with its palaces in majestic piles, and temples and churches with rounded domes cut upon the blue sky; its great factories and business houses; its many river branches and canals, through which clear water pours in massive volume and rapid current, lined with granite quays and spanned by innumerable bridges; with its broad paved streets, along which thousands of vehicles are always rattling; its wooded gardens, filled with beautiful houses and gay pavilions; its long colonnades, its statues, and monuments; its hundreds of steamers darting up and down its many water-ways; and its thousands of barges, loaded with wares of many lands—St. Petersburg sits here between Lake Lagoda and Finland's Gulf, apparently so fittingly placed that the cynical genius of Voltaire would scarcely be able to ask, as it did of Berlin:—"Belle ville, que fais tu la?"

This city is generally spoken of as handsome and regularly built, with long rows of palatial edifices, handsome in detail, but monotonous and lacking picturesqueness, because of the regularity. This is an unjust criticism. There is nothing of the quaintness seen in the old German towns, with which, I suspect, travellers have in their minds made comparisons. There is, however, much which is picturesque, but all in modern style. Along the Neva the great size of the public edifices so arrests attention that one is apt to dwell too long upon the single structure. A *coup d'œil*, however, gives much of variety, and brings out much for relief in the different styles of architecture; and the various tints, all neutral, are very restful to the eye. Everywhere there is a general air of strength and dignity, and along the quay for a mile or more the picture is one of imperial grandeur and magnificence. A topographical outline of the city will probably not be out of place.

The river Neva, rising in Ladoga, the largest of European lakes, flows southwesterly and then northwesterly, striking St. Petersburg about 40 miles from the lake. It then bends due north for a mile or so, and making a short curve, runs due west for another mile, when it separates into two branches, one flowing southwesterly, the other north and then westerly, into the bay, two miles and two and a half miles respectively from the point of separation. The points where these two branches strike the sea are about two and a half or three miles apart. South of the main river and the southerly branch lies the bulk of the city, with the palaces and the finest of the public edifices. Between these two branches, and springing out of them are several other branches, some broad and deep, also emptying into the bay, and forming five or six great islands, varying in size from 200 acres up to perhaps 1,000, and one much more. The three main streams vary in width from, say 800 to 1,500 feet. These islands are cut by small running canals into many smaller islands. The more northerly ones are covered with villas and wooded gardens, and one or two of them with parks of considerable size, over which run fine gravel roads, along which rural-looking villas are prettily dotted. Through the main city, which lies south of the river, run three or four deep canals of 100 or so feet in width and spanned by many handsome bridges at streets intersecting. These canals, as well as those on the islands, bend about in wanton manner. On them run small steamers or steam barges, carrying passengers at a cent a mile, or less, and crowds of large barges, loaded with every character of freight, and carrying it almost to the doors of the warehouses. I say almost, for streets run along the canals on both sides, and of greater or less width. All of the river branches have rapid, and the canals fair currents of dark bog water—of water colored by pine lands and swamps, not pure enough for potable purposes, but considered sufficiently so for bath-houses, many of which float on the main branches and on the canals of the islands, and quite a number on the canals which intersect the main city. The water of the main branches is drunk. The city, however, is provided with drinking-water from above the town, and the streets are sprinkled by movable hose directly from the street hydrants, which throw with a strong head.

All streets are paved, mostly with small cobble, kept in constant repair, and drained by an underground system of sewerage. The more prominent streets are partially paved with wooden blocks—that is, with a band or bands 15 to 20 feet of blocking, the remainder on either side with cobble. Nevsky Prospekt, one of the great streets, and the most prominent one for retail business purposes, has a roadway of 90 feet divided into five narrower ways; the outer ones cobbled, then two of blocks, and the middle, in which the tramway runs, cobbled.

The blocks are laid together closely in exact hexagons, upon two-by eight-inch boards, tarred and laid an inch apart, spiked strongly to six by eight sills solidly bedded into the soil below, the whole drained by lines of eight by ten troughs, leading into man-holes. The cobbles are fitted closely together, and then the interstices are filled with very small broken granite, and with sand thrown an inch deep over all. The tramway or street-car rails are grooved, with the bearing flange an inch and a half wide; the inner flange, about a half inch wide, and laid absolutely flush with the pavement. This is a cold climate with long winters and deep snows, and I am told there is no difficulty in keeping the grooves clear, and I know that carriages pass across the rails at all sorts of diagonals without any difficulty or unpleasant jerking. American cities should force street-car companies to use the groove rail. It would save a great amount of damage to the running gear of wagons, and would enable light vehicles to cross safely and without wrenching wheels. The horse-cars on two of the tramway lines connect quite in the thick of the town with cars propelled by steam. They are heated by coke, and are as noiseless as the horse-cars, and do not frighten horses in the least.

Street gutters and sewer openings are so located that street intersections are flush with the sidewalks. Street-repairers are constantly at work. The authorities understand that a stitch in time saves nine, and that the excellence of a street is not in having it well built first so much as keeping it in thorough repair afterward.

St. Petersburg has a population of 950,000. We were told by some of its citizens, whom we met at various points before reaching it, that every one was out of town during the summer; that we would find the heat oppressive, the dust bad, the mosquitoes intolerable, and the flies a nuisance; but that in the winter it was glorious, a sort of paradise in snow, where the people have a continuous carnival on ice. Judging by what we saw of things connected with winter, there must be every concomitant necessary to make it joyous. The houses are well built, with thick walls, and everywhere double windows hung permanently and fitting closely. The sleighs are pretty and in great varieties. The horses are tough, well-formed, sufficiently speedy, and of wonderfully good tempers. Hot-houses have been brought to perfection, and one now sees in windows melons so sweet that one almost imagines that they convey their odor through the sense of sight; grapes, peaches, and flowers, palms, and ferns, of rare perfection. And in winter, I am told, there is a vast profusion of hot-house plants. The summers are so short that out-door flowers are not at all relied on, but hot-houses are abundant and finely managed.

Willie has been in a state of desperation throughout our long journeyings in Russia because he had not seen over two or three

very pretty women, and very few who were not positively homely. But from his frequent ejaculations as we walked the streets or mingled with the crowds in and about St. Petersburg, such as "Ah, there!" Ah, there! my beauty," "Ah, there! my size," I have come to the conclusion that the czar has attracted nearly all of Russia's beauty to the capital. Willie tells me that there are as many pretty women in it as he has seen anywhere, except at Buda-Pesth. The men are generally polite and pleasant. They lack etiquette; but of that politeness which has its origin in the heart they have a great deal. One form of etiquette is throughout Russia absolutely universal. A man never enters a house (except a station) without removing his hat. This habit may perhaps have grown out of the fact that every house—indeed, almost every room and shop—has its "Ikön," or holy image. Men uncover on entering a room, taking it for granted that they go into the presence of a sacred emblem. This is done in the post-office, in the vestibule of galleries and court-houses, in the commonest butcher shop, in the little store-room where the attendant, perhaps a little girl, could carry off all her goods in a half-dozen half-bushel baskets. Men, too, lift their hats to each other very sedulously. I have seen pilgrims in dirty rags with tattered sandals, knapsack and rough staff, accost each other on a thoroughfare by first removing, in studied form, their filthy looking sheepskin caps.

All smoke cigarettes, and delight to hold a gallon of carbon in their lungs and then roll it out like steam from a 'scape-pipe. In southern Russia and the Caucasus the women—matrons, and even some unmarried ones—smoke almost as universally as do the men. I have had, two or three times, nicely dressed ladies step up to me in a railroad station or on the platform and beg of me a light. I suppose this arose from my having a cigar, from which a better light could be had than from the cigarette of another. In northern Russia and at St. Petersburg I have seen but two women with cigarettes, and one of them was a princess. I am told comparatively few smoke here. I am glad that villainous habit, which John Bull is carrying around the world, of ramming his hand into his pocket for a match when asked for a light, instead of handing you his burning cigar, is not in vogue here. When I ask for a light I do not ask for a match. I wish that which costs the giver nothing, whereas when he goes down into his pocket he takes trouble for me, and gives me something of fixed value when he hands me a match. There is a sort of good-fellowship in the loan of a light. There is a polite insult when a man gives you a match, for he virtually says: "I have a good cigar, and I do not wish it poisoned by your weed." The use of tobacco is at best nasty. There is, however, a sort of free-masonry in the mingling of smoke and loaning a "chaw." I always liked the feeling which would make a Southern gentleman

take tobacco from an old darkey, who always begs tobacco, even when his pocket is full. I have seen a negro pull from his greasy pocket a plug and hand it to a gentleman, who would bite off a good "chaw," and never insulted his sable friend by picking off the outside dirt. A Russian gives and takes a light freely from a stump.

Our journeyings of over 5,500 miles in Russia have been a revelation to me in many things. First, as to the capabilities of this vast country; the enormous stretches of land whose productiveness is unequalled by any other; the depth of the soil; the rich underlying clays in the south and middle provinces, rendering famine-producing drought impossible; the breadth of the wooded districts of the north; the systems of rivers of deep currents and without rapids permeating the whole country in such a manner that short canals can connect them and make water communication almost continuous from the Arctic Sea to the Black, from the Baltic far into the foot-hills of the Ural mountains. But above all it has been a revelation as to the characteristics of the people. I knew, from many I had previously met in Continental wanderings, that the upper-class Russian was an elegant gentleman, but I thought the middle and lower classes were uncouth, rough, ill-tempered, and bordering upon the brutal. How different have I found them! I have mixed with them in crowds, when working, when worshipping, when idle and when busy, and when drunk; have watched crowds of peasants and great gatherings of well-to-do citizens on steamboats, in crowded railway stations, and in packed railroad cars, and if asked what are the most marked characteristics of the whole people I would reply: Amiability and kindness. They are, moreover, charitable. I have seen them, again and again, turn back to give in small charity to beggars and to needy ones whom they had passed unnoticed by the wayside. The importunities of beggars do not seem to annoy them, as is the case among most people. Too many in our favored land give to the poor and helpless, not cheerily and for the sake of helping, but rather to get rid of them, and then with an air of one casting a bone to a dog. Mendicants throng the vestibules and entrances to churches here, showing that it is of men's piety they ask. With us, and in England, they throng the doors of theatres and other places of amusement, as if expecting help from the prodigal and the careless. Perhaps they avoid our churches because the ministers have a corner on the charity of the pious. I have been surprised by the numbers of all classes who give with kindly air to the poor supplicants at church doors, in the towns and cities we have visited. One sees evidences of this amiability in many ways; all seem especially kind to children and to animals.

Birds are almost as gentle here as they are in India, where Buddhism has taught that the soul of an ancestor or a relative

may be in the body of some dumb creature, and where charity to the brute is taught as a religious duty. Crows hop along the road within a few feet of passers-by. Birds of all sorts perch upon telegraph wires, and do not fly until the wind made by the train ruffles their feathers. Pigeons fly down among drosky-drivers, and are frequently so close to me that I try to touch them with my cane. Dogs trot the streets with their tails curled over their backs, as independent as wood-sawyers, and I am told rarely ever fight. I have not seen any thing bordering upon a fight between men, and yet I have seen thousands drunk. Give a Russian an accordion and he is happy and too good-natured to kill a flea. I mentioned these things to a very intelligent gentleman. He laughed and said; "Why, I have been in many lands, and I believe we have the most amiable people that exist, and their amiability has gone down among all their domestic animals. Our men rarely quarrel and never fight; our dogs don't snarl or bite, and our horses won't kick." I rejoined: "And yet you have Nihilists!" "Ah," he said, "have you not noticed the better the woman the worse she becomes when she falls? Your amiable man, when he turns lunatic, is your fiercest man. In old Greece there was a sect of philosophers who proved by arguments, to their own satisfaction at least, that there was no such thing as material existence; that all materialism was but the figment of the imagination. Our scholastic students have reasoned themselves into the belief of Nihilism. They are philosophic madmen." "And like every other disease it must run its course until thrown off by a better growth," I added. "I am afraid so," he rejoined, with a sigh. The love of flowers seems universal here. It pervades all classes throughout the entire country we have passed. In cities, towns, and villages, dwelling-house windows are filled with flowers—in first and second stories,—and often so full that they look like conservatories, and at every country station children sell wild flowers.

I said something about dogs. That reminds me that we have seen in all parts of Russia so far visited, dogs of all breeds, and apparently pure. Setters and pointers of beautiful make, monster St. Bernards, and spaniels, and poodles, greyhounds and pugs, turnspits, shaggy dogs, and smooth-haired dogs, all well kept and on most kindly footing with the people. The kindness to the brute creation seems to have been acquired by the close relations, long-continued, of the Russians with their Asiatic neighbors. This brings me back to another Oriental peculiarity of these people. That is the disposition of merchants to congregate in great bazaars. Every city has its one or more large establishment of this kind; many of them being elegant, and all picturesque. In them every character of merchandise can be bought, from a baby doll up to a threshing-machine, and in all, goods are displayed in Oriental colorings.

Several of the bazaars of St. Petersburg are monster affairs and built with an eye to architectural beauty. On Nevsky Prospekt is one with a front of 700 feet by a depth of over 1,400 on the two cross, and backing on a rear street. It is two stories high, with a central and two end pavilions on each street, and a handsome columned portico in front of each central pavilion, and arched two-story colonnades on the four fronts. It is divided into a great number of small shops on the first story, and into store-rooms above and store-houses in the rear. Close to this are several others, nearly as large, with ornamental fixed iron awnings over the sidewalks. The ground of the principal one belongs to the city, the others to wealthy noblemen. The ground owners built the houses on fixed and fine plans, and then sold the houses to individual proprietors, reserving an annual leasehold rental. There has been a general disposition throughout the city to build in great blocks and divide them up for the several business purposes, thus giving it a stately and imperial appearance. There are no open store fronts, as in America. This makes the blocks appear more like palaces. The hotel we stopped in, on the corner of Nevsky Prospekt, and near the handsome Michael Palace, is a splendid four-story edifice, with a frontal of 636 feet. With the exception of a few of the great public buildings, and one or two churches, all structures, public and private, are of brick plastered in Portland cement; some are white, but the majority are yellowish-brown, salmon, peach-blow, and other delicate neutral tints; blue and green being, I think, entirely avoided. The public edifices, palaces, admiralty, etc., along the quay cover a length of about a mile, and, together with others behind them, a depth of perhaps a quarter of a mile. Besides these there are many other state structures and palaces scattered throughout the city on both banks of the river. The imperial palaces are not used as such now, but are devoted to galleries, museums, schools of art, academies of science, engineering, etc. They are generally of great size, three or four stories high, and of elegant though not elaborate architectural design.

The museums and art collections are rich in their contents, and of vast value both to the student and to the amateur. One can with profit spend days and days in the "Hermitage." The collections of coins are unequalled elsewhere. Case after case of antique seals and exquisitely cut stones and cameos are bewildering, nearly all with fine impressions in wax or plaster, showing the delicate design and artistic finish. Room after room, and some of great size, are filled with statuary, antique and modern, and many of them of highest merit, and vast numbers of Etruscan vases. Grand halls, lofty and perfectly lighted, have on their walls nearly 2,000 pictures, all good and many of them *chefs-d'œuvre*. Two or three hundred of them are masterpieces of Raphael, Correggio, Domenichino, Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Dolce,

Guido, Van Dyck, Teniers, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, and other great painters, but above all of Murillo. I have never seen so many works together of this, to me, unapproachable master. There are a few fine ones scattered in different European collections, which had caused me to admire him even above Raphael. But here there are about 20, all in one room, in admirable light, and three or four of them of grandest character. There is a richness of tone, borrowed, I suppose, from Moorish blood, in his pictures shown by no other artist. Raphael's Madonnas are too pure for motherhood. They are artless girls who never dreamed of guile and were never touched by a human passion. They nurse the Christ-child as an angel who never touched earth would fondle a pure scintillation. But Murillo's Mary is a woman with a woman's heart, overflowing with love, full of unborn passion, a passion that might have been fearfully tempted had not the all-seeing eye watched over it, and the whispered counsels of invisible angels directed and angels' hands guided it into paths of celestial purity. Murillo's Mother of God was a woman who gave to her child the human passions which enabled him to feel for the woes of man, and to sympathize with him in his human struggles; gave to him a humanity which made him bear his cross in agony, and to sweat great drops of blood, and to cry out in human woe as he gave up the ghost. The heart-strings of Raphael's Mary would have snapped at the sight of intense suffering; but Murillo's Mary suffered and bore as only a woman can suffer and bear, and when the moment of sublimation came, she ascended into heaven, still a woman, but a woman turned into a saint and borne upon angels' wings, fanned and elevated by the breath of God toward her eternal throne. Close together here one can gaze for hours on his two masterpieces, inferior to those of no artist, and equalled only by Raphael's at Dresden. All the schools of art are fully represented in this noble gallery, and most masters have in it some of their finest pieces.

Adjoining and united by an arched gallery to the Hermitage is another magnificent structure, the vast Winter Palace, with great halls and noble stairways, beautiful marble pillars in great profusion, lofty conservatories, and a royal chapel in which rich Oriental taste seems to have tried to exhaust itself in heaping up gold and jewelled wealth. In this little chapel one has the exquisite satisfaction of seeing the dried hand and wrist of John the Baptist, a picture of the Virgin painted by St. Luke, and a piece of the original cross. Luke's colors were not of the fast kind, for an eye of faith is required to enjoy the purity of the lineaments of his immaculate subject. This palace has brilliant specimens of malachite columns and mantels and cabinets, lapis lazuli vases, and mosaics unsurpassed except in the Vatican. Here, too, is Peter's gallery, with his private cabinets, his lathe and working-tools, his diamond snuff-boxes and jewelled swords,

his clothes, miniatures, and bric-a-brac. A strange mixture of imperial wealth and plodding industry! One, however, is brought nearer to the great Peter in the cottage across the river, in which he lived while laying the foundations of the capital. There one sees the old imperial carpenter and shipwright in close and familiar quarters. I was boy enough to seat myself in a chair of his make—a sort of combined seat and writing-desk which he used, and in which I doubt not he often took a nap. I know most people will say how silly! But they must know I have adopted as a motto: “’T is folly to be wise.”

One of the very attractive features of the galleries of St. Petersburg are the tables, urns, and vases, some of them of great size, in jasper, lapis lazuli, and Russia's peculiar marble, the surprisingly veined and beautifully green malachite. While one would not go to a gallery more than once to see these things alone, yet they afford cheerful relief when examining the works of art hanging on the walls. The Hermitage and the Winter Palace each has probably more abundant and larger pieces of this wonderful mineral—for it is rather a mineral than a stone—than all the rest of the world together outside of this empire. The walls of the Winter Palace are adorned by a great number of large spirited battle-pieces representing Muscovite fights. Many of them are very fine, but the city furnishes so many galleries that a stay of months would be required to do them justice. The emperor never, I believe, resides in any of these buildings, unless for a few days when the great balls are given during the long winter months, when his capital is held by a rule of ice and two thirds of his huge dominions are wrapped in a mantle of snow. Then in this imperial city, as if in mockery of grim Boreas, King Carnival mounts his glittering throne, horses prance and neigh as if partaking of the general joy, bells jingle and sing in a thousand silvery tones, men in gold lace and women in embroidered silks, all enveloped in warm mantles borrowed from the furry denizens of the frozen regions of the far north, flirt and sing, strut and dance, eat and drink in a high revelry unknown to, and impossible in lands where winter's sun comes forth in warm and genial mood. Here his wintry face is never fierce, and after a quick run in the short day he retires early to his southern bed and leaves to man a long and weird twilight, with streamers in the far north of “the borealis race that flit ere you can point their place.” Then and in those long nights the autocrat comes among his children and gives them the light of his imperial face, dearer to courtiers than the glow of the king of day; and noblemen and gentry strive to imitate imperial splendor and to squander the treasures gathered from their vast country estates. The very poor of the great city grow enthusiastic when telling you of the gayeties of winter. For it is then that they touch the gold given in free-handed

largesse by the prodigal rich, or carelessly scattered in their wild revelry.

The St. Petersburger asks in a breath of the traveller if he has seen the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, the statue of Peter the Great and St. Isaac's. He is proud of many things in the great city, but these he believes unequalled in the world. On a massive block of granite, weighing 1,500 tons, cut to resemble a rugged precipice, the czar sits upon a proud charger, both of heroic size, and on the brink of the precipice points to the glorious work of his brain—the proud city of his dreams, and seems to say: "I spake, and behold the creation of my voice." He has, to me, the proudest expression I have ever seen portrayed in marble, bronze, or living colors. The very spirit of the autocrat, who considered obstacles but things to be surmounted, and would not learn the meaning of the word fail, seems to breathe from the proud face and bold demeanor of the pile of bronze hanging over the precipice yawning beneath the horse's feet. Other monuments are worthy of note, but I will only name one, erected to commemorate a victory over the Turks. It is an iron column standing on a lofty pedestal of granite, and of nearly 50 feet in height, divided into six stories, around which, in diminishing tiers, are arranged over 100 cannon taken from the enemy. It is, I think, unique, and is a fitting base for the lofty figure of Victory above, holding in one hand a wreath in laurel of victory, and an olive branch in the other. The olive branch, I suppose, to be handed over only when the Mussulman surrenders the Bosphorus to the upholder of the Russian cross.

As I said heretofore, the Russians are preëminently a pious people, and take more pride in their churches than in any other public structures. St. Petersburg is by no means a city of sacred buildings. There are comparatively few, but several of them are noble temples. In many respects the Cathedral of the Saviour in Moscow is the most beautiful Christian temple I have ever seen, but St. Isaac's here is one of the grandest and, next to St. Peter's in Rome, is the most impressive and the richest of churches. It is in form a perfect Greek cross, with a length of 360 odd feet by 315, built of stone, resting on massive granite foundations. Fronting each line of the cross is a noble portico, raised on massive blocks of red granite, forming the platform from which lift 28 columns, 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, each a single piece of polished granite with heavy bronze bases, and surmounted by florid Corinthian capitals in the same metal. These support the upper part of the vast porticos, in the pediments of which are figures in bronze of great size representing different biblical stories. At the four corners of the edifice are four cupolas or domes, containing the great bells, and relieved by bronze figures of colossal dimensions, but

appearing from the ground simply of life-size. Springing from the centre between these smaller domes is the great dome or cupola of gilded copper, resting on a colonnade of granite columns 30 feet high. The apex of this dome is nearly 300 feet high. From its shoulder springs a smaller cupola or lantern of same shape as the main dome. On this rests the great cross at an elevation of 366 feet from the street.

The exterior of St. Isaac's is grand and in such perfect proportion that one can scarcely realize its great dimensions and lofty height. The splendid bronze friezes and statues, its huge granite columns of perfect polish, its gilded domes and lofty cross, and the granite steps and platform of titanic dimensions—these are all very impressive. But it is not until one has passed through the great portals of bronze ornamented in alto-relievo and finds himself in the dim and awful interior, with its huge pillars, oblong in shape and massive in proportion, built of costly marble of softest hues, pink and salmon of neutral tone predominating, and picked out in bands of black and scrolls of white, and then looks up to the huge rounded dome, letting in the sunlight from far above—it is not until then that one can realize the perfection of form of the vast edifice, or can realize the imperial richness of its material. The pillars are all on bases and plinths of polished bronze and crowned by capitals in the same rich metal in highest Corinthian style; above and resting on these is an interior cornice of great depth, whose prominent members are, too, of bright bronze. The ikonistas, or screen, separating the main interior from the inner altar or tabernacle, instead of being light and apparently movable, is stable and fixed, of perhaps 100 feet in height, ornamented by ten malachite pillars over 30 feet high and large and perfect in Corinthian form, surmounted by capitals of wonderful work and resting on bases wrought with exquisite leaf ornaments. In the centre of the ikonistas is a magnificent bronze portal with swinging doors over 20 feet high and made of exquisite leaf and vine openwork. Flanking the portal and next the malachite columns are two pillars of lapis lazuli, 20 feet high and of a marvellous color. Looking from one side, the malachite columns seem a solid wall for the great screen.

St. Isaac's is celebrated, and deservedly so, for its music. The reading by the priests is richly intoned, and men with great volume of voice are chosen for the rôle. The responses of the choir are very sweet, but in the liturgy the effect is marvellously touching. The service is very long on Sunday, lasting from ten to nearly one. The floor of the church was crowded, when we were present, by thousands of devotees, and either the music or their own devotional feelings kept them standing throughout, with no appearance of weariness. The fervent devotions of all worshippers appeal strangely to the heart. I have been deeply affected in a Buddhist temple. I was held in rapt attention at St. Sophia

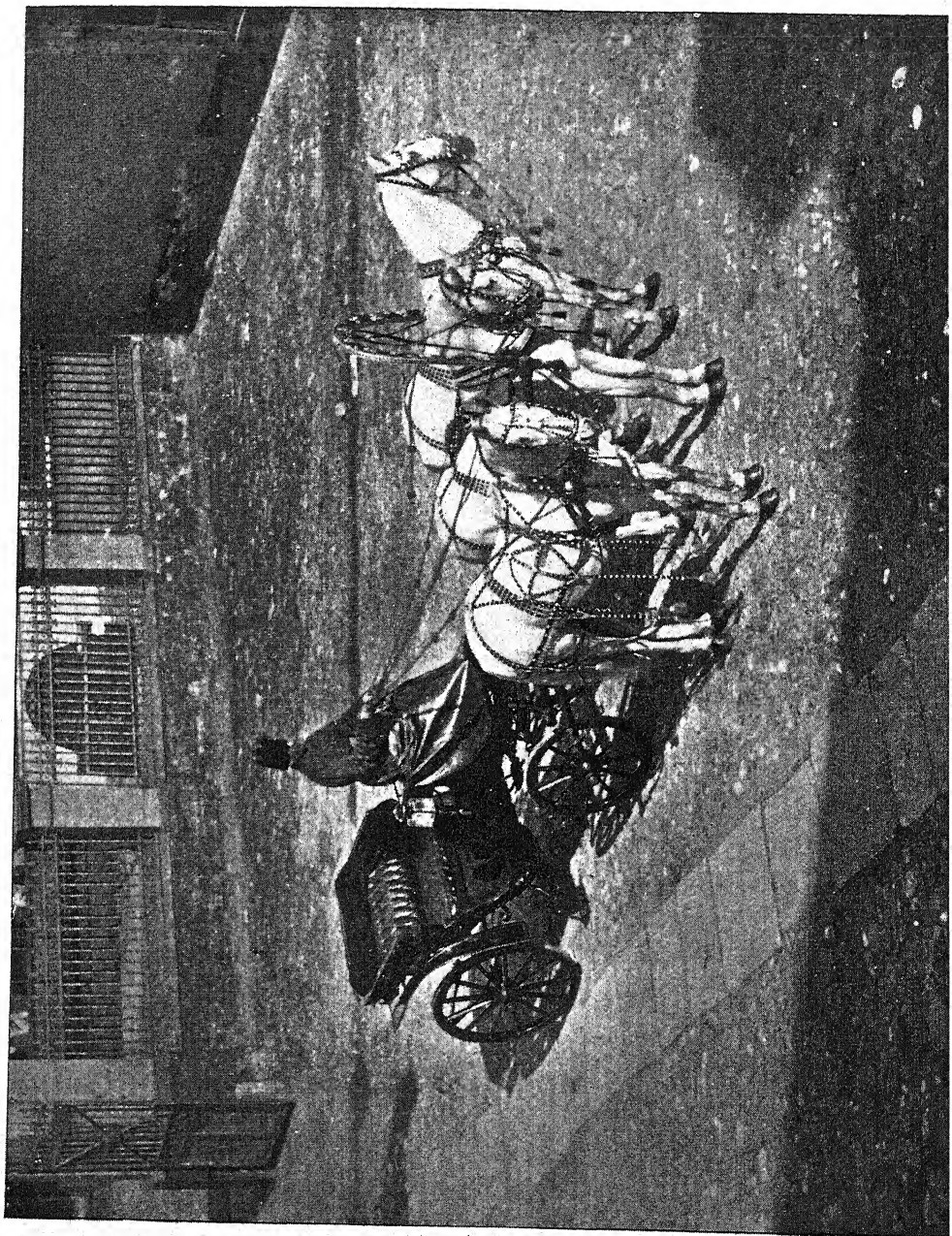
by a Mohammedan priest. Last Sunday at St. Isaac's my heart welled up through my eyes. No opera ever appealed to my love of beautiful music as did the singing of the choir. Even the oratorio of "Moses in Egypt," with Mario and Grisi, Belletti and Albani, and several other *primi* in the rôles, at Paris when I was a young man, failed to impress me as did this Greek church music! I do not wonder it takes such deep hold upon the people whose religion seems almost entirely confined to externals.

Some clouds had hung over the sun for some time during service on Sunday at St. Isaac's, but as the choir sung out its joy when the bread and wine were blessed, and the deep, mellow tones of the huge bells entered through the lofty dome, mingling with the sweet voices of the choristers, I looked up in almost startled pleasure. As I did so the cloud rolled by, and the sun shot down in bright rays through the far-above windows and sent them in hallowed streams into the church below. I could then understand the exaltation of devotees when they take for miraculous many natural phenomena. The rayons of sunlight poured down into the deep dimness of the church, and from them spread in mellow mist throughout the glorious edifice; and through the great portal in front of the inner altar streamed a hallowed effulgence seeming to come from the grand figure of Christ which fills, in gorgeous stained glass, the great window at the rear. A sigh of deep devotion arose from a thousand men and women about me as they bent upon their knees in devout thankfulness.

Next to the churches, the drosky is the most decidedly Russian institution of the land. The one now most in use is a small, open caleche with low wheels, the front a half foot narrower in the tread than the rear ones, and being often not over 18 inches in diameter, but generally about two feet. The wheels are strongly built, the hinder ones twice or more as high as those in front, with the axle-spindle projecting a couple of inches beyond the hub, a pair of heavy shafts bowing from the horse's girth and bending in close to the withers. From the ends of the shaft lifts a rounded bow or yoke some three feet high, firmly fastened to the shafts and to the collar or hames. The horse draws directly by the shafts and holds back by the same, there being a breeching running from the collar on the outer side of the shaft and fastened to it; a strong trace runs back and is attached to the end of the axle-spindle outside of the hub. The driver is always a chubby-looking fellow, in a sort of frock heavily plaited or gathered in at the waist under a belt. He wears a low-crowned hat immensely belled and with narrow, rolling brim. He and his wagon look as if they had been fashioned for each other. He is always sleepy and good-natured, but wakes as quickly as a cat when called, and asks more than the regular fare, but takes the right one when given, with a smile. He is tough, his vehicle is tough, and his

horse is tough and seems never to tire. If you are not in a hurry he goes in a jog-trot, but if you wish speed he goes at a break-neck pace, and no amount of jerking over rough streets or roads ever breaks the wagon, wearies the horse, or puts the driver out of humor. The seat is very narrow and the springs give, so that the occupants are constantly inclined to tumble out. This gives rise to a peculiar social custom, amounting almost to a superstition, among the Russians—that is, that when a man rides with a pretty or young woman he must always keep his arm about her waist, to keep her from being tumbled out; but his superstition teaches him that this is never necessary when his companion is an elderly woman or another man. The drosky generally in use is nearly the same throughout the entire empire. In the country towns many of them have bells attached to the bow. The old-fashioned vehicle has seats running laterally, the driver and passengers looking to the sides. These are seen more in the provinces than in the capitals. Very handsome ones are used privately. The stylish one is a "troika," and is drawn by three horses, one on either side of the shaft-horse. The two outer ones are so reined that their heads are drawn sharply outward. The middle or shaft-horse trots, but the outer ones invariably gallop. When style is affected, a troika of fine finish, with three good beasts, the outer ones with outward-bending necks in full gallop, and with a fine set of bells, is a very nobby affair. The horses of Russia are fine strong animals, and have great endurance. With the exception of those of Hungary, I have never seen them in any land so universally good as are seen on the great steppe-plain of southern Russia. In a war with any other country, the Cossacks and their mounts must prove a strong arm to the service.

On Sunday last we went to Peterhof to witness an illumination given in honor of the Emperor of Germany. It was a dazzling affair. In the beautiful water-fountain system I have already described, many thousands of lamps were arranged in great obelisks 40 to 50 feet high; in pyramids or arches over the canal in frequent tiers, and scattered thickly among the branches of trees. Looking down from the palace terrace, or up to it from the long alley, the whole seemed turned into fountains and forests of flame. The little lamps along the walk and among the many fountains were so thick as to seem almost solid, and, mingling as they did with the water spray, the effect was of marvellous beauty. Behind the sheet cataracts, innumerable lamps were placed, with dazzling effect. Heretofore I spoke of the great fountains in front of the palace. There is another system of jets in another part of the park, running down from the high grounds to the Mont de Plaisir, Peter the Great's pavilion on the water. This is a beautiful building, 300 feet long, and only one story high. From the two ends run back wings of about the same length as the front. In the court formed by these are fine old





trees. The entire building was covered in regular lines with lamps in ground-glass globes, marking the architectural members, and from the trees and high up in their branches swung innumerable lamps of various colors, all artistically arranged. The ground was laid out in parterres of tulips of various colors, little lamps, however, taking the place of flowers. From this pavilion back nearly a quarter of a mile to the hill of 70 feet, through the trees, is a broad alley; along this were a vast number of obelisks of flame, and the woods on either side blazed as with myriads of huge fire-flies. Tumbling down the hill by a succession of steps so arranged as to represent a single cascade, are broad sheets of water. Under the sheets or falls were a mass of deep-red lamps, while on either side were double rows of amber light, and on and under the top cascade a blaze in white electricity.

The illumination commenced before ten o'clock, when the twilight was yet fresh and bright, but the brilliancy of 50,000 or more lamps was so great that we forgot it was not deep night; the twilight seemed to come from the artificial lights, and to be reflected upon the sky, rather than from the sun below the northern horizon. In front of the pavilion of the Mont de Plaisir were several steamers a few hundred yards out at sea. From these were sent up a large number of rockets and fireworks of the flower-pot kind, of huge size, and bursting far up in myriads of brilliant colors. In the pavilion there was a banquet for the visiting emperor and the czarina and her suite. We reached the entrance at the rear of the pavilion just as the empress was coming out, surrounded by the court.

The crowd was great and swayed back and forth, restrained by double tiers of soldiers with locked hands. We had been pressed to the front line. Seeing one of the handsomely uniformed staff close by, I resolved to try my patent open-sesame of "Ya Amerikanets." I addressed him, telling him I was an American traveler and anxious to see the brilliant scene within. He replied: "Attendez un moment, monsieur," adding that it was too late to let me in, as the empress was just in the gate-way. As quickly as she passed out and was getting into a great open six-horse drag, with a dozen or more ladies and attendants, the officer ordered the soldiers to let us pass. We thus had a fine opportunity for witnessing the most brilliant part of the display, designed only for God's anointed. But I was one of these, an American sovereign, and we two were the only persons inside except the court attachés. The Russians feel very much pleased by the courtesy extended by the American corvette *Enterprise* in assisting in doing honor to the guest of their czar. Ours was the only foreign war ship which took part in the ceremonies, excepting, of course, the German. I suspect the courtesy of the officer of the staff arose from this. We met some of the officers of the *Enterprise* that night at the railroad station, and regretted we could not

accept their cordial invitation to visit them at Cronstadt. We did not leave the terrace of the palace until after 12 o'clock. The scene was so brilliant that we disliked to tear ourselves away. We leaned for some time on the parapet overlooking the main fountains in front of the palace pavilion, and enjoyed the magic scene. The many kiosks and pavilions of the park seemed to be beautiful structures in flame, and the flower-gardens under us looked like acres of tulips and hyacinths and crocuses of light. The lamps were so colored as to make this effect of the parterres almost perfect. I counted the lamps in a given space, and calculated from these that there must have been from 50,000 to 100,000 burning in two sections of the park.

At 12.30 we took the train. There was enough of light coming from the northern quarter of the heavens for me to read my watch. The great city had a weird appearance—so light, and yet so quiet and apparently deserted. Now and then we saw a policeman reading a newspaper, which he probably borrowed from a doorway. The czar's great city virtually has no night in summer.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FINLAND—AN INTERESTING COUNTRY—THE FINNS—TORNEA—
MIDNIGHT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—POSTING—FARM-
ING—THE RELATIONS OF THE RUSSIANS WITH THEIR CON-
QUERED SUBJECTS.

*Steamship "Tornea," between Helsingfors and Stockholm,
August 12, 1888.*

I COMMENCE this letter within the roar of Imatra, the largest waterfall in Europe, and in many respects one of the finest in the world. A great river—the outpouring of Lake Saima, with its connecting lakes over 200 miles long and some 30 broad—here met a granite hill. A convulsion of the earth split the hill in twain, leaving a cleft 50 to 80 feet wide and 500 yards long, of solid granite walls, notched and jagged, and with here little recesses a few feet deep and there projections a few feet out. The river, approaching this cleft by a fine, dashing rapid, plunges down the narrow gorge, bounding, leaping, dashing, surging, roaring, and foaming, with a fall of 60 odd feet in 500 yards. Its furious flow is here and there caught by a recess, or hurled by a projection in counter-currents, which lift several feet high and plunge again to rise below in huge boiling caldrons, shifting strangely from point to point, often several yards apart. The currents shot from the two walls frequently meet to be thrown in massive jets 10 to 15 feet into the air, scattering huge crystals, or floating off in fleecy mist. Often a current lifts up, like the rounded back of a mighty monster, to plunge and rise again 100 feet below. From top to bottom the surging flood is one mass of snowy foam, enamelled here and there with spines of pea-green. The jagged wall of the cliff is 20 to 30 feet above the water. Against this the current is often thrown in mad fury, to leap high up its sides and to fall again into curling pits several feet lower than the general level.

Imatra is not a cascade, nor is it a cataract, nor yet a rapid, but a hybrid between them all. No rocks project from its bed, and its boiling and tossing are not from obstacles hidden below, but rather from its own mad impulse. In a straight line for 500 yards it looks like the lower and broken parts of a vertical cataract, and could it be hoisted, and yet preserving its present form, it would seem a mighty cascade with a sheet of snowy foam, showing occasionally masses of unbroken green. It roars finely,

with the dominant tone of a monster splash ; yet under it all is a deep bass, rich but yet mellow. On the left bank, the rising hill is densely clothed in spire-formed fir-trees and yellow pine, whose trunks seem to have caught and imprisoned the sunlight, so yellow are they, lifting through the green foliage about them. The other bank is covered with birch in delicate feathery leaf, and with trunks and branches of silvery white. Walking at 11 o'clock at night in the weird twilight through this birch wood, I discovered a pretty effect from the waterfall. The trees seemed alive with countless myriads of cicadæ playing upon their bony chords, and yet there was not a noisy insect about, nor was there a breath of air stirring. It was the tiny echoes of the waterfall sent back by millions of leaves and twigs. There is a pretty hotel on the precipice overhanging the fall, embowered in birchen wood, where 50 to 100 guests are entertained in a very comfortable manner by polite attendants. Four versts below, the river again tumbles in another fall, with surrounding scenery of a truly picturesque character.

But I must go back a while. A run of four hours from St. Petersburg brought us to Wiborg, a pretty old town in Finland, with a population of 17,000. It is built on a jagged peninsula, at the head of a small bay running up from the Gulf of Finland. At one time it was strongly fortified. The old broken-down walls and earthworks run entirely around the main town and form a sort of promenade, from which nice views are had over the bay on one side and over the river, with deep indentations and rocky promontories on the other. A part of this promenade is turned into a garden or park 100 and 200 yards wide, and bending and running a third of a mile. This is well planted with young lindens and pretty shrubbery. A picturesque old fortress, with octagonal dungeon tower, seven stories high, and flanked by a strong castle, covers a bold rock inside the town and makes a very striking picture. The pride, however, of the Wiborgers is a private park, *Mon Repos*, open to the public, a good walk out of the town. The owner has taken advantage of a rocky, indented shore line, backed by granite precipices and wooded slopes and low hills, with massive rock islands in front, to make one of the prettiest of little parks. It has a small castle on an island some hundred feet high, look-out observatories, kiosks, pavilions, and grottos, with the woods so cut as to present many pretty vistas, and with soft, restful bays nestling in green wood, spreading along the shore, and only lacks a soft, southern atmosphere to make it a most restful repose.

From Wiborg small but comfortable steamers run up the river, and then through a canal with 28 locks to Lake Saima, and thence over it and its connecting lakes into the centre and toward the north of Finland. The trip on the canal is really charming, now along a canalized river and then through artificial water-ways.

Now the steamer runs along a dark narrow stream, with margins of firs and silver birch; then through a short run of artificial channel, lifted by handsome granite locks, from which it again emerges into a pretty lake, bordered with country villas embowered in woods and mirrored in placid waters. No outlet is seen, but suddenly a bend around a rocky promontory brings one into other little rivers with other sets of locks, and again into other lakes, with headlands, creeks, and bays, studded with little islands, and at last, after being lifted 256 feet, into Lake Saima, which extends by its connecting lakes from the 61st up to the 64th parallel of latitude, and spreads with innumerable arms, all twisted, bent, and distorted, over two degrees of longitude.

Finland is preëminently the land of lakes. Looking upon one of the correct topographical maps, the blue-tinted lakes so mark the whole that one would think the water covers equal surface with the land. They have not regular shore lines, but are so broken into creeks and bays; are so twisted in all directions; are so pierced by promontories and headlands; and so covered with innumerable islands; in parts so narrow, and then quickly so spreading out—that the water upon the map looks like huge sea monsters. There are three lake systems, running from near the shore of the Gulf of Finland up into the north, besides Lake Ladoga, partly in Russia. Saima is Finland's principal lake. There are two other long ones, but not so large, nor have they so many arms and other connecting lakes. Small steamers ply over Saima in daily lines between several ports, and small ships are towed from near its northern end, laden with lumber, iron ore, tan bark, and tar, to the Gulf of Finland through the canal. The trip from Wilmanstrand, near the mouth of the canal and the terminus of a railroad, up to Idensalmi was most enjoyable. There is no grand scenery; none of the islands or headlands are over 100 feet high until reaching Nyslott, some 70 miles, but they are by the hundreds. Some are wholly granite rocks, but generally wooded and green. The granite, however, is not repulsive, being always covered with a gray moss, brightened to a light green near the water. So constantly are the islands in view, that there are few points where the eye can catch a reach of more than four miles. At one time, however, we could see 20 miles off, but then only through a narrow channel.

Half-way up to Kuopio we stopped at Nyslott, a pretty place, with a fine old castle, covering an island rock, with four handsome turrets and heavy walls deeply marked by cannon-shot. The views from several high points in the town are exquisite. It is built on a set of islands, divided by channels connecting the upper and lower lakes, through which the dark water runs in fine current. I was struck here by a sort of water weed, or long grass, which grows from the bottom of streams, even where six or more feet deep, bearing a white star flower with golden centre. The

flower is only seen in an eddy or still water below a rock or bridge, but where the current is swift the long grass bends and waves like swimming serpents below the surface, and looks like threads of gold or silver enamelled in green and bronze. It grows in all the lakes, but it was at Nyslott that it was most beautiful.

After leaving this place, the run to Kuopio was charming. The hills were higher, the farm lands finer, and many of the farm-houses very pretty. I will here state that throughout Finland the cultivators of the soil do not live in villages, as in most of old Continental lands, but on their individual holdings. Frequently these are so small that the farm-houses are quite near each other, and form somewhat of hamlets. Some, however, are quite large, and the barns and out-houses numerous, and some fine. Generally the buildings are wholly unpainted, but occasionally a large house and barn would give variety in deep-red, with white window trimmings. The Finns are fine farmers—plow well, manure well, and save every thing. Nowhere is seen finer barley, which grew better and better the farther north we went, up to the 67th degree. I am told it is good up to the 69th, and is brought down to the southward for seed. The rye has a fine appearance, but the kernel is small. It is exported to Russia for seed. It is grown only to a very limited extent about the 65th degree, though we saw some as high as the 66th. The stalks in some fields were fully six feet high, possibly the average was considerably over five feet. The stand of barley, rye, oats, and potatoes is always good, but the oats, with few exceptions, are light-headed. Hemp of good quality, but not over three feet high, is quite common on the lake lands or interior. Barley about the 67th parallel matures in eight weeks after being put into the ground, hence its excellence for seed. Farm lands along the lakes, and indeed throughout middle and eastern Finland, are comparatively scattered, and generally of small extent. The whole country is full of rocks, either vast masses of protruding granite earth-ribs or in boulders, many of them of huge dimensions. From among these the farmer has to pick out his fields for cultivation.

We reached Kuopio in the late afternoon of Sunday, the 29th. We at once drove to a handsome park on a little promontory running out into the lake, where we saw banners and a great concourse of people. There were 2,000 or 3,000 people enjoying the Sunday afternoon, the young men in their best clothes, and the women in their whitest kerchiefs. The females, old and young, wear a handkerchief, generally white or colored, folded on the diagonal and tied under the throat. A long line was formed, and probably 100 couples were dancing on the green sward to music made by a military band. Games were going on among the more boisterous. One of these was amusing. A smooth pole, a foot

in diameter, was mounted on strong, firm legs. Two young fellows would climb this, locking their legs under it, and then, with bags filled tightly with dry grass, would endeavor to knock each other off by pounding over the head. Rarely more than two or three blows were given before one or the other would tumble over, to the great amusement of the boys and girls looking on. We saw several contests, and, to the credit of the boys, did not see any thing but the best humor. The boys and young men up here have their own sports, and do not hire a picked nine to do athletics for them. The American rage for professional base-ball is very nearly akin to that of the effeminate taste of Rome, when people paid to see others fight, and were soon overrun by the hardy sons of the north, who delighted in themselves engaging in all kinds of hard, manly sports.

Overlooking the town is a mountain of 700 feet high, and on it an observatory. From this is an extraordinary panorama. Spread around 20 to 30 miles are rolling green forests, and hills and sheets of placid water. Nowhere do the hills rise higher than the spot on which we stood. To the north and south the lake or lakes lay in all sorts of irregular shapes—here in rounded bays, there in long arms, now in sheets, and then in the narrow streams. As far as one could see toward the south, the water was spread with islands of various sizes and of many shapes. I distinctly counted 150. Among them the lake would shine as sheets of silver, then run off in threads, again to widen into sheets, and to bend off and lose itself among the hills. To the east and south the wooded hills encompassed lakes and streams, and showed small patches of cultivated farm lands. I have never seen any large view which presented water and land so equally intermingled—nowhere a mere water picture, nowhere a simple land picture. In a fourth of the panorama water predominated, in the rest the land, but in any direction one looked there was enough of both to make a complete scene. And yet there was one thing sadly wanting: there was no warmth of coloring; no genial atmosphere to make one feel he would like to wander among the woods, or over the hills, or float upon the water. No spot in this far north can woo one to enjoy a dreamy, restful inaction. We watched the sun drop down into his cold northern couch. Even he seemed loth to find rest in so uncongenial a clime. From the instant his lower limb touched the horizon there intervened several minutes before the last ray was hidden. Last winter, when near the equator, I could almost see the sun move as he dropped to his rest, and the tints and hues of sunset were of so short duration, so fleeting, that they were gone almost before the eye could fully catch them. Before a delicious coloring could fix itself upon the retina it would vanish, and another as beautiful would take its place; tint melted into tint, tones dissolved like floating mists.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark."

Here it is all different. A sunset glow seems painted upon the sky, and the cloud-tints appear almost stable. I saw bands of gold and yellow and red and purple drawn along the horizon, and after turning from looking in another direction for some minutes, I was almost pained to find the same carpet-lines athwart the low sky; and after the sun has gone under, the bright colorings last as if indelibly fixed.

The midnight twilight of the far north also differs in tone very much from the fleeting twilights of more southern latitudes, even as high up as Chicago. There one has a somewhat changing atmosphere, and, one may say, a fleeting grayness. Here the gray is crystallized, and almost as fixed as in a picture on canvas. It may be fancy, but to me it brings an intense feeling of loneliness; much the same feeling as I have felt when high up on an Alpine glacier. The finest scene is cold, and the atmosphere so tones every thing, that one feels he is looking through slightly smoked glass, and that, too, when the air is of crystal clearness.

From Idensalmi on the lakes, about 230 miles north of Wiborg, we posted 138 miles across the country to Uleaborg, near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Our vehicles were of three kinds. On most routes we had a sort of dog-cart, with nice springs, on others a cart with springs to the seat alone, and on one a simple box set down on the axle. The stations are from 7 to 12 miles apart, varying to suit the farm-houses, there not being farming lands at regular intervals. We would frequently pass over several miles of flat, oozy tracts, growing pine and silver birch, without a house, and then over a broken country with boulders and pines. Where there were farms they were generally small, but, being finely managed, produced admirable crops. Hay is greatly valued, and every patch of grass is cut.

It rains so frequently, and the drying quality of the air is so deficient that hay is cured in the central or lake regions on racks. These are sometimes quite large and of long poles, one above the other, two or three feet apart, and laid on upright posts 20 or more feet high. On these the cut grass, after lying on the ground a day, is hung until thoroughly cured; on them, too, are cured the tender twigs of birch, elm, and ash, for sheep and goat fodder. In general, however, sticks eight or so feet high, with pins a couple of feet long stuck into them at intervals of a foot or two, are run into the ground throughout the meadow. The grass is hung up on them instead of being thrown into haystacks to cure. All hay must be housed for the long winters, and, consequently, must be thoroughly cured. Another peculiar feature of farming exists. Rye and barley are dried by fire before being threshed, and every large farmstead has several houses for this purpose. These are of logs close laid on moss-filled

chinks. In them, on cross-beams, the grain is hung, as tobacco is with us, and a fire is made in rock-built furnaces, the stones generally being in quite a pile around the flue, so to retain and give out a regular heat. One can tell these houses by the smoke-stains over the door-way, this being the only outlet for smoke.

At the station, where we spent our first night, we found these houses are put up to another and very droll use. About ten o'clock a number of hands, men and women, came in from the hay-field. Soon I noticed them coming out of the dwelling house in white overalls—a sort of night dress,—and going to one of these dry-houses. I followed and found that the house was a regular steam bath. A dozen naked men were perched on an upper tier of joists, whipping themselves with birchen branches, on which the leaves were left. The room was so filled with steam that I could not see until I lit a match. A woman was throwing dipperfuls of water over the pile of hot stone, and thus making steam. They were all much amused at my curiosity. At first I supposed the woman did not mind the naked men, because they were clad thoroughly in smoke and steam. But I soon found it arose not from this, but from an entire lack of *mock* modesty, for the men soon emerged into the open air as red as boiled lobsters, and reeking with sweat, and sat around to wipe off and cool, as the elite do in a Turkish bath. The light whipping takes the place of the shampooing in our baths. After the men had gotten through, the women went in and took their sweat. Exceeding diffidence prevented me waiting to find if they came out in nature's adornments to cool as the men did. Like Lot's wife, however, I could not help looking over my shoulder, and discovered that women as well as men get exceeding red when half-cooked. At another place we saw several girls, from 10 to 15, standing in front of one of these drying establishments, a few paces from the road. They did not flee, although their only garment was maiden modesty. This is one of the Asiatic habits of their ancestry, not yet discarded in the less-frequented parts of Finland. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Adam and Eve did not discover their want of clothing until their eyes were opened by sin. Let us hope that lack of guile is at the bottom of this people's want of conventional modesty. I regret to report, however, that the birth statistics show a rather high rate of illegitimacy, but below that of Moscow or Vienna. By the way, I think I omitted to state that in the Volga we saw men and women, without bathing-dresses, bathing, not exactly together, but only a few feet apart, and with no sort of screen between them.

The Finns show a very decided resemblance to the Mongolians in type; rather flat faces and stubby noses, and stems of the ears bulging as if bee-stung. They are not a bad-looking people, and evince a great desire to please. Speaking not a word of their lan-

guage, we have been forced to decided freedoms in making our wants known. We marched into their kitchens, into their dairies, and into their store-rooms to point out what we wished. They invariably seemed amused and never annoyed at this lack of form on our part. Our guide-book has a short lexicon. We occasionally find a word for the thing we wish, and instead of trying to pronounce it we point it out in the book, and, to the credit of the people, we have only found two or three old people who could not read. I learn it is the boast that every one can read the Bible who was not too old to go to school within the past 15 or 20 years, and nearly all write and can cipher. In this respect they are vastly in advance of their Russian brothers, 80 per cent. of whom do not know their A B C's. The bishops (Lutheran) in Finland refuse to confirm any one who cannot read the catechism, and thus force them to learn, for they are all true to their church.

I have taken advantage of our license as ignorant strangers to pry into much of the home life of these people. On our posting trips the stations are at the houses not of inn-keepers, but of a better class of farmers. The horses are invariably in the pastures. While they were being made ready I went on voyages of discovery. The farm-houses are placed about a quadrangle more or less large. The people have an air of slovenliness, but their kitchens and utensils and their dairy-rooms are clean, and the tea and coffee service and plates tempt the appetite by their bright, shiny neatness, and some of the women rather amazed me by their exceeding care; for example, I saw one wash fresh, clean-looking eggs before putting them into a pot to boil. One has but to look into their delicious-looking milk-coolers to get a desire to drink the milk. Every farm, large and small, has its dairy. Some make all their milk into butter and cheese; others sell to larger dairymen in the neighborhood, who make cheese and butter on an extensive scale. In every part I have seen the cooler is the same—made of sweet wood, broad, and only three inches deep. These, after being emptied, are washed with a switch broom, thus reaching the smallest chine. They are then rinsed and filled with boiling water to stand for some time, after which they are placed in the air to dry. So many are used that one is never filled when sodden. At a moderate-sized farm I saw quite a hundred of them. The milk is delicious, and the butter unsurpassed. We have luxuriated on clabber, one of God's best gifts to man. The people in our northern States are sadly ignorant in not appreciating this product of the cow. If I had to make my choice between two cows, one which gave rich, sweet milk, which would not sour, and the other which gave clabber directly in nice, creamy flakes, I would take the latter every time. But, thanks to a beneficent Providence, a good cow furnishes rich, creamy milk for our coffee and strawberries, and the genial warmth of the sun turns it at the right time into glorious bonny-clabber. Finland sends large amounts of butter to Sweden

and to Russia. I suspect it was the long contact with the cleanly Swedes which made these people neat in their household and dairy matters.

For seven months of the year cattle are housed. The barns have very convenient shallow stalls, with yokes for the animal, instead of ropes to go around the horns and thus bruise this tenderest part of the horned animal. Over each stall is a birchen tub, holding nearly a bushel for the cow or calf to feed from, and a broad alley between the stalls. It is now summer, and the cow-houses are not used, but every thing is in its place ready for use,—at least this was the case in over a dozen houses I looked into. Close by the horse and cow stable is a small separate room, with a large iron kettle, larger or smaller, in proportion to the size of the house, set in a stone furnace. In this the dairy utensils are washed and scalded, and the food of the cattle is cooked in winter. All food, except hay and straw, is cooked, and in the winter fed more or less warm. Even in the summer horse-food (except hay) is in the shape of coarse bread. Mosquitoes, gnats, and night-flies are so bad that smothered fires are built about the cow-lots in the evening. The poor brutes stand or lie about these when the smoke is so dense that one would think it suffocating. The beasts evidently enjoy it, and not being forced to switch their tails could give their entire energies to the cud. Willie suggested that they could furnish ready-made jerked beefs. Our post-boys invariably carry three or four rings of bread and some hay in the cart to feed their horses at the end of the stage before going back.

At some stations we found no men. The women then brought out the cart, went to the field for the horse, and hitched them up, and were our post-boys, but generally we had bright little fellows from 10 to 12 years old, and a few times little girls. The weather was showery while we were posting, and we thus lost considerable time. I employed it in speering about and writing. Travel in Finland is ridiculously cheap. A horse and cart, holding us two and our light baggage, costs a little under five cents a mile. A run of ten miles would take about an hour and a half. It did us good to see the real pleasure we afforded when we gave our little post-boys and girls a half-mark, or ten cents, at the end of their stage. At the farm-house or post-stations, where we spent the nights, we had good beds, a supper on bacon and raw fish, rye bread, and Swedish hard bread (delicious), and as delightful milk, cream, butter, and clabber as one ever ate, and, in addition to these, very good coffee and sometimes eggs for breakfast. And the whole for two of us cost from 70 cents to \$1. The travellers' rooms at the post-houses were delightfully clean,—one or two with strips of carpet, others strewn with sweet fir-twigs. The little tow-headed children were good-natured, and two or three pet hogs invariably grunted under our windows, with a gentle squeal for a crust. The hogs were always clean, and really not bad pets. We

had always beautifully curled tailed dogs to keep us company. One stayed with us 48 miles, although we changed four or five times our post-boys. He had the most independently double-curved tail I ever saw. He was evidently well known at the different stations. I think he recognized us as free-born Americans, and wished to go home with us. We got rid of him by dodging him.

Finnish has no affinity, I am told, with any European language, or perhaps any Asiatic. It has no prepositions. For them a suffix is added. For example, a sign-board has on it "Uluum 50." This means "To Ulu 50 versts." While "Ulusta" means "from Ula." To show the difficulty of acquiring the language, a Finnish lady said to me that she learned Russian quite correctly in a year, while a Russian friend, a better linguist than she, was two years in learning Finnish as well. And yet Russian is considered a very difficult language to master.

The Finns are a hardy-looking people—not tall nor heavy, but firm. The men have tawny-colored hair, and, like the Russians, cut it rather squarely around the nape of the neck, but their hair being thin, this manner of cutting does not give them the uncouth look of Russians. The latter have generally very heavy suits. They cut it almost square around the head, and as they go much of the time, when at work, bareheaded, the heavy hair, banged in front and square behind the ears, gives them a low, animal expression. I speak of the common man. The better classes and the military shingle the rear hair. Finnish children have heads so flaxen that it amuses one. No flax is so severely white. Their little faces, and the skin under their hair looks brown in comparison with the tow. The hair of the women is generally light and yellowish—not so often tawny as that of the men, possibly because their heads, being generally covered by a handkerchief, are less browned by the weather. The skin of the old women's faces usually looks tough enough to make saddle-bags of without tanning. Some of the men have very light hair, but that is on the west, where they are more or less intermixed with the Swedes.

I said the Finns were good farmers. Besides their fine fields of rye, barley, and potatoes on lands not naturally rich, the beautiful ditches and fine fences evince careful husbandry. The land is generally cultivated in beds. The ditches dividing these beds, generally about two feet deep, and sodded about two feet on each side and down to the bottom, are beautifully made. Even this sod to the bottom of the ditch is mown. Not a foot of grass land is left ungrazed or uncut. All farms are fenced in and fields are separated by fences. These are of light rails, 12 to 15 feet long, laid on each other, on an incline of say 25 degrees, the lower end on the ground, and supported by two light uprights fastened together by birch withes, from four to six feet apart. The rails lie upon each other between these uprights, and a light brace at

alternate uprights runs through the upper withe fastening, and rests on the ground some three or four feet off. The fences are about four and a half feet high and have the appearance of rough pickets set at an angle instead of upright. We have seen hundreds of miles of fences and not a hundred yards out of repair. Fields are entered through light swinging gates or by neat draw-bars. The general appearance of much of the country reminds one of parts of Wisconsin. The people here have inherited from their frozen climate the necessity of economy, perseverance, and ever-watchful care. They have learned that warmth and food come from steady labor alone, and with them muscular labor is not lacking of the honor which should be the result of God's fiat, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou earn thy daily bread." We honor labor in America, but we think it the more honorable when we let the other fellow do it.

Young America, north as well as south, rushes to the city in the hope of fine clothes, gay times, and little sweat. The result is inevitable. Brilliant, idle, indolent, and luxurious young America is having his place taken by the hardy sons of northern Europe. They come not with the battle-axe and the iron mace, killing and slaying, but with sturdy muscles, iron spades, and picks, conquering and supplanting. Bright and intelligent young America needs not be killed. It will die out and its place be taken by the immigrant it now laughs at and calls uncouth. Sic semper! The battle may be to the swift, but the land inevitably goes to the strong and to the enduring. The Finns are a sturdy race, but just now they are a somewhat anxious people. Last winter was here and in Russia the coldest known within 100 years, and so far the summer has been the coolest felt within 140 years. The grain of all sorts shows no sign of yellowing, and is from two to three weeks later than usual, and but little hay has been made. An early frost would be disastrous, and some are feeling quite blue. It seems singular to see rye being put in the ground for next year's crop, while close by it is a waving field of this year with heads yet unfilled. The grass lands presented a busy scene on the few sunny days we have had among them. Man, woman, and child were out, all making hay while the sun shone, and at ten o'clock, the evenings looked almost as busy in the hay-fields as did the mid-day.

Uleaborg is a pretty city of nearly 20,000 people; does a heavy export business in tar and fish, and is the centre of the lumber trade. A large number of ships, mostly barges, lie out at anchor near it and in many of the creeks and bays on the coast up to Tornea. We must have seen thirty or more between these points, all being loaded with lumber for England and Germany. A large lumber traffic is also done from the lake regions through the canal. It, however, is principally for St. Petersburg and the eastern Baltic ports. The rafts are generally towed by small tugs,

and some we saw being drawn by means of a windlass turned by a horse attached to a sweep upon the raft. There is also at Uleaborg an extensive tanning business. A very good harness and sole leather is made by using the bark of a small willow bush which grows everywhere on the lowish lands and is substituted for oak and hemlock.

Last December at Singapore, within a degree of the equator, we felt an intense desire to visit that monster nothing, which bends the mightiest ocean currents, and to stand astride that gossamer figment of science which stills to a zephyr the fiercest tropical storm. Finding ourselves a few days ago only a degree and a half away from another geographical fiction which bids the great ruler of the day to pause in his daily rounds and for nearly a half-month, denies him his nightly rest—the intangible and impalpable arctic circle, which for long months holds the demon of darkness fast in his frozen grasp, and to our young imaginations has been a necklace of frost hung upon the bosom of the northern world;—finding ourselves so close to that sweet Eden which some scientists think is warmed into continuous delicious summer by mother-earth's central fires, whence man was forever banished when he presumed to learn that which belonged only to his eternal Maker, and around which is thrown an impassable barrier of crystal swords flashing in icy brightness; so close to that rosy home of the Borealis race, which darts through the polar opening in earth's rounded dome, and dancing athwart the sky dazzles us with its flitting splendor;—finding ourselves so close to the polar circle, we resolved to enjoy the sensation of being within the frigid zone.

A run of twelve hours on a tiny steamer along the coast, within many green islands, off many little ports where the saw-mill buzzes, and before which lay many ships to bear off lumber to be built into the homes of other lands; a pleasant sail brought us to the mouth of the Tornea River, which brings down an enormous volume of water from Lapland's melting snows. This is the dividing river between Russian Finland and northern Sweden. On the Russian side is the town of Tornea, and on the Swedish pretty Haparanda, connected by a long foot-bridge over which we passed to visit the Swedish frontier after 10 o'clock at night. Here we saw many evidences of Swedish neatness and order. The houses, homes of nearly 2,000 people, are of charmingly neat hewn or sawed logs, all painted prettily, generally of a neutral red tint with white trimmings along windows and corners, nearly all with gardens and on clean streets, and nearly every other one with a letter and paper box, showing the people to be a reading one. We saw many of the people promenading, all well dressed and tidy, even one of them who was quietly undulating from one side of the street to the other, and enjoying greatly a resolution not to go home till morning, and as morning would come so soon had laid in a heavy supply of "bran vin."

I will say here, for the benefit of our policemen and their drinking pets, that throughout Russia and somewhat in Finland we have seen many men in every stage of drunkenness, from the gentleman endeavoring to walk a straight line, to the stupid drunkard asleep against a wall, but have not seen a single one who was the least noisy on the streets; nor have we seen a policeman interfere with the quiet staggerer, except to help him to mount a curbstone or to get into a drosky. As long as he does not disturb others he is allowed the personal liberty of getting drunk as he pleases. They recognize the doctrine of the economy of vice, and permit a fool to quietly kill himself rather than take care of and protect him against himself at the expense of the state. After all, has Jack not as much right to catch his death by sleeping in a ditch with a heavy load of whiskey aboard, as Mr. Plump has to pull apoplexy out of a dish of terrapin, or Miss Grace to court consumption with thin shoes and tight laces? The world is getting very full, and the fool-killer may yet be recognized as a valuable factor in political economy.

Tornea is a few minutes below the 66th parallel. Thence up to the 67th we rode in little carts, posting as we had done in the interior, and as we afterwards did back to Uleaborg. The ride was a delightful one and the scenery very charming. The river averages nearly a third of a mile in width, now flowing for miles in a placid stream with strong current, and then for a mile or so a dashing rapid, rushing as violently as the rapids above the American fall at Niagara. Here it would widen into a sheet so broad as to deserve to be characterized a lake; then contracting, it would rush in a narrow bed and roar in deafening noise. Far out into the rapids, and sometimes almost across the stream, are built many strong fences or frames, among which during the season traps and nets are set for salmon. The catch is very great, and next to lumber is the principal export. Back from the river, at distances varying from one to two miles, are ranges of broken hills from 100 or 200 to 400 or 500 feet high and sloping down to the stream. Their crests are wooded, mostly in firs and pines, while the slopes are more or less cultivated, with red farm-houses but unpainted barns, cow- and hay-houses. Frequently these buildings follow so closely one to another as to appear a succession of scattered villages. All cattle being housed for six to eight months makes so many buildings necessary that quite a small farm seems a hamlet. The Swedish side of the river presents the more prosperous home life. But the farms on either are so many, the houses so abundant, and the crops of barley and potatoes so bountiful that it was hard to realize that we were just outside the arctic circle. The scenery was pretty, possessing many of the characteristics of that shown by the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. The tinting, however, entirely lacked warmth, and had too uniformly a cold, green tone. The atmosphere had a darkened tone, something like certain fine-cut glass in which lamp-

black seems to have been dissolved. Another striking feature up here is a sort of all-pervading silence. The world seems to be hushed and quiet. But still the trip was well worth making for the scenery alone, and in that way repaid us for the fatigue.

The second day from Tornea brought us to Aavasaksa, an isolated mountain 700 feet high, and just below the circle, when the sun was yet three to four hours up. The panorama from its summit was magnificent. Around us for many miles lay, in broken piles, low mountains, green with forests, and here and there bright with little sheets of water. The great river wound among the hills, coming from the north and sweeping in a broad channel below us, with islands and a few scattered farms, and an affluent stream coming from the east with a fall, a few versts away, whose roar was mellow and soothing; far toward the south the river swept in a placid sheet. But our eyes rested with intense interest upon some blue hills a degree farther north, on which for three days in each year old Sol rolls in vain endeavor to end his long diurnal run. Hundreds of visitors, for whose benefit a pretty pavilion has been erected on the mountain top, come here in the three long days of June to look upon the mid-night sun. We spent two hours enjoying the splendid panorama, and then drove to a station five miles yet to the north, where we were to stop for the night. There we took a fresh, strong, tough Finland horse, and after watching the sun set at 9.40, drove toward the north pole, to spend the exact midnight, when we knew we would be miles within the frigid zone.

It may have been an idle fancy, but there was a delightful charm in the lonely drive along the banks of the splendid river, which for a mile or so was a rushing rapid; through lanes of silver birch and tall firs lifting like spires on either side, and looking upon the northern horizon, which stretched for many degrees east and west in warm and brilliant glow. A few long bands of clouds lay close to the earth, like ribbons in pink, fringed with flame, with others above them in gold and violet, while floating half way to the zenith were fleecy clouds in purple with golden fringe. These brilliant dyes changed not nor melted away as one looked upon them, but seemed painted in living colors upon an eternal canvas; clouds would slowly move, but their tints and colorings seemed to move with them. The only visible and marked change was in a lengthening out of the glowing horizon as the sun moved below more to the east. We paused just at 12 and silently watched the strange and weird scene, and my watch showing exact midnight, Willie took out a book and read a page by the bright light coming from due north. A bat flew close to our heads, a toad hopped across the road, and we heard the tinkle of a distant cow-bell. How strange it sounded! there was no other living sound to be heard; not the buzz of a single insect. A gentle murmur came from a river-rapid a half mile or more away.

Its plaintive murmur seemed to intensify the prevailing silence. How strangely sounded that cow-bell so far towards the unapproachable north pole! We were nearly upon the 67th degree of north latitude, and some miles within that circle which we had always regarded as the synonym of eternal frost. Northward the woods opened, giving us a clear view; about us were tall birch trees like sentinels in uniforms of frosted silver, their light foliage bending in plumes of lace, and a few firs in solemn green. About their roots were strewn boulders of all sizes, but over ground and boulders were spread carpetings of gray moss so thick that we sank into it to our ankles. We cut bark on which to write our names as souvenirs of this, our farthest northern travel. Wistfully and in silence we looked at the glorious picture painted on the northern sky, and, mounting our cart, slowly trotted back to our station, which we reached as the sun was just rising upon our backs. We have seen quite a number of toads far up here, but have not heard a sound from one. They and frogs take the place of singing-birds in the tropics. Here they are now silent. The next two days we had a rather dismal ride in light and cold rains, but we cared not; we had obtained what we came for and had fine weather for it, and besides we had already seen most of the road. We had, however, good weather for our last day's posting, and for our run south by rail from Ulcaborg to Helsingfors.

The railroad carried us through much interesting country, with thin lands and little cultivation, until we came to Lake Nasjari, 180 miles north of the south line of Finland. Thence there was some exquisite scenery. We skirted this and Lake Pyhajarvi for nearly 100 miles, now with wide water views, and then with bits of inlet and bays with long promontories and islands, and a very considerable extent of farming country, giving the landscape some of that delicious home and water scenery so much admired on the north England lakes. The country all along the Bothnia coast has much more of Swedish characteristics than in the central portions of the land. In the towns the better classes speak Swedish almost entirely, and the farms and houses are pretentious. Indeed, there are few countries in which there are so good farm-houses and barns. From this down the rye was nearly ready for the sickle, and we were in a decidedly temperate zone.

Tammersfors and Tavastehuus are two picturesque towns, one with a fine old castle, and a rapid river running through the centre with a fall of about 60 feet, affording a boundless water-power, a most beautiful series of intermural pictures, and a roar which can always be heard over the noise of the town. The views, too, from different points about these two towns are as fine as hundreds in other lands which furnish the only attractions for long excursions. Swedish blood along the western side of Finland is very apparent among the women. They are better-looking and

not worked quite so hard as horses, as are those of the inner lake regions. We saw many exceedingly pretty ones at station houses all the way on our ride between Uleaborg and the north circle. Three daughters of one house were of a delicate type of beauty that would have made them attractive in any parlor. We saw several photos from relatives in America, pictures taken in Minneapolis and Wisconsin. On our train was a young peasant girl on her way to Northern Michigan. She will not have to work as hard there as her sisterhood do in this land. Here there is absolute woman's rights; they seem thoroughly independent, and exercise the right to do all the heavy duties of life quite as freely as do their husbands and brothers.

I was told of a custom among the purely Finnish peasantry of the interior which shows a very peculiar freedom between the sexes—a species of marriage on trial. A couple live together as man and wife—somewhat clandestinely, but often with the knowledge of the parents—for a year, after which, if they find the relationship conducive to happiness, they go before the pastor and have the knot tied by law and church. If not agreeable they separate, which separation does not hurt the girl for other engagements. The parents are, when cognizant of the arrangement, careful to have witnesses to it. Then, if the man backs out, he is forced to give one-half of what he owns to the deserted girl. The man endeavors to get up the affair without witnesses, in which event he is not held, but he is compelled to support the offspring, if there be any, such offspring being recognized by the girl's family. Infanticide in any of its forms is unknown in the land.

At Tavastehus I saw a group of eight or ten women, all well dressed, on the platform of the railway station. One of them was a rosy-faced, pretty girl of about 20. She carried a magnificent bouquet, and was the recipient of much attention from the others, who kissed her twice round. When the last warning bell rang she was locked in the arms of an elderly woman, who with streaming eyes strained her again and again to her heart, and, I saw, asked the good God to bless her child. They were mother and daughter. As the train pulled out the girl stood upon the car platform and bade them adieu with wet cheeks. But I thought I saw a ray—a gleam of cheery hope shining through her tears. I asked a man where she was going. "Till Amerika—till Minnisota," was the reply. Ah! I then read that hopeful light in her tearful eyes. She was leaving friends and kindred to go all alone to the far-off land, where her lover had gone before her, and where she was to join him, to fill the nest he had built up for his coming mate. Who knows what high places the young to be hatched in that free nest may fill in the lake State of the Northwest?

Helsingfors is a very pretty, finished town of fifty-odd thousand people. It is admirably paved, has fine public buildings, a pretty

garden and esplanade, where music is played each evening and thousands sip tea, coffee, or beer, and enjoy a social time. There are about the city some fine views and a noble Lutheran church. The Finns are nearly all Lutherans, there being few Roman or Greek churches in the country. They have in the interior and north a droll mode of begging for the church. In front of each of several village churches we saw a large wooden man in somewhat clerical dress, with painted, sleek cheeks and hat, quite well executed, standing near the road, with a poise of hand showing he was making a request. His abdomen is a locked box, into which the passer-by can drop his pennies without entering the portals of the sacred edifice. If Dr. — had erected one of these in front of his fine church at home, what a world of pathetic pleading he could have saved.

We have now been two and a half months in Russia and her dependencies; we have seen her provinces and people more or less Asiatic, some of them purely Oriental; have seen Russians in their original home and in their conquered dominions. I have thus been enabled to draw some conclusions, and I think fair ones, as to the relations of this mighty conquering nation, with her Asiatic conquered subjects, and to compare such relations with those existing in India between the English and their brown-skinned subjects. I came to this country with a traditional hatred for the autocratic rule of the Russian monarch, and with my sympathies all on the side of the Anglo-Saxon and against the Slav. These prejudices have been considerably removed, and I can now look calmly upon what may be the inevitable, and draw juster conclusions as to what that inevitable will be. In giving my ideas let it not be understood that I pretend not to have derived them solely from observation; I got much second-hand. But I have seen enough to be able to tell how far this second-hand information may be reliable. A little reading about a country, with a superficial personal observation, gives a better knowledge of it than a deep study of the same in the closet at home. Our wisest biblical student in his study surrounded with books and every edition of the Old and New Testaments, does not comprehend the truths of the Bible as well as a far less learned man does, who has lived among the bleak hills and the valleys where Jesus lived and walked, and has studied Oriental character from living models. A thoughtful man can reach some juster conclusion after a hurried tour of two or three months in India and Russia, coupled with superficial reading, than a far abler one can from long study at home. For the latter is more or less compelled to get his idea from men who saw with prejudiced eyes or wrote with stipendiary pens. It is often difficult to determine whether a learned treatise touching European politics, or on any subject affecting such politics, is a scientific, honest dissertation, or a paper paid for by the diplomatic bureau of one or another European power.

Americans are intensely lovers of ideal liberty, and haters of theoretic slavery. The "idea" and the "theory" are perfectly satisfactory to the vast majority. With the knowledge that they can be free when they wish, and cannot be made unwilling slaves, they are not only willing but glad to have others, whom they imagine their servants, to do all the governing while they themselves are left undisturbed to build up homes and to amass wealth for themselves and their children. A mere tithe of them really think for themselves. Once every year they imagine they do considerable thinking on governmental affairs, and every four years are hugely impressed with the profundity of their thought, and of their intense earnestness in putting their thought into action. But if we are candid with ourselves, we must confess that a very few have done our thinking, and we march up to the polls to put into action the determinations of a mere handful. But we are freemen and do this of our own accord, and are glad that the few have saved us from aching labor, and we imagine we choose this handful which saves us so much rack of brain.

Now the children of ages—untold ages of Asiatic despotism do not care a fig for this ideal or for this theory. They are satisfied, as their forefathers have been for countless centuries, to let the God of Fate select the men who think for them, and blindly follow without a dream of any thing different, and are never aroused from their sleep unless western agitation thunders in their ears, and even then they are not awakened, but listlessly and half-asleep, utter a "Mashallah" or invocation to some heathen god, and forget. The Russian, like his eastern neighbor, not only cares not for this ideal and this theory, but has schooled himself to the belief that while he himself, individually, may be capable of self-government, his neighbors are not. He believes that, while he himself might stand as a free man, his neighbors would make fools of themselves, and in their folly would give great trouble. He is therefore perfectly satisfied to let his "Little Father," the autocratic czar, do all his thinking and save him the trouble, and to do all the acting and thus save him from his foolish neighbors. All he asks is to be let alone to attend to his own affairs, and his "Little Father" does so let him alone. He has complete personal liberty. He can work and eat and drink and can get drunk if he wishes, and whatever interference he feels from his ruler he thinks absolutely necessary to keep not himself but his unwise neighbors from doing harm. He therefore submits without a murmur. When he goes as a conqueror into Asia he gives this same sort of rule to the conquered, which is a vast improvement upon the system they have grown up under, and under which no man had any thing he could call his own if his superiors coveted it. The czar is governed by no written law, but he is far more governed by public opinion than is the President of the United States, except just before our king asks the people for another term, when he becomes

keenly alive to the wishes of the dear unwashed. The czar, too, is governed and restrained by an intense religious idea—by rigid customs. This religion is that of Christ, which preaches goodwill to all and love and human kindness. He is an autocrat, yet he does not run counter to this idea nor violate these customs. His crown would not be worth the velvet which softens the metal to his brow, should he attempt to violate this idea or disobey these customs. He would not wear it a week; his soldiers would tear it from his head. He has carried his armies into Finland, and the Finns govern themselves and are among the freest people in Europe. Just now the "Little Father" is beginning to russianize the Finns more than he has heretofore done. He has carried his armies and his rule into the Caucasus and the Transcaucasus; but that rule is precisely the same as that meted out to Moscow or the region of the Ural; and the Russians, as individuals, treat the conquered people just as they treat each other in the province of St. Petersburg. Georgians and Armenians are generals in the army and won great honors in the late Asiatic wars. The governor-general's photograph hangs in show-windows in full Georgian costume. Russian officers are driving and promenading with Georgian ladies, and one sees Russians and natives eating and drinking with each other in the restaurants and cafés as friends and equals. Georgian officers and gentlemen drive and promenade with and take to the theatre Russian ladies. All the laborers and drosky drivers at Tiflis are natives, and those beyond are Tartars. They meet Europeans as men, and look them fearlessly in the eye as men. I saw Tartar drivers stoutly maintaining their rights in disputes as to fares or charges not only with Russians, but with some who wore epaulets; and if a Russian should strike one of them he would get blow for blow. I saw no evidence of servility—no cringing of manner among the Tartars and Bokharians or Persians on the Caspian. They were as manly and as independent in their bearing towards Russians, both civilians and officers, as are the Tartars on the Volga, and these latter are as brave and bold-looking as if they owned the land now, as they once did.

Tartars promenaded on the esplanades and listen to the music as if the show belonged to them, and Bokharians and Persians on the Caspian are treated by the Russians in no way outwardly different from that accorded to those who belong to the conquering race. The Russians fraternize with the natives as thoroughly as their difference of religion will permit, and the mosques in cities on the Volga and in the Caucasus are as safe from individual insult as are the Christian churches. But one sees everywhere the evidences of a yielding on the part of native customs and civilization to that of the conquering classes. Russians do not go into the conquered countries to squeeze them for a time and then to return to the north to enjoy their gains. They go to stay, to live,

to be a part of the country—I doubt not to get, if they can, the largest half of the cheese, but to eat it on the spot. It is the policy of the government to russianize its conquered countries, and the Russians as individuals do their share by making homes among the people and by mingling with them. The railroad cars of all classes are open to the natives, and if they ride in the third it is because it fits their purse, and they find economical Russians in the seat next them. As far as I could see, and from what I could learn, the veil which hides the Mohammedan woman is being to some extent dropped, and they are beginning to mingle with their rulers and are becoming of them. The Russian is a man of strong fibre and very conservative, but he cares but little for class and knows nothing like caste. In this he differs widely from the English. These inveigh violently against the caste distinctions of the Indians, and yet the native of India sees as much caste exclusiveness among the whites as among his own people, but of a different nature. Hindoo caste is religious; English caste is purely social, and the lines are drawn with ridiculous rigidity. A Hindoo regards himself as religiously defiled if he eats or drinks from a cup used by a Christian or by one of his own people of a lower grade. An Englishman holds himself severely aloof in social intercourse from his inferior European, and the women are as strict observers of precedence as at home they are at a court drawing-room, and a native less than a nawab is utterly tabooed.

The Russians are savages in battle, but when the battle is ended the native kindness of their disposition at once shows itself. Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff gave me several examples of this. As, for instance, when in their fierce fights in the region of Kars and Khiva, after a town had been given up to sack and pillage, he had often seen Russian soldiers, with hands bloody from the fight, feeding hungry natives, coddling children in their arms, and nursing sick women. "We do not want any fight with England in India," said he, "but if we should get into one she will find our Asiatic subjects loving us, while her own hate her." And the old, battle-worn soldier's eyes burned when he spoke of the abuse of Russia by the English press. "Ah, mon prince," I replied, "why cannot England and Russia go side by side across Asia and give to her the true light of western civilization?" "We will if England be wise," he rejoined. "We do not want India, but we want to carry Russian trade into the country. But if war shall ever come we will be welcomed by many a strong-handed Hindoo." I have been almost amazed to find among the informed men in Russia the belief that England's weakness in India springs from the causes I have enumerated heretofore, and which I wrote in my note-book months ago. I formed these opinions when my prejudices against Russia were so great that I thought every step she made toward central Asia was an injury to liberty.

These opinions are now greatly modified. Russian dominion beyond the Caspian will be an advancement in civilization, and her kind of rule is the best suited to, if not the only one for which the Asiatic is or can be for a long period fitted. She can rule her conquered people by autocratic methods and do no violence to her own traditions, and without contravening her own notions of government. She is an autocracy, and her people, as a rule, not only acquiesce in, but are satisfied with her methods. They say they could not be so well governed in any other manner. They admit that they are fearfully burdened by a colossal army, but say they are forced by their European neighbors to keep it up in its full numerical strength, and to give it every modern improvement.

England stands upon a different platform. Hers is a rule of the people founded upon liberty. The very A B C of her constitution inculcates an unconquerable love of liberty. She cannot violate safely the spirit of her constitution, nor vary materially from the true chart, without running the risk of wrecking her ship of state. She has a difficult problem to solve in governing the heterogeneous masses of her Indian dominions. As a government she is doing well. But the people—the individuals—she sends to them are, I fear, doing much to undo the work the government has done and is doing. I am England's well wisher in her Indian work but I cannot shut my eyes.

A beautiful sail through a thousand or more islands, now in broad lakes and then in narrow salt straits, brought us to Abo, once Finland's capital. This is a picturesque town, covering an immense territory with its 28,000 people; widely scattered houses, so built to avoid conflagrations, with which it has been several times afflicted; a castle of nearly 600 years ago, and a fine old cathedral, and a park prettily climbing a high eminence with noble outlooks. Here we received the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Princess of Baden, and his son and her daughter, going to visit their kinswoman, the Crown Princess of Sweden. We also had aboard the Finnish author, Professor Torpelius, whom I found a very urbane and pleasant man. He is well on in years. His sweet young daughter was a model of filial attention and affection.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAIL TO SWEDEN—PRINCELY FELLOW-VOYAGERS—STOCKHOLM—
THE SWEDES—HOMELIKE LANDSCAPES.

Stockholm, August 16, 1888.

The little steamer *Tornea* had her saloon prettily decked with flowers and was very gay with bunting when she steamed out of the Aurajoki, on which Abo is situated, and our cabins were fragrant from huge and really elegant bouquets, tied with ribbons of great size and of rich texture in the colors of Russia and of Baden, presented to our princely passengers by ladies of the city. There was a large concourse of people on the quay, with some soldiers and a band of music; also a singing band from a Russian battalion stationed at Abo. By the way, the Russian regiments, as far as we have seen, all have a sort of glee clubs, which sing rollicking songs very finely, the refrains and choruses being very like those of German and our own student songs. They sing marching, when the whole regiment seems to join in. One evening in southern Russia our train was passing through a wood, near which was an encampment, and a night practice was going on. The shouts and chorus of the marching men were very musical and spirited, coming through the white birchen forest. And now I will mention another thing, which is very wonderful in all of these northern countries—that is, the perfection to which hot-house cultivation has been brought. One sees in windows in northern Russia, Finland, and Sweden, not only very beautiful exotics, but of the costly kinds with us, and oftentimes in the houses of people of very moderate means, thus showing them to be of small cost. There are more flowers to be seen in the windows of a moderately sized town of Russia than one would see in all the windows of the United States. In Stockholm the fuchsia trees in the parterres in parks and squares are of very large size and perfect form and in many varieties. Everywhere we have been for the past two months we have frequently paused to admire in private windows beautiful plants, such as one sees with us only at residences of the very rich, or about the gardens and shops of professional florists. This arises from the fact that the season for out-door culture is so short that the greater attention is paid to house culture; and houses here are kept throughout

the long winter at an even temperature. "The heat of my house," said a gentleman to-day, "is that of gentle spring for weeks and weeks, although without, the snow is frozen solid five feet deep and the thermometer is at —," naming a degree of Celsius agreeing with 20 Fahrenheit below zero. Thermometers are in every house, and are so common, permanently fixed on the outside of the windows, that they seem to have been in the very estimates of the builders. Walls are of great thickness when of brick or stone, and once heated hold their heat evenly; and well chinked log-houses are the warmest of all. Wood is a non-conductor.

But to return. The cabins of the *Tornea* also had a number of handsome growing plants, perhaps somewhat more than usual, for our handsome Finnish captain was quite proud of his imperial guests. This, he said, was the first time in the history of Russia when one of the imperial family had gone out of the country in a commercial ship. Heretofore private yachts or armed ships had been used for such purpose. While talking with the captain, the young duke joined us and learned of our visit to Caucasus, where he had been born and had lived up to within a few years. Afterward he came to me and informed me that his father would be pleased to meet me. I found the Grand Duke Michael an agreeable gentleman, fully six feet tall, very handsome, of splendid physique, soldierly in his bearing, somewhat bluff and plain-spoken, and yet evidently kindly. He reminded me much of Prince Dondoukoff, Governor-General of Caucasus, of whom he is a great friend. He was himself governor-general of that vast province for eighteen years, during which time and under his command such vast strides were made by Russia in Asia. He captured Khiva and other important provinces, and, I think, has some powder stains on his face, perhaps gained in battle. His bearing and appearance are somewhat severe, but he was so unaffectedly plain in his conversation with me, that I quite lost sight of the fact that he was the brother of the late, and uncle to the present, czar. He informed me that he was President of the Imperial Council, and gave me some information as to that powerful arm of the government. All measures proposed by ministers have to be passed upon by it before presentation to the emperor. At present it consists of about 50 members—appointed by the emperor—but is rarely full at its meetings.

He and the two princesses seemed much pleased that my talismanic "Ya Amerikanets" had proved an "open sesame" to so many places of interest, and remarked that Russia and America were old friends, and then informed me that the daughter of our minister was betrothed to Baron ———. Something the princess said was rather an interrogation as to whether I was not pleased by the news. I frankly acknowledged that, on general principles, I was opposed to these alliances; that we Americans were all sovereigns, and held ourselves as the equals of the greatest by

birth of all lands, conceding superiority only to those who had won it by individual merit; but that our fair daughters, when intermarried with European nobility, invariably, so far as I had heard, forgot their American characteristics and became intensely imbued with exclusiveness, and that, moreover, it was only our gilded belles who rang themselves into titled houses. The young princess—who, by the way, has a jolly German face, and would, I think, hugely enjoy the freedom of an American girl—smiled audibly at this. The prince informed me that this match, he thought, was one of love, and the Princess of Baden added that the young lady was a nice girl, and had been very kindly received, just before leaving for America, by the empress. The son of the duke is only 19, over six feet three—the tallest but one of the imperial family. I was mistaken in thinking the emperor very fat. One of the party said: "It is simple meat and muscle, not fat. He is a very powerful man physically." Something being said of our splendid voyage about the world, I told the princess, who asked if it did not fatigue me, that I was a very young man. "Yes," she said, "a man is as old as he feels; a woman, as she looks." "True, your highness. I am 32 and the rise. You are just 18." The bright and handsome mother of the handsome grown daughter was not displeased by the compliment, and the grand duke rejoined: "And I am exactly 25 without the rise." At another time, when we were steaming up the magnificent approach to Sweden's capital, I said: "You, of course, have been here before?" "Yes, 50 years ago," adding with a laugh, "25 years before I was born." For the benefit of our young men I will state that the captain informed Willie that this straight, well preserved old soldier threw off the soft mattress from his bunk and slept without a pillow.

The sail from Helsingfors to Stockholm is a very pretty one; always, except for two or three hours at night, through islands by the hundreds, if not by the thousands—some bald-headed, rounded, granite masses of rock, smoothly washed throughout countless ages, without a shrub or a lichen, others green and well wooded; some small, others of considerable size, with small farms and fishing villages; now we would be in little lakes of 100 or so, and then of several thousand acres in size; then threading through narrow creeks athwart which the steamer could not lie lengthwise. Sometimes we would see a windmill whirling upon a high ground, and then we would catch the masts of a small ship riding in a creek beyond an island, but looking as if the bare poles were a part of the wooded land. The large groups of the Åland Isles belong to Finland. Then, crossing an open sea, we entered the Swedish islands, which are fairly without number and continuous to the coast. The Baltic last winter, as it frequently is, was frozen solidly over, and sleds passed from coast to coast. Quite a number of English ships were abandoned in the ice. Hardy

Finns, wandering on the frozen sea, took possession of them and gained 60,000 kronas as salvage when the winter ended.

The approach to Stockholm from the east is simply magnificent—through creeks and little bays, winding and bending; through wooded lands and islands, 50 to 150 feet high, with villas and fortresses, pretty boat-houses and ornamental landings, summer resorts and permanent houses, among ships and fishing-smacks, steamers and steam barges, all at this time showing more or less bunting, and bright with banners in honor of the Russian duke, whose coming was evidently expected. People waved handkerchiefs from landings and from water cottages. This latter, however, seems a Finnish and Swedish custom. On the lakes and in the country where our steamboats and trains would pass, women and children almost invariably waved their handkerchiefs to passing boats and cars. At first I supposed it was for friends aboard, but was told it is universal and a way of showing their general good-fellowship; but to our steamer the attention was far more than usual and very demonstrative. The grand duke came to the front and was evidently pleased by the reception. He had informed me before that the Crown Princess of Sweden was his niece, he being married to the sister of the Grand Duke of Baden, and that the Princess of Baden now aboard was the niece of the Baden ruler; that they were paying his niece a visit, and then he was going to the Transcaucasus to spend a couple of months on some large possessions he has there, and where four of his children were born.

At the beautiful granite quay, quite in the city of Stockholm, we found a large concourse of people gathered. An open space, 250 by 50 feet, was surrounded by soldiers or policemen, and in the centre stood the crown prince and princess awaiting their guests. I told the duke of my mistake in looking at the Sultan through my opera glasses and asked if it would be a breach of etiquette here. He laughed and said he would use them if he were in my place, and I did. The crown prince is a tall, slight young man, with full, dark, but not heavy beard, a rather pleasant face, but by no means a strong one. He rather stood back, while his wife stepped forward to greet and talk to her kinswomen on the deck of the steamer while it was being tied to. She is tall, elegantly formed, with a very pretty—perhaps beautiful—face, the strength, however, rather detracting from its beauty. She was exquisitely clad in a close-fitting overdress, showing admirably her fine form. I never saw a more graceful figure, and the face was full of animation—indeed of sweetness—while she inquired as to the voyage. The prince himself would be called by our boys rather *la-di-da*. If the next generation of Swedish kings be strong men, they will inherit the strength from their handsome Baden mother. When the gang-plank was thrown out for the royal party to come aboard the sailors were laying a

carpet for them to walk upon. The prince, however, immediately walked with the princess aboard, motioning to the sailors to leave off the carpet; and when he entered his carriage with the duke he walked to the outer side and opened the door himself before the flunkey could get to it. The crown princess rode away in a splendid carriage with the Princess of Baden and her daughter. The prince followed in another with the grand duke and his son, the two elder guests taking the right-hand seats. There was no cheering whatever, but a silent and very respectful reception. I am told this is considered here the proper etiquette when the royal family appear in a private manner, and that even on public occasions any hurrah is very feeble.

The pride of the Swede in his capital city is certainly deserved. Every visitor says it is one of the handsomest cities in Europe. I think it is decidedly the most beautiful. Indeed, it would be hard to say what more it requires. It may be said to sit upon islands, for even the portions which are a part of the main-land are so nearly surrounded by water that they seem insulated. The sea comes up to it through a mass of islands almost touching the promontories sent down by the main. The channels through these, though of great depth generally, are very narrow, the main one, capable of admitting an armed ship, being less than 100 feet, wide. These islands and headlands lift 50 to nearly 200 feet, nowhere leaving any plain or flat surface. The old town was upon three or four islands, but now the great bulk of the city is on the promontories of the main-land; but these are so irregular in shape and so nearly surrounded by water that one has to make long detours to reach points desired, or to take boat for a near cut. We saw fire-wagons tearing at night across a square at a break-neck pace; the young men with me followed them to see the blaze. I stood still on a bridge and soon saw the illumination in the very direction the wagons had come from, and not far off. They had a detour of a mile or more to make, and my young companions had a long run. What is called the ring-line of street railway makes many zigzag bends in and out and over bridges to get around the town. Water permeates the city in every direction. Here in channels 100 feet wide, there widening into a broad stream 200 yards across; here in little creeks running up into the granite hills, there in rounded little bays—water clear and transparent, but deliciously green and cool-looking. The streams are crossed by bridges, some of them very elegant structures, and plying on them in every direction, across, and up and down, and diagonally, are the prettiest of little steam barges, some holding scarcely a dozen people, others 50 or more, running to and fro, in and out, like water-bugs on woodland fountains, and carrying passengers at eight tenths of a cent and up to six cents, according to the distance run. These creeks, streams, and bays

are walled in by solidly built granite quays in massive smooth masonry, against which lie the small steamboats plying the lake, and large steamers from the sea, and are filled with pure water, coming down in green flood and rapid current from Lake Malaren, which drains a large country, into which it pushes in many-armed and irregular forms over 100 miles. The outflowing channels are too rapid and shallow for the craft which ply the lake. To remedy this, one of the narrow branches is locked so as to lift the larger lake-going vessels up from the sea level. The sea can be reached directly, or by going up the lake and toward the interior for many miles, where a deep canal joins one of the arms with a ragged fiord, which leaves the salt water a half degree south of the city and penetrates deep into the country.

Water is, perhaps, Stockholm's most attractive feature, and permeates it in so many ways that it is called by some the Venice of the North; but added to this are the solidly built houses, climbing some of the hills upon narrow, zigzag streets in confused, picturesque mass. One height is reached by a lofty street elevator," lifting in airy, open ironwork 150 to 200 feet high, with a light iron bridge reaching far over housetops on slender columns, resting like scaffolding against the sky. In other localities are elegant streets bending about in comfortable width, or in stretches of a quarter of a mile, with parkways nicely planted in shrubs and flowers, and all perfectly paved and lined with noble buildings generally four stories high and in good architectural style; and then there are squares with fine statues and flanked by public buildings of handsome proportions. The city possesses a splendid park of 1,000 or more acres surrounded by water and beautifully hilly, and many small parks, gardens, and squares, scattered about the town, prettily laid out with monuments and fountains in bronze, and beautifully planted in trees and shrubs clothed in rich green. In some of these gardens are elegant cafés, brilliantly lighted at night, where excellent bands play until the witching hour of midnight, and gay people sit or stand about and flirt. By the way, flirtation is very common, and, I am sorry to add, statistics show it to be not of the most harmless kind.

I was in Stockholm in 1875, and was so charmed with it that I advised some of its citizens to have a glass case built over it to preserve it exactly. I am glad my advice was not followed, for the city has grown to over 210,000, and has been greatly improved; and some of the newer streets have been laid out with handsomely parked esplanades and built up with houses surpassed by those in few capitals. The royal palace is a huge and not bad-looking quadrangle, with fine state apartments, but in no way differing enough from the conventional palace to deserve a description. Outside of Russia a traveller can see the interior of one regal palace and know them all. Those of the czars are *sui*

generis, and each worth an examination. The royal museum has some very fine works of art, some of the statues and paintings being good. There are some, however, hardly fit for a royal collection. I made a funny blunder in the museum. I saw a good many really fine paintings marked "Okant." I reached the conclusion that Mr. Okant was a Swedish artist of some merit and of great industry. But finally seeing he was the painter of religious and historic subjects, of humorous and solemn moods, of figures, and of landscapes, it suddenly dawned on my brain that "Okant" meant "unknown." My mistake reminded me of the honesty of the Swedish character. They acknowledge ignorance of the artists of some fine pieces, which in most countries would have been ascribed to well known masters whom they best fitted, and thereby had their value enhanced.

The Swedes do not strike me as being a very cheerful or particularly bright-tempered people, nor yet are they solemn. They seem rather phlegmatic and even in their temperament. They are generally well dressed and are exceedingly neat in garb and in their household surroundings. We spent some hours in the "Deer Garden," the great park of the city, where the masses were spending the Sunday afternoon and evening. We saw lovers walking, crowds at games, several groups dancing, and many pic-nicking. All seemed quiet; there was no sort of boisterousness and but little light-hearted gayety and fun. Even the groups of dancers seemed rather to be getting through with the figures than to be circling in real joy. This was the case even when the figures required forfeits. The kissing was given without boisterous jollity, and lacked that wild joy when happy souls dance on two pairs of meeting lips. In cafés and restaurants there is quiet—none of that loud-toned abandon which marks the Teuton's gatherings. The Germans, when thoroughly enjoying themselves, talk and vociferate loudly, as if wholly forgetful of every thing but the jolly, present moment, and of everybody else.

By the way, I was particularly struck with the quiet, low tones in which Russians converse. We saw them in all sorts of crowds, and rarely did we ever hear voices raised to a high pitch. This was the case even when we knew they were feeling the effect of exhilaration. The Finns are much like them in this respect, and the Swedes so to a considerable extent. So far the Swedes appear to me to be pretty well off. We have seen no beggars anywhere.

There is considerable complaint that America is drawing out of the land its best bone and sinew, and I am told that there is in high quarters a disposition to stop emigration, if they knew how to bring it about. The same feeling exists in Finland. High taxes are driving its people away very rapidly. In both countries, just now, emigration is said to nearly counterbalance natural increase of population. And in both there is much waste land which with low taxes could come into productiveness.

I spent a part of a morning attending the congress of the Young Men's Christian Association. I paid my crown for admission into the gallery. It was presided over by a very prominent German, and had several distinguished delegates. Speeches were made in English, German, and French—the substance of each being then given in languages other than the one used by the speaker. I understood them well enough to consider them quite good. The ablest was read by the president, but, as all read addresses do, elicited much less applause than feebler efforts extempore. I was struck by the fact that a large number of the *young men* were gray-haired, and many had but little hair to tell its color, and a very few were really young. The Bible was extolled by the speakers as the surest guide to its own truths. I regretted I could not remain another day to join the association on an excursion to which I was invited by our John V. Farwell, a delegate. Many of the delegates are learned men and deserve a successful meeting. My newly made acquaintance, Prof. Torpelius, the Finnish author, was in attendance.

Willie says there are a great many pretty girls in Stockholm, but that their shoes look as if made for very large girls—the fault, I suppose, of the shoemakers, and not of the feet of the pretty blondes. Some of the peasant costumes now worn in the city by attendants in the museum and by girls who run little row-boats are very bright and pretty. Our newly promoted minister, Mr. Magee, was very polite to us, as he is to all Americans.

I got rid in Stockholm of one of my unpleasant reminders of an unpleasant past. In 1884 I stumped the State of Illinois with terrific energy to make a president of the United States. I was on my feet over ten ten-hour days in nine weeks, and was whipped from one end of the State to the other. I broke my voice and injured my health, taking so many medicaments for my throat that some of my gums receded from my teeth. Up near the Arctic circle we had to eat jerked reindeer. Some of the salt meat got into a cavity in the gum, about a wisdom tooth, causing me much pain for ten days. I left my reminder in the iron grip of a dentist in the Swedish capital. I wonder if I had saved that "bone" four and a quarter years ago if it would not have been a wiser thing. As the wisdom tooth had then added little or nothing to my stock of wisdom, I now the more willingly let it go.

I finish this at Christiania, whither the run by rail from Stockholm was a charming one. It is generally made by tourists by the "express," making the distance nearly all by night. We, as we generally do, travelled only by day, and were amply repaid for the extra time. There was no grand scenery, but a great deal which was very pretty; and we saw much of Swedish farming and something of the customs of the country people. Now we were in lands thickly wooded with pines and birch. The straight branchless pines would spin and waltz around each other as the

train rushed through them, or deeply green firs would make a dense shade. A break would now occur in the woods, revealing a glimpse of a quiet lake, or we would skirt one of the pretty placid sheets, when red farm-houses and waving fields were mirrored on its silvery surface. Then a broad, rolling plain would be spread out before us, with a hundred farms and well-fenced fields, waving in freshly green oats and unbearded wheat, or covered thickly with tall shocks of newly cut rye, like tents in a pigmy camping-ground. Men and women were cutting tall timothy and red-topped clover, or throwing it into rounded domes, and the whole air was redolent of new-mown hay. Cattle grazed meekly in meadows from which the grass had been mown, and looked sleek and contented.

Many of the landscapes were exquisitely homelike, cheerful, and abounding in and running over with peacefulness. I know of no American home scenery so pretty, and but few in England to surpass some of the spots we passed over. Lakes were never long absent, and some of them beautiful. The farm-houses were all painted in red and many of the barns and out-houses; not a flashy, dazzling red, but of a soft and almost neutral tint. I suspect the tone has been borrowed from the lichen tint which covers so many of the granite boulders in the shaded pine lands of this far north. I have seen some so red that it was difficult to believe them not painted with the brush. Oftentimes, too, the natural surface of stones built into fences along the road looks as if a painter had cleaned his brush upon their old, water-worn faces. I spoke before of the gray moss covering huge granite boulders, but I forgot to mention the beautiful lace-pattern variety or lichen which often mantles many of those scattered over the damp, wooded lands up toward the arctic circle. No elaborate embroidered handkerchief could be more regularly and delicately worked by woman's nimble fingers than some of these nature's woven fabrics upon the cold, gray monsters dropped by the glaciers of a far-off past. They are generally circular, from one to two feet in diameter, and have, when full grown, three rows of embroidery, each about an inch and a half deep. They look as if fairies had spread their choicest lace treasures upon the stones to dry. They are seen all over this northern land, but we saw the most perfect about the 67th parallel.

CHAPTER XLVI.

NORWAY—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—TRUSTFUL PEOPLE—PLEAS-
ING SIMPLICITY—PRETTY LOG HOUSES—FARMING IN
NORWAY—GLACIERS AND WATERFALLS.

Christiania, September 8, 1888.

I ONCE heard a Norwegian and a Swede in jocular dispute, which became a little bitter when the latter declared he "never could understand what the Lord made Norway for; that it was nothing but a mass of rocks." The Norseman replied that it was made to grow men in, as Sweden had found more than once to her cost. The retort was patriotic and justified by the sturdy valor of the Norseman since he first appeared among men as the twin brother of the northern blast, and was supposed to live in ice grottos about the pole. But as a nursery of men, Norway has hardly been sufficiently prolific to justify the fearful throes borne by Dame Nature when she gave it birth. Every acre came from the very bowels of the earth, and every rood was torn from its heart in volcanic agony. Three weeks spent in rapidly running over its mountains and through its valleys; looking up upon its snow fields and mighty glaciers; looking down into its dark gorges and fathomless fiords; skimming along its green waters and under its towering precipices and beetling crags; listening to the wild songs of its countless water-falls and the roar of its cataracts; breathing the sweet breath of the pines on the mountain side and braced by the cool, health-giving atmosphere everywhere found,—all convinces me that "Norge" might have been, if it was not, intended for a continental or world's park, where Nature can be communed with when in her grandest moods; where a man can come close up to her, can be cuddled to her heart, and be nursed upon her very lap; where the noblest features of the world are heaped together within comparatively small compass, and can be looked upon without danger, and visited with simple, invigorating labor.

Nature practised her hand in many latitudes and in most distant regions before she laid Norway out. In exalted mood she lifted Everest and Kunchinjunga to the skies, but threw about them such mighty foot-hills, such vast buttresses of ice, that their crowned brows can only be gazed at from afar, and any attempt at intimacy is repelled with awful doom. Elbruz and

Kazbek are thrown with silvered domes upon a background of purest, cerulean hue; around them are clustered monarchs cast in majestic mould, with valleys and slopes between, where fairies delight to dwell and flowers are ever in bloom; but to reach these sceptred kings vast plains must be traversed beneath the scorching sun. "Old Mt. Blanc" was reared in fearful majesty, and "The Maiden" pierces the clouds with her tresses of all untouched white, but to revel in their glories one must climb to alpine heights, and many a votary of the one sleeps in unrecording ice, and lovers of the other are wrapped in winding sheets of snow. Having tried her hand in the plastic art, with fingers all deft and with practised eye, old Nature wandered from southern climes toward the upper pole and lifted from the sea the north-land, an epitome of all grandeur, a crystallized photograph of all beauty, a fixed reflection of all charms—glorious "Norge!"

Her mountains lift not by the tens of thousand feet through plains and hills which have swallowed up half of their vast altitude, the remainder to be attained only by the most daring and hardy, but springing from the world's great level, the eternal ocean, while appearing as lofty as the highest to the beholder, they may be reached by the maiden's tiny feet and by the old man's faltering step. Far off from a burning sun, the accumulated snows of countless ages flow in glazier currents, measured not by acres, but by the hundred square miles—glaciers, compared with which the Mer de Glace, of Chamouni, is as a fish-pond by the side of an inland sea. The great Jostedals Brae covers an area of 500 square miles, and sends many an arm nearly down to the sea, as if it would bathe its frozen fingers in the warm stream sent by our own gulf to temper the winds to this northern clime.

We have now travelled about 950 miles in this wonderful land—530 of them by posting in "stolkjarre," "kariol," and carriage over mountains and through beautiful narrow valleys; 220 odd on little steamers and barges over crystal lakes and wonderful fiords, and the remainder in slow-running railroad trains. We have travelled too rapidly for simple enjoyment. That is, we have taken but little time for rest and have not halted to dream. I have wasted so much of my life heretofore that I must, like the busy bee, lay up a store for honeyed dreams in my soon-to-come old age. We have exercised our legs, and backs too, and have kept our eyes open and our ears unstuffed with cotton. I will now attempt to give some very sage conclusions about men and things here. All of these conclusions I shall be ready to change when shown they are wrong. I always claimed the right of changing my mind. It is only the fool who boasts that he never does. Your inconsistent man is often a very wise man. He learns enough to-day to know that he was wrong yesterday.

I like the Norwegians. All travellers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition

on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness be an evidence of honesty they are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their store-houses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. These huge keys are nearly always in the keyhole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the unattended public room, where any one could easily carry them off. Cigars are in open boxes for the traveller to help himself from, with the expectation that he will honestly account for any he has taken. Farm-houses are left open when the whole family goes off to the mountain to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire, goes to the store-room, helps himself to milk and “flat-broed,” cooks, and eats a meal, and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man and not infrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as gratuity, and warmly shakes you by the hand when he says “tak” (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She seemed much amused, when she corrected my error, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making the reckoning to foreigners and to home people. They are a sturdy, fine-looking people, and are the most thorough democrats on the face of the globe. They have abolished all titles and nobility, and have not learned to worship wealth. One man is quite as good as another, and his bearing shows he thinks so. He takes off his hat when he meets a traveller on the roadside, but does it as freely to the coachman who drives as to the rich man who lolls back in the carriage. He has high respect for his pastor and for the patriarchal head of a family. He is, however, frequently a dissenter, and shows no disposition to pay church rates, and in that case wastes no great amount of love upon the pastor who is placed over him by the government. The Lutheran Church is the established one of the land, and the livings are in the gift of the authorities.

They are a good-natured people I am sure. The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farm-house. I have walked into these frequently, and generally found the mother putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I asked a pretty one if she were the daughter, she said, with a smile: “Oh, nei, I am a servant.” Many of the women in the mountains and upper valley are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump, and healthy specimens of femininity. If I should write verses I would not write them to “The girl with the

raven locks," nor to "The flaxen-haired maiden," nor yet to "The red-haired girl," but just now would write a sonnet to "The sweet girl of the tow head."

The women do their full share of the work of the land, but we have found the heavy labor is done by the men. The women reap and bind grain and rake and mow hay. The men, however, wield the axe and the scythe. All grass is cut, however light, and often a very quick, sharp stroke is necessary to shave it off. For this sort of hay, a scythe a little over a foot long, with a handle less than two feet in length, is used. The stroke is as sharp and quick as it would be if the mower were taking the head off a snake. We have seen nowhere the double-action scythe used in Finland. There a long-handled implement is wielded first to the right and then to the left, with a rapidity and evenness of action simply marvellous. I do not think the Norwegians good farmers. They plow or dig their fields well and deep, but their barley and oat fields have nearly as much weeds as grain. They harvest close to the ground, so as to save every weed and spear of grass. Nothing which grows but is saved for hay, and the cows and sheep eat any and every thing. Even the potato vines are hung up to dry for fodder, and leaves of birch and elm are cured and stacked for winter use. Horses do not eat leaves unless sorely pressed. Grain ripens here very slowly, and is often cut thoroughly green. This is more than usually the case this year, for the season is nearly three weeks later than ordinarily. I saw barley being harvested in the mountains perfectly green and with heads not half filled. They know not what night frost may come. Barley up in Finland matures in eight or nine weeks; here it frequently fails to do so in four months, and never in less than three.

All grain and hay is hung up to dry and cure. Each valley and locality differs somewhat from the next one in the mode adopted. This shows how conservative people are—each following the example of his forefathers. There is something pleasing to me in this respect for the ideas of the past—so different from our land, where the old is ever discarded and the new taken up. I have almost learned to like the Chinese for worshipping their ancestors. It is better than with us, where Young America generally thinks his father an old fossil. In the Gudbrandsdal—valley of Gudbrand there are old homesteads which make one almost feel he is being carried back a few hundred years to the old English halls, without the pomp of baronial power and mastership. There is the old tall clock, the old cupboard in the corner, old tables and other old traps of long ago, and the old man with his pipe and his children and laborers about the great kitchen in full and free equality. Yet the old man's will and word is the law of his little realm and is implicitly obeyed.

Real estate is held upon a singular tenure. A man may dispose of it as he pleases, but the next in succession has the right to

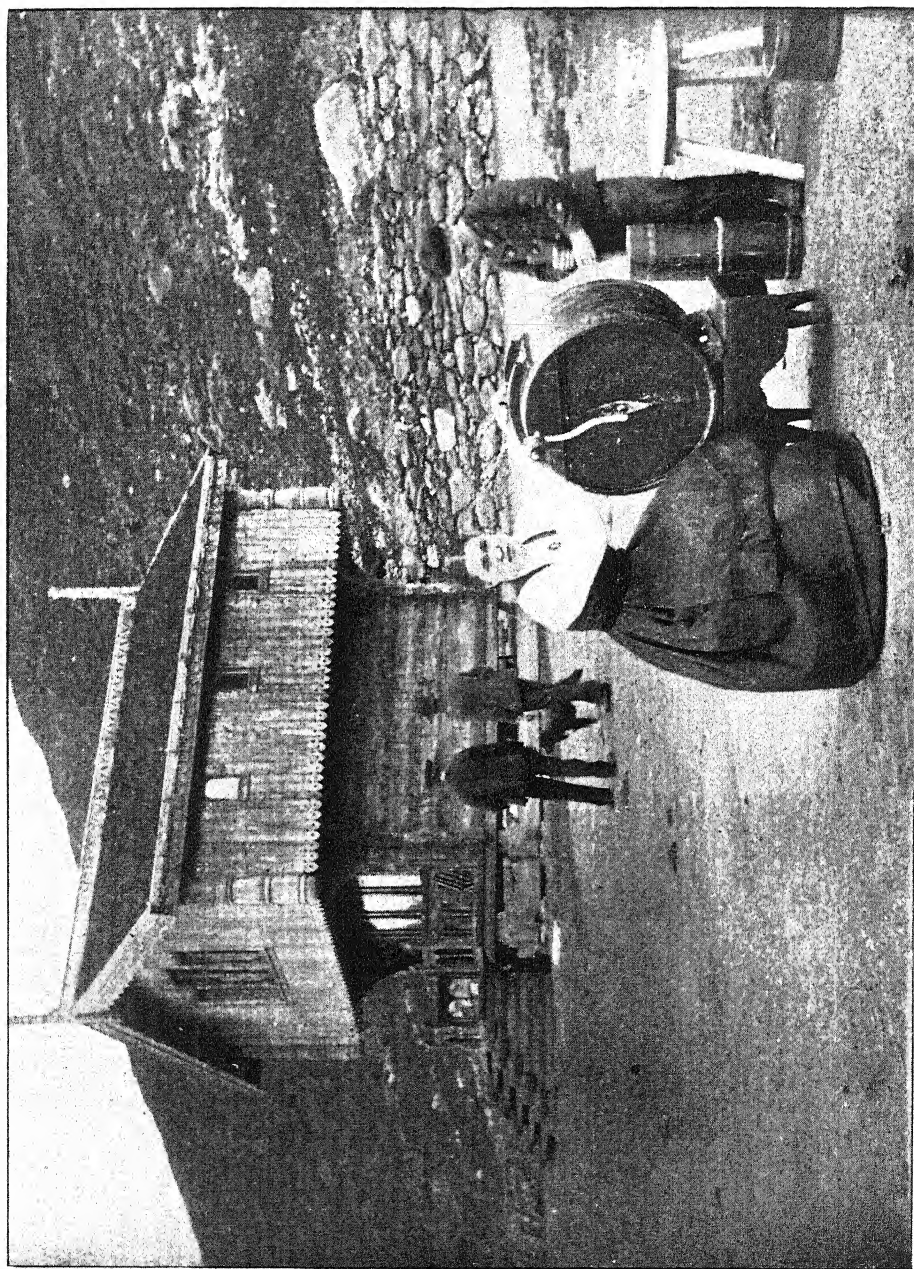
demand to be the purchaser, even from the vendee who had paid in full, and he has several years within which to reach his determination, so that an interloper cannot know for some years whether he is the owner or not. This virtually prevents free disposal, and the next in succession usually feels a pride in holding to the old farm. To enable him to buy out his mother and sisters he goes into debt, and his life then becomes one of drudgery for the benefit of the mortgagee. The farmer has to keep up the roads along his land. This burthen with others keeps him poor, and many seek relief in emigration. If I be not mistaken, the number leaving the country, both here and in Sweden, is more than one to three of the births. This very much annoys the government and causes it to discourage emigration as much as possible. I am not anxious to have increased emigration to our land. We are filling up too fast, but no better population could go to our shores than the hardy sons of Scandinavia.

I had, until coming here, been of the impression that the Norwegians were hard drinkers. It was probably so once, but is no longer the case. I have seen but two men under the influence of liquor; one was an excursionist on a railway, the other an Englishman on a steamer. The people ascribe the improvement to two things—first, the prohibition against selling any liquor from five o'clock Saturday afternoon to nine o'clock Monday morning, and to the peculiar regulation of dram shops in towns and cities. The traffic in Christiania is under the control of a syndicate of gentlemen, who own and run the saloons, reserving only five per cent. of the profits for themselves, and turning the balance over to the city. Coffee, beer, and liquors are served in one room and sandwiches in another. No man is permitted to sit down in the establishment, or to take more than one drink of liquor or more than a half-bottle of beer at a single visit. The beer of the land is good and cheap. It is decidedly the beverage of the people, and so far as my observation extends in the cities and in the country, sobriety is a national characteristic. Bad liquor does more harm than much liquor. If the prohibitionists would only preach a crusade against poison as a beverage, and would make the wilful manufacture and sale of adulterated liquors and beer a penitentiary offence, I believe I would agree to be their candidate for the presidency. But it will not do for them to stop a man from making a simon-pure *old* Bourbon or a canoe of pure, cooling lager. That is a blow at the natural liberties of free men.

Apropos of presidential candidates, I hear some of our fellows are poking fun at Ben because his ancestor was drawn, hung, and quartered. They must not attack the family record. Remember John Brown was hung, but his soul goes marching on. Ben's family are very good people, even if one ancestor was a crop-head; and besides the lusty old fellow helped to teach the Anointed of the Lord that royal necks and sharp steel had affinities.

I said all grain and grass was hung up to dry. This is sometimes done on "hesjies," long racks—posts set in the ground, about six feet high, with five or six tiers of slender poles or lines stretching between them—a sort of five-deck clothes-lines. These are sometimes several hundred feet long, and when there are several rows one behind another and well filled, look at a distance like compact companies of infantry, and when close by and covered with short, green grass resemble well-trimmed quick-set hedges. The more general plan, however, is to hang the grass or grain on "corn-stals." These are sticks, eight to ten feet high, set into the ground, with cross-pins for grass but smooth for grain. The sheaves of grain are so hung upon these that the heads all bend toward the sunny side, and look not unlike a woman's massive tresses flowing over her shoulders and down her back. The little fields, often of less than a quarter of an acre, scattered over the mountain slopes or in larger sizes in the smiling valleys, with these tall "corn-stals" scattered over them, make a charming landscape. The Norwegian farmers like the Finns and the Swedes, do not live in villages and clustered hamlets, but each on his individual farm. I have an idea that this gives a feeling of independence and a love of real liberty. People in villages become more or less dependent. The man who lives alone grows to be self-reliant and loves elbow-room. It is among such that civil liberty takes deepest root. The necessity of housing all cattle and all provender during the long winter months makes very large barns or many buildings necessary to each farmstead. The farmer whose whole arable land does not exceed a dozen or two acres, has eight or ten—and often more—buildings closely gathered about his residence. The larger farms do not increase the number of these buildings so much as they increase the size of each. In some of the mountain districts, where the whole tillable lands of a homestead are not greater than one of our market gardens, the out-houses are often so tiny that one could almost imagine they were put up as toys, rather than for the earnest necessities of a hard life.

In some of the richer and broader valleys, the barns are commodious structures which would do credit to a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer; all buildings throughout the land we have visited, except in Christiania, are of logs, generally well hewn, sometimes sawed, with prettily carried up corners, and fitting closely together upon a calking of fine moss, and with lapping eaves and projecting gable roofing; very pretentious ones are boarded over. The roofs in the south and about the fiords are of red bent tiles; in one or two large valleys, of huge slabs of slate; but generally throughout the country, of six or eight inches of turf laid upon an under-roofing of birch bark. These turf roofs in this rainy country are green with emerald moss or growing grass, and many of them with bushes of pine, mountain ash, or birch growing in



STABBUR AND WOMAN CHURNING, HAULID JAETER, IN THELEMARKEN

healthy thrift from four to even 15 feet in height, so that a man may truly be said to live under his own roof-tree. I counted 18 young trees, none of them under three feet in height, and two or three over ten feet, on the roof of a house 30 x 20 feet. The grass on some of the houses was fit for the scythe. On one was a large patch of pansies, and many were white with wild margerites. Painted houses, except about large towns, are the exception. Many receive, when first put up, a washing of thin tar. These latter left untouched are soon exquisitely tinted by time and the weather, and wear most artistic hues. Nearly every cluster of farm buildings has its "stabbur," or store-house, lifted upon low bevelled posts, up which mice and other rodents cannot climb. In some localities these stabburs are the farmer's pride, and are exceedingly pretty. On bevelled posts two feet high is erected a pretty log-house, say 10 x 15, and 10 feet high. Upon this rises a second story, projecting over the first four or five feet on all sides, and supported by brackets more or less elaborately carved. The upper story is then surmounted by a roof of green turf, projecting two to four feet. These erections are often the perfection of log architecture, and are set forward before the residences as the *pièces de resistance* of beauty. They are generally painted red, or charmingly tinted by the weather, and when they are the accompaniments of a dozen or more hamlets scattered over a mountain slope, are very picturesque, and look not unlike little Burmese temples. They may indeed be called the temples of the owners, for in them they store their cheese and butter, their groceries and barley meal, their seeds and little wealth of threshed grain. I saw one being erected, where the old carved brackets, of an older one rotted and pulled down, were being built into the new. The owner said the brackets were over 400 years old, and had adorned the store-houses of his ancestors. The people take great pride in their old family relics, but are too democratic to erect monuments to their dead heroes, wherein they differ greatly from the Swedes, whose capital is filled with statues. We have not seen a half-dozen monuments in the land. All but two of these were to the engineers who built their magnificent roads. The exceptions were one to George Sinclair, a Scotch adventurer, who led 900 of his countrymen into the heart of the country to assist the Swedes. Three hundred peasants collected over a pass he was to take, and, hurling stones and logs down upon the invaders, destroyed them all. A huge slab, with the commander's name and the date of his death, is erected near the roadside. I asked our coachman why the monument was erected to him. He replied: "Because he was killed." There was more wisdom in the answer than he dreamed of. Many a man goes down to fame simply because he was killed. A broken arm or a wooden leg takes a man to Congress or makes him a governor. A broken head and death-stroke makes him a

hero and gives him a monument. How many thousands have lost their bright opportunity by not being killed at the right time! The other exception mentioned was the statue to Christian, the founder of the city, in Christiania.

Norway has an area of 122,000 square miles—considerably more than twice as many as the State of Illinois—and yet she has only a little over 1,000 square miles of arable, cultivatable lands. About a fifth of her surface is covered by forests—not of large trees such as we consider valuable timber, but of close-grained pines, large enough for a European market, and of birch and other trees. The remaining land surface is all bald rocky heights and upper moorlands, with scanty grass for pasture and moss for reindeer, and snow-fields. She has a marvellous amount of running water well stocked with fish, and almost fathomless fiords and interland channels teeming with the finny tribes of the deep. Her forests and fisheries have constituted her wealth in the past. Her magnificent scenery will go far toward feeding her population in the future. A few years ago her roads were only rough bridle-paths and foot trails. Now she has many of the best engineered and gravelled roads in the world, and is extending them to every point sought by the tourist. Thousands of foreigners seek health and pleasure here every summer. And each summer exceeds the preceding one by a heavy percentage. So many Englishmen come to it that it is called by some of them a suburb of London, and the language of John Bull is being picked up a little on every mountain side and in every valley, and along the great fiords of the west an American or Briton rarely needs an interpreter.

The fjords or fiords are deep-sea creeks running far into the mountains inland on the whole coast, from the far north down to the border of Sweden. It was from them that the Vikings (creek kings) sallied forth to prey upon the richer people of England and the south. In some instances these creeks are over 100 miles long, from a half mile to four miles broad, and as deep as the outer sea. They ramify into countless arms, jagged and rough. On a topographical map they have been likened to the crooked trunk of a dead tree, with the larger gnarled branches projecting, but stripped of smaller limbs. These branches end in deep narrow valleys extending still farther inland, in which are long deep lakes on higher altitudes. These lakes occupy the beds of fiords, which extended back at some earlier period, before the country was lifted high above the sea. From the fiords huge mountains lift their precipitous heights 1,000 to 5,000 feet directly from the water, with here and there steep slopes, on which little patches of cultivated land mingle with the precipices. Generally, however, the mountains rise at once in sheer precipices or in mighty rocks with little terraces, on which stunted trees find scanty foothold, or ledges green with light grass.

Behind the mountains are upper plateaus, covered with glaciers and eternal snows. Over their crests pour water-falls, so far up

that they are lost in mist, to be again gathered into tumbling streams on lower rocky projections, or, having worn the rocky sides down into more gradual descents, they hang like silvery bands, 1,000 and 2,000 feet long, on the frowning mass of granite. The mountains are of volcanic origin, and stand as they stood when first cooled off after being belched forth from the deep bowels of the earth, more or less modified by the action of water and frosts through countless ages. They lift in monster domes, rounded and bald-headed, smooth and nearly solid, and could they be seen from far-off heights, would appear as vast water-worn boulders, strewn in irregular order on the face of the land. In one respect they make this one of the oldest parts of the earth; that is, they are all composed of primary rocks, thrown up by the globe's eternal fires, and bear upon themselves no secondary formation. In fact, however, I suspect this is one of the newest of lands, and is the creation of one of the world's latest cataclysms. This is evidenced, first, by the absence of overlying stratified rocks and clays, and yet more strikingly by the sharp lines and edges of monster fragmentary rocks, which often lie in Titanic masses as they fell down from the heights into gorges and narrow valleys, broken from their moorings by too rapid cooling. Vast piles of such fragments are often met with, piled like Ossa upon Pelion, into lofty hills. These great fragments are seen 200 or more feet in diameter, with edges as sharp as if they had been cleaved but yesterday, resting upon underlying monsters, with crevices as large as caves, or on points so small that a few strokes of a slender hammer would change the position of millions of tons. There are no pinnacles, needles, and horns to be seen in Norway piercing the skies, as in the Alps or in our own Rockies, but the tallest points present somewhat rounded crowns on the background of the sky. This is a land of water, of rushing torrents—torrents fed by upper snows and frequent rains, tumbling down mountain sides and dashing along valleys in rapidly falling masses, forming innumerable cascades over frightful precipices and countless water-falls in the valleys. Many of these are of wondrous beauty, but so constantly recurring that tourists become surfeited with their wild music and their filmy or foaming charms.

The tree line ends at some 3,000 feet altitude, and the lofty heights of the mountains are clothed in heather or are naked and smooth in rock. Vast snow-fields lie on the upper plateaus, some congealed and pressed into glacier streams; others descending in great stripes and bands in deep, rocky furrows, far down into the valleys, so that when once into the mountains, white robes and scarfs and ribbons are always visible about monster shoulders. The roads are splendidly engineered, built of disintegrated granite sands, or soft particles of somewhat flaky gneiss, smooth as a garden walk, and sloping from lofty heights in loops, bends and zigzags, along frightful precipices in charming convolutions, along which the mountain ponies trot or gallop with surefooted,

brave, and never-flagging steadiness. There are few good-sized horses in Norway ; nearly all of the small ones are pony-built. They are fairly well formed, almost always tawny or dun more or less of a yellowish or whitish tinge. All have a dark streak of hair, beginning in the foretop, running through the middle of the mane, along the spine, and into the tail. Nearly all are prettily roached the two lighter sides of the mane being removed, leaving a black or dark roach, even to a nearly white pony.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHRISTIANIA—VIKING SHIPS—THE THELEMARKEN—THE FIORDS
—CLIMATE OF NORWAY—SPLENDID ROADS—DELIGHTFUL
TOURS—MOUNTAIN DAIRIES.

Steamer Christiania, September, 15, 1888.

NOW, having given a general survey of this pleasing country and its holdings, I will endeavor to draw a few pictures of the particular things seen and done in our rapid tour of three weeks. We commenced our inland journeyings at Christiania, going by rail some 50 miles southwestwardly to Kongsberg; then by posting 190 miles in little spring carts, through smiling valleys and over bleak snowy mountain heights and passes to Odde on the southernmost arm of the great Hardanger Fiord; thence through the arms of Hardanger on a little steamer and posting to the southernmost arm of the Sogner Fiord, which carries its almost fathomless salt waters a hundred and odd miles into the interior mountains; then on this briny inland creek to one of its northern landing-places; and by post and over the crystal lakes on row-boats or little barges to the great Nord Fiord; and again posting to the Sondmore, and over and along its branches twisting like a reptile through mighty precipices 3,000 and 4,000 feet high in the Geiranger and the Slynge Fiords, and onward again by posting to the beautiful Molde Fiord and the picturesque town of Molde,—making in all 300 to 320 miles from Odde. By posting again nearly 200 miles through the deep gorges and frowning heights of the Romsdal, and over the pass and through the beautiful valley of Guldbrandsdal to Lillehammer, and on the long and sweet lake of Miosen about 65 miles, and finally by rail 42 miles again to the capital, and finishing all on the fine steamer *Christiania* of Copenhagen out of the Christiania Fiord, on which I am now writing.

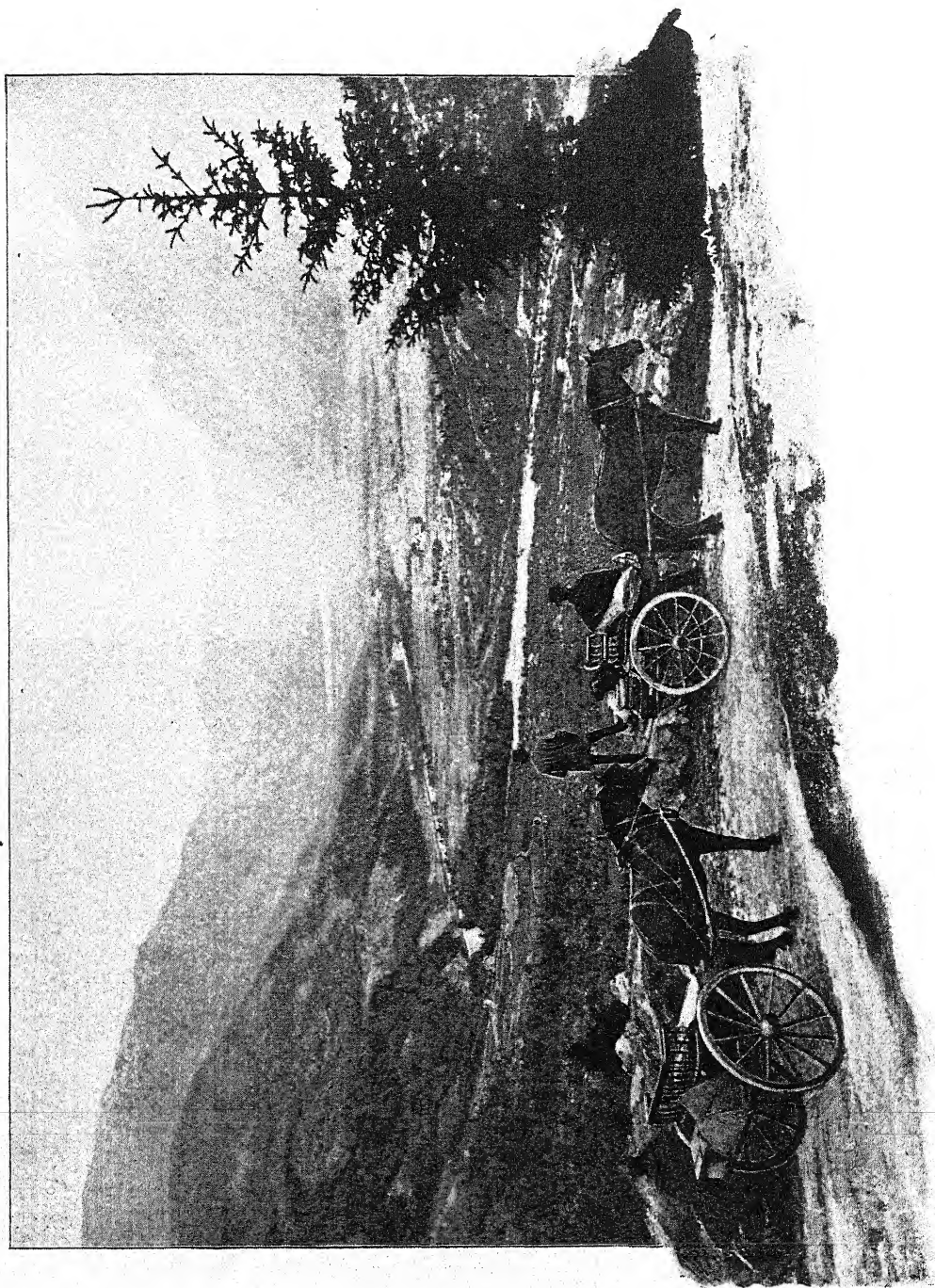
The ride, when entering Norway by rail from the frontier of Sweden, is spoken of by the guide-books as tame. This should be so understood as by comparison with the nobler scenery offered the traveller in other localities. It is really very pretty; low mountains clothed in pines of foliage so dark that they seem almost black; scattered farms with clusters of houses charmingly tinted by the weather, and fields green in light-colored oats, and well mown meadows, and little fields of rye mounted on tall,

closely planted "corn-stals," and patches of barley now beginning to yellow. Our track lay along a broad, flowing stream, with here and there large saw-mills, surrounded by huge piles of newly cut boards and great rafts of slender logs, with several pretty villages and towns and tasty houses.

We found Christiania a fine, well-built city of 120,000 dwellers. Its general characteristic is that of substantial solidity without any pretensions to great elegance or beauty. Some of the public buildings are fine and the palace is imposing. The king, who was in the city when we arrived, or rather in its neighborhood, does not occupy it, and rarely even the *bijou* of a residence, Oscar's Hall, charmingly situated on the fiord near by. He was sojourning in a log-house somewhere near by, I suppose thereby to flatter the democratic tastes of his Norse subjects. He goes about here with decided simplicity. These people have no great reverence for kings, and the present one's movements are much more unpretending than when in the sister kingdom. The union between Norway and Sweden is almost exclusively through the crown. In all things else Norway is an independent, separate kingdom.

The museum is quite good, but the thing most attractive to us was the old viking ship. This is a keel about 85 feet long, with a pitched-roofed log-cabin, in which the bones of the old robber king were found. It was discovered buried a few years since in the sands, where it had lain for nearly or quite a thousand years. A dead king was buried in it with his horses and cattle, which were killed for him to feed on during his nethermost pilgrimage. The views about Christiania are fine, and the suburban residences of its better-to-do people very pretty. One of the prettiest is the 150-years-old house of our kind consul, Mr. Gade. It has pretty grounds and handsome trees, and an exquisite garden. His beautiful American wife is, however, its best adornment. With a wealth of silvery hair, and rosy complexion, and the softest of dark eyes, she shows that a Maine girl lost nothing when she was transplanted to Norge to be the mother of two nearly grown children now finishing their education at Cambridge, Mass. He has been our consul for nearly eighteen years; delights to show attention to Americans, and exhibits the book of my good old friend, Judge Caton, as his most valued treasure. I do not know but that he values the kind lines written on the fly-leaf even more than all of its valuable printed pages.

The run by rail to Kongsberg is fine, through deep valleys, high upon mountain slopes overlooking deep gorges and sunny valleys, on which haymaking men and women stopped to wave their handkerchiefs to the passing train. Every one gives their salute to whirling train and panting steamer. In fact I have reached the conclusion that this article of apparel throughout the Northland is rather kept white for this purpose. The back of the hand is



FLATDAL FROM AASETRÆKENE. IN THE THELEMARKEN, NORWAY.

much more used for nose-wiping. It is convenient, always handy, can be cleaned without ironing, and saves the rag. It is astonishing how long the Finns, Swedes, and Norse men and women can wave their napkins to parting friends. It makes us sometimes rather sigh when embarking that no one ever bids us good-bye. We have had no one to see us off since we left Seattle. We go aboard an ocean steamer as a sort of every-day affair and quit a land as coolly as the denizen of a city takes a horse-car. We have grown utterly cosmopolitan. The world is our home and all people are our brothers. We pass from one land to another as nonchalantly as most people turn a village corner; we look back upon the masses we leave with kindly regard and silently bid them a long adieu. We then look forward to the next where we shall meet with generous welcome. The world is everywhere our oyster; with courtesy and a silver knife we open the shell on every strand and eat of its juicy contents with heartfelt thankfulness to the Giver of all good gifts; with kindness to all and malice to none, with forgetfulness that any were ever our harm-doers; with hopes that all will be our well-wishers we think of the far-off land where real friends have stood by us in the past, with longing soon to be among them and to be better Americans and truer Chicagoans because we have been and ever will be citizens of the whole world.

The Thelemarken district has not been much visited by tourists because its roads are of very recent date, and some two or three passes are yet so steep that one has to take a good many stiff walks to surmount them. But it was to us a succession of glorious experiences and views. Now we were in sweet valleys as pastorally beautiful and homelike as one could wish; little waving fields and mowed lands so smooth and with trees so scattered along streams or in clustering copses that they looked like well-kept parks. Homesteads perched on steep mountain sides in gatherings of a dozen out-houses with green moss or grass on their roofs and now and then with little trees growing far above the ridge-pole. Scarcely any tawdry or glaring in paint, but all sweetly tinted with that softest of all brushes—the weather, and by that truest of all artists—time; beautiful stabburs, or store-houses, the treasure houses of the owners, fashioned with a taste only to be reached by the rounded log, exact corners, and widely overhanging eaves, in the softest of neutral red, if painted, but generally stained by the coloring of oozing pitch, helped perhaps by a thin coating of tar which time has wiped down as if with light blending brushes dipped in dry burnt umber. We sometimes stopped at a plain farmer's station where we would have trout with sides studded with rubies, and with butter and milk scented and fragrant from the sweet mountain grass cropped by the little cows, and waited upon by a nice Norwegian woman who seemed to care more for our praise of her good things, than for the small price in

"kronor and aere" she would charge for the meal; then our little horses—pony-built and compact, which do not know how to baulk, looking so docile and sensible, carrying us now on the very verge of a precipice and then almost on a jutting crag, and giving us a twinkle from their honest eyes as if saying "was that not a close shave?" These things were all pleasant helps to enjoyment.

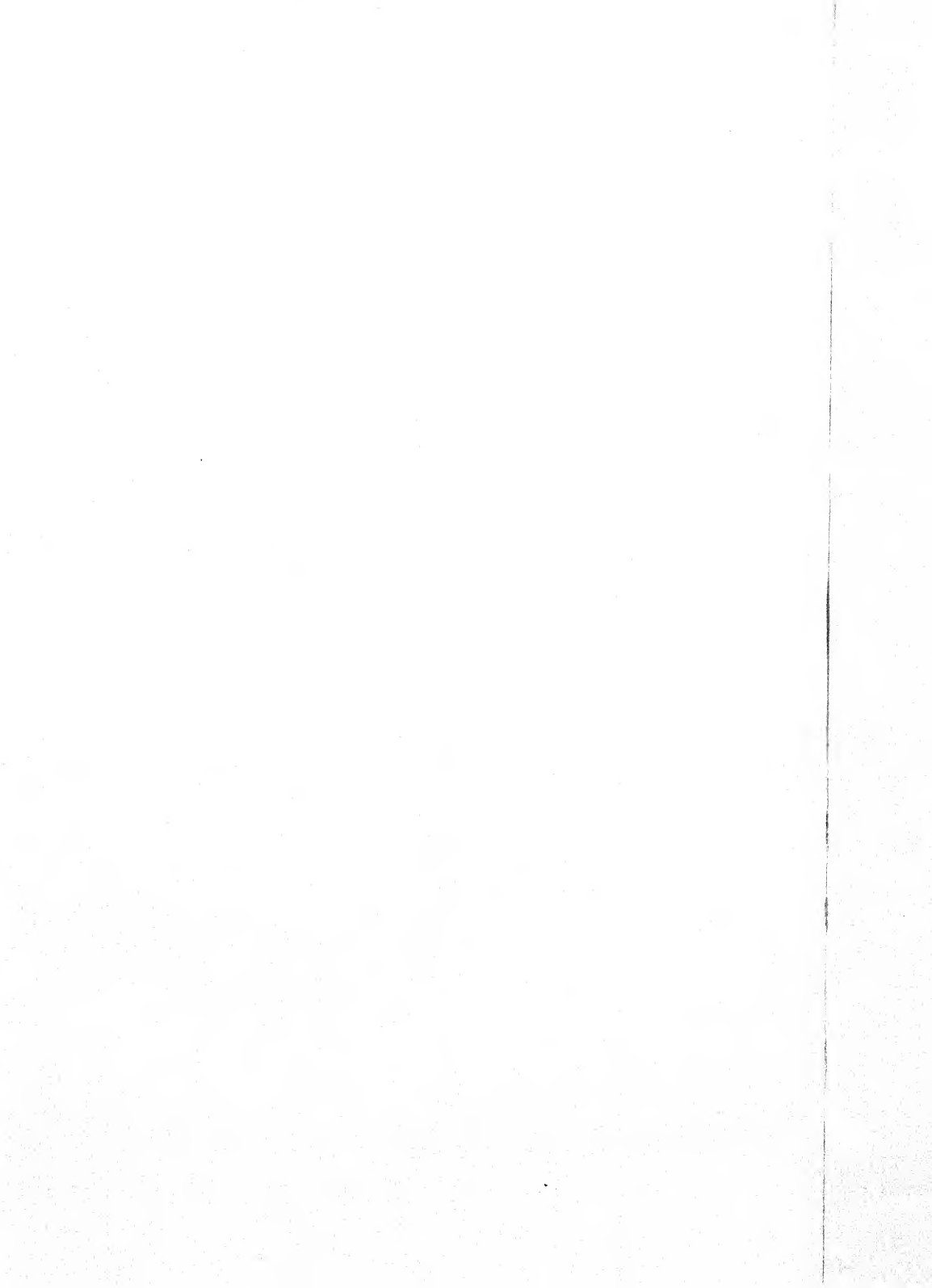
I must not forget that horses are not tied and tethered by the head. The halter is fastened to one of the fore-feet instead. When a driver halts in town or country he fastens a cord from one fore-foot to one of the shafts. When cattle, horses, and even sheep, are tethered out to pasture it is done by the foot. It is amusing to see these educated animals reaching for an extra tuft of grass, standing on three feet while the fourth is stretched to the rope. The people and their cattle live on terms of the utmost intimacy and are perfect friends. A low word from the owner is enough to make a pony put forth his best exertions and a whip is rarely needed. A strange driver needs the whip and a good one. The boy stands or sits behind the traveller, and when he gets down to walk going up hill the pony pays no sort of attention to the traveller who drives, but when the boy mounts, off he trots before a word is spoken. The brightest *post-boy* I had was a woman who could jump up and down with the agility of a cat. And yet she had two sons in Minnesota; one of them had been there seven years, thus showing she was no youngling. In my gallantry I wished to get down to open a gate. She objected; I gave her to understand that I was quite young. She looked at my gray head with an incredulous grin. I reserved my gallantry after that for some more appreciative fair one and let her do the jumping.

Our little boys were generally of the brightest and rosiest kind and took great pride in showing off their little stock of English; and how thankful were they when they would shake us by the hand and give us a warm "tak" (thanks) for the 25 "aere" we would give as trink gelt. Once we stopped at an old wooden church curiously built in a sort of rising terraces of stained shingles. Some of its timbers were there as they were placed 600 or 700 years ago. The good pastor of Hitterdal was most kind when he dismissed the class of some 20 maidens he was preparing for confirmation, and showed us his old treasures. Among other things he pointed to a sort of visitors' registry, on one of its earliest pages being the name of Napoleon, written by the Prince Imperial before he started off for cruel Zululand. The meek-looking young girls in neat black dresses, with black handkerchiefs on their heads seemed thoroughly to realize the solemn ceremony they were soon to pass through when uniting themselves thoroughly to the church. The peasant women wear usually a gown of dark or black coarse woollen stuff, with handkerchief, light or black, tied at the throat.

At times our road lay along streams—now torrents with pretty falls, rushing through clefts in the rocks, and then spreading into



"HITTERDAL" CHURCH, THELEMARKEN.



broad and placid streams; quaint little saw- and grist-mills were frequently among the rocks about the falls, so small that one could almost take them for boy's toy mills. These mills are characteristic features throughout the land. They are always of logs, often not ten feet square, and usually covered with turf, all the greener for being within reach of the spray of the cataract whose fall turns their wheels. They are large enough for a set of stones, a little hopper and trough, and a barrel or two. Sometimes they are run by an outside over-shot wheel, though more frequently by a little wheel directly under the stones. At one place I counted 11 little mill-houses, one after another, within 200 feet of each other, on a small mountain stream. Many a Norseman grinds his grain, sharpens his axe and scythe, turns his lathe, and cuts the hay and straw for his cattle by water. For the latter purpose a wire band is carried sometimes quite a distance from a water-wheel into the barn. Now and then one sees a grindstone whirling away, turned by its own separate tiny water-wheel not much larger than a boy's flutter-mill.

Some of the mountains lifting from the valleys in the Thelemarken are of lofty grandeur and the precipices of fearful heights. We passed many mountain lakes, some of them high up near the eternal snows, and of depths almost unfathomable—2,000 feet and upwards. Along these we would skirt under lofty precipices, over roads carved like galleries from the solid rock, and the mountains on the opposite side mirrored in the deep crystal water. After passing, one day, through a lofty pass between mighty, rocky buttresses, we emerged upon one of the most impressive scenes I have ever looked upon. Fifteen hundred feet below us lay a valley apparently perfectly level, about a half mile wide and five or six miles long, with a farm-covered slope 1,000 feet high spreading to our left and next us. The level valley was laid out in meadows cleanly mowed, in barley fields, just beginning to be built up in corn-stals, and in pea-green oat patches; through its full length stretched a river some 50 or more feet wide and ending in a lake at the farther point; scattered over it were clumps and clusters of trees gracefully and tastefully placed, as if planted for a royal park; dotting the little plain here and there were a few farm-houses, while close under us was a hamlet and a spired church. The whole was bathed in a late afternoon sunlight, and was so warm and beautiful that I involuntarily exclaimed, "Behold a happy valley." It was exquisitely beautiful; but when looking a little above our level, the scene ceased to be beautiful—it was at once one of majestic grandeur. On the right and left reared two huge boulder-like mountains 3,000 to 4,000 feet high and of the length of the valley. These were of nearly precipitous sides, but rounding as they lifted to the lofty crests, seemed smooth, bald, solid, and of unfissured rocks; across the lower end of the valley was another of like form and character. The plain below us seemed to have been scooped out of solid

rock. There was a wonderful impressiveness in these huge masses of stone, each looking like a single rounded loaf-shaped boulder, with a few little roughnesses in which stunted pines had taken root, making the sides look semi-green, but leaving the summits cold, naked, and gray. These masses of solid rock are more awe-inspiring than far loftier summits, where they are split and sundered into needles, horns, and pinnacles. The latter show at once that they have yielded to the elements. The solid mass seems to have defied time and nature, and to rest in eternal fixedness. A road bending and winding like a serpent upon itself brought us soon down into the valley. High upon the mountain side hung a little foamy stream bending over its very crest, and looking at top like a silver thread tight twisted and compact, but as it came lower down, seeming to be frayed, until within 500 to 800 feet of the bottom it was unravelled and spread into silvery mists. It looked but a tiny thing, yet we could hear it roar, though it was more than a half mile away. This beautiful valley is Flatdal in Thelemarken.

Our road carried us nearly 4,000 feet up, over wild and dreary downs, far above the tree line and among bands of snow running in the deep furrows down to our feet. Few alpine passes are grander than this, and none more wildly dreary. On the little upland valleys was fair grass on which "saeters" were located, and cows and sheep were feeding, but within range of vision were loftier slopes gray with reindeer moss. Three of our meals were on fresh reindeer meat; as roast and steak it was sweet and juicy. The owner of Haukeli-saeter owns a herd of 400. We were sorry to find they were all some miles off on a higher mountain, to which there was no road. He raises about 100 a year. They are milked twice a week. Their food is a peculiar moss which grows on the bleakest heights. The herd moves along as its food gives out. It is on this account that the Laplander has no fixed abode. He moves with his friend and support. It looked odd to see huge antlers lying around loose like cattle-horns in a butcher's yard. The flesh brings only a trifle more than beef. There are several large herds in Norway, the largest having 2,500 head. The lofty mountain heights belong to government. Reindeer owners pay for each a little over a kronor a year for pasturage. The milk and cheese made from it has a sweetish taste, not unlike that of the sheep.

The most striking piece of road I saw, and there are many fine ones, is that which drops one down from 1,000 or more feet into the valley of Roeldal. It bends about in loops not 100 feet across, winding round and about like a corkscrew. Some foot travellers at slow walk down the direct footpath beat us, though we went at a rapid trot, so rapid that I half held my breath several times when we seemed to be hanging on almost perpendicular precipices. The outer sides of mountain roads have protec-

tions a few feet apart of blocks of stone three or so feet high, set firmly on the outer edge of the slope. At a little distance these blocks resemble crenulations on embattled walls. Looking from the lower valley of Roeldal to the road far above, the bendings are so short that they might be taken for embattled rounded towers. Tumbling over the crest of the mountain near this is a water-fall not far from 1,500 feet high, which, viewed from a point opposite seems a single cascade. The stream far above is probably not over 20 feet wide, but it spreads over the steep sides of the rocks until in fan shape it becomes a mass of foam a hundred feet wide. So little has this splendid valley been visited that the guide books do not even mention this beautiful fall. Nestling down in this valley is a deep, dark lake, from which lift mountains sheer up 2,000 to 3,000 feet.

I spoke of "saeters." They are mountain establishments where cattle and sheep are grazed and the cows milked during the summer. The milk is brought to the farms below each day when near, and twice a week when far off. We met twice, early in the morning, dozens of rosy-cheeked, tow-headed beauties, each with a couple of tin cans holding several gallons of milk. They go up at night, milk the cows, and bring in the produce early to their farm homes, perhaps several miles off. The cans swing from a sort of harness over the shoulders, and are kept apart by a flat stick scooped out so as to fit over the stomach. Ever valley farmer has his saeter-land in the mountains. Often the sky which overhangs his mountain land is of equal value per acre. A man has perhaps a farm of 25 to 50 acres in the valley; off in the mountains he has hundreds or thousands of acres. On these are the saeters. The saeter buildings, cow- and hay-houses of several farmers are close together, and their cattle graze in common. The cattle are all housed each night and come in of their own accord. Some of these saeters are of themselves now comfortable farms, and have considerable cultivatable lands; this since good roads have been built to reach them. That is, some farms are still called saeters, though in strictness they are "gaards" (farms). They are, too, the stations on the post-roads, in high altitudes, and have their fixed names, and on maps are marked as if they were villages. There are along the Thelemarken road many splendid water-falls, some of them tumbling from great heights and in large streams. Falls are frequent of several hundred feet high, and with much more water than is in the Bridal Veil at Niagara. At one point three falls are close together, two of them falling 200 or 300 feet from one mountain, the other from the opposite side of the gorge from another mountain. The three are not a hundred yards apart. This is a charming spot, one of the finest in the world. The falls of Switzerland are tame things compared to them. We did not visit the two great water-falls. What we saw was enough. I could

write of each wonderful place we visited, but it would take too much space ; I simply give some as specimens of all others ; these, however, being those which most pleased us, and being, too, more or less characteristic of all others.

The Naeraedal is a gorge of terrific grandeur, barely broad enough to permit the passage of a rushing torrent and the narrow road. It is flanked by rocky mountains, lifted so precipitously as to seem almost perpendicular, of 3,600 and 4,300 feet respectively in height. At the outlet of this gloomy canyon lies Gudvangen, a pretty little hamlet on the head of the deep southern arm of the Sogner Fiord, itself but a continuation of the Naeraedal, only the water-way is of breadths varying from half a mile to one or more miles, and widening to several miles as it nears the sea. At the head of the Naeraedal gorge, over a steep slope of 1,000 or more feet, climbs, in a succession of short zigzags, the smooth and even road, having, now to the right and then to the left, one or two beautiful cascades, tumbling now in leaps and then in broken foam over jutting rocks, the streams forming each being considerable rivers. The view from the summit of this slope resembles the Yosemite. The mountains are almost baldly naked gray felspath rock, two of them lifted in huge domes and presenting so rounded fronts that one can scarcely realize that they are the projecting ends of a long range and are not single well-defined domes. Behind these are two others, presenting their flanks to the narrow valley and blending into the vast rocks near the fiord. Into the depths of the gorge the winter's sun reaches only for a short time each day, and in some parts is not seen at all for two months. On the top of the steep slope named is a fine sanitarium hotel (Stalheim) looking down into this gloomy gorge, and looking up to the pinnacles 3,000 feet above in whitened mass of rock and whiter snow.

That one may understand the beauty and grandeur of the water-falls of Norway it is necessary to realize that though narrow cataracts when they rush through the rocky crevices, the streams are yet so large that when spread into widths from an eighth to a quarter of a mile, and several feet deep, they flow with the currents of strong rivers. There are dozens of these large falls along the route we traversed, tumbling from elevations of 2,000 or 3,000 feet, not all visible as falls in a single view, but in fearful rapids, and often in a succession of leaps, or dashing over steeply sloping precipices in snowy foam, and parts of each, if looked at from directly in front, having all the appearance of single leaping cascades. But besides these larger water-falls there are hundreds upon hundreds of smaller ones, which lie over and upon the sides of mountains 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height in bands of silver. One rides through valleys and along fiords for miles and miles, and is never out of sight of these long streams and is never out of hearing of their roar. Many of them which seem but threads

are yet of such volume that they can be heard a mile or more away. In the wild gorge I have just named, though it is but eight miles long, and is the arm of the fiord of the same name and about as long, there are several dozen falls fed by the great snow-fields which cover the mountain plateau above.

I should here state that Norway might be said to be a great mountain plateau varying from 3,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, through which in every direction and in every form run innumerable bent and distorted valleys, some of which seem to have been formed by splitting the mountains asunder, and others as if the jets of molten matter had suddenly cooled before filling the space intended to hold them. These upper plateaus represented on a chart are gnarled and irregular in shape as are the valleys below. On them, each fall and winter, is heaped a vast mass of snow, caused by the meeting of winds moisture-laden from the gulf-stream, which washes the coast and the colder winds from the land. The sun is not hot enough to melt the snows in early summer, but gradually sends them down in innumerable streams till winter again locks them up with icy bolts.

Although this country is in a higher latitude than northern Labrador and southern Greenland, yet its climate is so tempered by the gulf stream that on the coast there is rarely as cold weather in winter at Molde on the 63d degree and opposite the northern end of Hudson Bay, as at St. Louis. The winters are very long and in the interior are nearly as severe as at Chicago, but about the fiords and the lakes, which are extensions of them, vegetation is very rich and the foliage of the trees is of much luxuriance and of great size. I measured a lilac leaf five inches in diameter and elm leaves are twice as large as with us. This is the true home of the currant. The bushes are as large as our snowballs and the fruit nearly as big as small cherries, and gooseberries are seen as large as damsons. One rarely sees anywhere so thrifty maples and lindens as about Molde Fiord.

The whole of the Sogner Fiord presents magnificently grand scenery, but the sublimest in Norway is that of the Geiranger, one of the arms of the Stor. The water on this and other branches near is a mile and a half wide, but does not appear half so much, because of the towering precipices which rise out of the creek and almost perpendicularly climb to a height of four or more thousand feet. I have seen elsewhere only one sheet of water and mountain scene equal to this—the Koenig see in the Tyrol. It is apparently a lake, for no outlet is seen when once upon it. The rocks so blend together in their dark gray massiveness that they seem solid buttresses in every direction. The sharp, jutting edge of one of the lofty cliffs, 2,500 feet above, seems so to overhang that passengers on our little barge speculated upon the possibility of leaping from it to the water below. Here close by, like a mighty pulpit, is a canopied stone named after St. Olaf, who was

hidden near by, and being slain became the patron saint of Norge. Little water-falls tumble over the great heights, some of them lost in mists far above, and until they are again caught by black projections, on which they are gathered and spread as veils of lace.

Perched in several spots on terraces 1,000 and 2,000 feet up on the steep mountains, are tiny farms reached by zigzag paths along the cliffs, so steep that wooden poles are fastened along them to enable the climber to mount with his burden of hay. Grass is cut on every nook where a basketful can be saved and is then carried in boats to the foot of these paths, there dried, and afterward carried on the head above. We saw haymakers on spots so steep that they rested on a knee while the other leg would be stretched to reach a lower footing. They looked more like climbing hunters than every-day plodding toilers. How men and cattle can move about on the dizzy heights during snowy winters is a marvel, and now and then it is said one does lose foothold and goes tumbling below. One of the pleasing peculiarities of Norwegian scenery is that in the most frightful gorges and on the steepest slopes, every spot whereon soil has collected and on which a man can stand becomes the mown meadow or field of a hardy mountaineer. Houses seem to be hanging on the very brink of dizzy precipices, and on inclines so steep that one would suppose them anchored to keep them from sliding down; and little fields are green in barley where one would think goats must be employed to harvest them, fields so small that a good-sized umbrella would almost shade them. When the slopes are free from rocks for eight or ten acres then they become sunny, smiling homesteads. These soften many rugged passes and give the roughest spots oftentimes a charming pastoral appearance. Then, again, wherever grass grows it becomes a meadow. Men and women climb the steep mountain side to cut close every spot which can furnish a hamper full of short hay. Every spot as large as a good-sized bedspread, in wood or among rocks, is closely shaved and the crop taken off. Hay cut from these spots is carried off green to be dried elsewhere and housed.

The air is so humid that the shaven sward at once takes an emerald hue. Little land is cultivatable, but a great deal grows short thin grass, all of which is mown, for the bulk of the cattle do not graze near the houses, but are kept during the summer high up on the mountain side. This grass-land is cut so evenly and the crop is so quickly removed that the mowing appears to have been done for beauty and not for use. Scattered over land about houses and hamlets are low birch and elm trees or bushes. These give to the valleys and lower mountain slopes a beautiful park-like appearance. The trees mentioned all have their regular uses. They are cut-in each year, and their young twigs and leaves are dried and stacked up about the barns, the

twigs for fuel, the leaves for food for sheep and goats and to help out the cow should the regular provender prove short. Indeed, many of the poor people depend to a great extent upon leaves to support their two or three cows a good part of the long winter months. Little boys and girls and old people are seen constantly picking elm, birch, and mountain-ash leaves in great hamper baskets, to be dried and stored away. By the way, we have in America no conception of the beauty the mountain-ash is possessed of. They greatly enliven the appearance at this season of many Norwegian landscapes, and are so red with berries that they look as if they had been sprinkled with blood for a passover in a more than Egyptian night.

By many the Romsdal is considered the grandest of all Norwegian valleys. It is certainly magnificent. It is a strange mixture of beautifully home-like and terrific gorge scenery. Lofty mountains tower upwards of 5,000 feet high of almost solid, naked gneiss rock, so precipitous as to seem nearly vertical, some of them terminating in small rounded pinnacles, others cutting the sky with sharp-edged cliffs; some are so smooth on their faces that they shine in a light, misty rain, and others rough as if just riven by fearful convulsions. These monster rocks tower on either side of and confine a valley nowhere half a mile wide, and in many parts only a few hundred yards across. The valley is beautifully cultivated, having pretty farm-houses, waving little fields, and clean-shorn and park-like meadows, and through it runs a river of much volume and of crystal clearness, always in swift flow, generally in tumbling, turbulent, rapid, and in two or three places in beautiful cascades, twisting and leaping down dark canyons or clefts in the rocks. Up this majestic valley for several hours we were accompanied by dark clouds hanging below the crests of the mountain, now roofing the gorge over our heads, and then breaking away and giving us glimpses of the sky lines far above. At one point a splendid cataract of large size tumbled close by us, 1,000 feet in height, and with all the effect of a single leap; a dark cloud screened its loftiest spring, so that it seemed to be pouring in foaming mass out of the very heavens. The Romsdal debouches into the fiord near Molde, a very pretty town of nearly 2,000 people, and only a few miles from the Atlantic, which can be seen from an eminence behind the town. Here we were on the 63d parallel, and yet so soothing is the gulf stream that vegetation is of much luxuriance. Maples, lindens, elms, and cherry trees wore leaves of great size, and the currant and gooseberry bushes are twice as tall as I have seen them in America, and the honeysuckle embowered the houses. To the east of the town, across the fiord, which spreads into a land-locked bay, stretches a long line of peaked mountains, broken into an exquisite sky line with patches, collars, and bands of snow, giving it a wildly alpine appearance. Here we were nearer the sea than

anywhere else before. Our journey from Odde had been over the north and south arms of fiords and through the high passes dividing them, and from 30 to 80 miles from the true coast line.

Before quitting the fiords I must not omit to mention Sjøeholt, on the Slynge Fiords, which affords one of the most charming water and mountain views to be found in any land. The fiord, four or five miles wide, lies between lofty mountains more or less covered with verdure and reaching toward the ocean for 15 or 20 miles, with a background of prettily outlined hills. The mountains fall in height from those nearest to those farthest off, in such manner that the loss of elevation in the more distant ones seems so be caused by perspective, rather than in reality.

The Romsdal pass ends in a high mountain plateau of wild and desolate character, and then commences the valley of Gudbrand or Gulbrandsdal, which cuts Norway from the northwest to the southeast. In this was the seat of the last of the pagan chiefs of the land. The mountains in this charming valley are quite high, but have long slopes on which are beautiful farms and thrifty farmers, living in good old-fashioned style. When I say beautiful farms, I mean for this land. Now and then is a field of 20 acres in size, generally smaller, but running one into another so closely as to give a single-field appearance to the whole. In many respects the characteristics of the valley are not unlike some of the finest Swiss valleys, only this continues at greater length, being considerably over 100 miles in extent. The farm-lands climb 1,000 or more feet up the mountain side and then meet upper wooded heights, only a few of the loftier ones being devoid of trees.

Our little roached horses carried us in good trot, down this valley to Lillehammer, where we took steamer on the long lake dignified here as an inland sea, the Miosen, a beautiful, narrow sheet of water, bordered by fine mountains, with every slope a picture of pastoral beauty. But we have Copenhagen now not far off to see, and I close, after having done but half justice to the land of Norge.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

COPENHAGEN—THORWALDSEN—FREDERICKSBORG—THRIFTY
DANES—RUN TO BERLIN—BERLIN IN 1832 AND NOW—
REFLECTIONS.

Berlin, September 21, 1888.

THE approach to Copenhagen by sea from the north is quite imposing. On the left lies Sweden, with its high, sloping ground, pleasantly wooded, and dotted by villages of some size. On the right lie the low-lying lands of Denmark, or Zealand, with picturesque Helsingør, the old gateway to the Baltic for the sea-dogs of the British Isles and for the Vikings of the northern fiords. The hardy Danes held the key to unlock the gates and demanded and obtained no light toll from trading craft which wished to sell or to barter with the people of the northern inland sea. With a deeply uttered "Vaer saa god" (be so good), the toll-taker boarded every ship going or coming. If the skipper was slow to pay, the leather-jerked Dane laid his heavy hand upon a huge blade hanging over his hip, and pointing to the big pop-guns ranged like unheaded beer kegs about frowning Kronborg, got his gold without much ado. Elsinore was a big thing in olden days, and sagely crazed Hamlet uttered its name sonorously. I know not if the prototype of the ghost exacted fixed fees. He and those of his ilk perhaps took as occasion demanded or ability to pay permitted, but when the Hanseatic League, those free crusaders whose God was trade, and whose coursers trod the pathless sea in quest of gain, toppled over, the Dane had his regular toll-fees, and charged somewhat as per tonnage. This, however, became a bitter pill to swallow for the great nations which could take all Denmark down at a gulp without making a wry face. So not long ago, I forget when exactly, but since the Yankee carved out the golden heart of Mexico, they paid to Denmark somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80,000,000 for the relinquishment of the right to close the free use of this artery of old ocean, and since then the once grand and powerful Elsinore has dropped down to a town of a few thousand population, whither people go on excursions to revive old memories; and the amiable Christian, ninth of the name, carries the fame of his land all over Europe by furnishing unkinged countries with rulers, and reigning rulers with queens, and is, I hope, furnishing the veins of royal lines with a vigorous and yet kindly blood.

I believe in Danish blood, for I go even further back than our Republican candidate, Ben, does for the origin of our line. It was Airesen, the Yorkshire Dane, who helped to flog the Saxon and stole some one's north English home, and set us afloat upon the troublous waters of this world. Out of revenge, John Bull, unable to slash the man, put a rough aspirate to his name, and he became "Harrison." I do not know that I can say to the ghost of this old fellow, "I will call thee *royal* Dane." I am not by any means certain his was blue blood at all, unless of the color of blue flame. For his descendants were "butchers and bakers and candle-stick makers," and especially ran to the trade of blacksmithing, and the bluest of blazes arose from their furnaces, if not running in their veins, and Cromwell's friend could have made the axe which cleverly taught kings that they were quite human. I like the Danes, too after visiting them. They are a nice sort of people, good-looking, active, and appear brimful of intelligence. The men are strong and hardy, and Willie says the girls are very good-looking. I had to tear him away from the Tivoli when the clock struck low 12, and had I not exercised prudent parental restraints, he would have gone to that fairy garden every night. He has more admiration for European female costume than I, and the nearer he approaches to Paris the greater grows his zeal in that direction. Perhaps it is the difference between 19 years of age and 63. He dotes on rosy cheeks. I pity the poor things who are caged up in corsets and weighted down with skirts.

But I was approaching Copenhagen. The two shores of the Sound are pleasing, but that of Denmark the more so. There are a succession of villages, one almost running into the other. The spires and towers of the capital beyond loomed high above the city, over which rested a heavy veil of smoke, telling plainly of English soft coal; not a pall such as hangs over Chicago, but too much so for the beauty of the city or for the whiteness of shirt fronts. Passing the picturesque fort, all green with high sward-covered earthworks, and, through two lines of war steamers showing iron teeth, and old ships of the line (the royal navy), we landed at a pretty pier, about which gayly dressed people were enjoying an evening promenade.

We soon found ourselves in a fine city of 300,000 people, well-built, well paved, and in every way worthy to be the capital of a thriving though not large kingdom. The people have quite a cosmopolitan style about them, and move about with a brisk, business air. Shop windows make pretty displays and signs are gaudy. It is astonishing how four or five names predominate all over the town. In Norway you call a boy "Olaf" and the chances are he will answer you. Here you may take off your hat to "Mr. Nielsen." He will either return your salute, or he will say you are mistaken, his name is "Jansen." Nielsens, Olsens, Petersens, and Jansens are everywhere. It seemed to me that

out of every 100 signs, more than half of them were of these. Sometimes "Jansen" took a variation and called himself "Johansen," and "Petersen" became "Pedersen." But the dodge could not fool a knowing one—they were "Jansen" and "Petersen" still, just as "Smythe" is surely "Smith." Stores are crowded closely together, and basements are evidently as popular as first-floors. All that is required is enough of the basement window above the sidewalk to make a pretty display, and the below ground is a good locality for a money changer, a meerscham dealer, or a statuette vendor. The streets in the old town are narrow and the sidewalks very contracted, but they are all kept clean, and as many people walk in the roadway as on the foot-path; this especially in the evening when wagon traffic is mostly over. The streets were generally well peopled, probably more so while we were there than usual, owing to the exhibition then coming to a close. In the new quarters the streets are tolerably broad and the houses rarely under four stories in height, five being the usual number. These newer buildings are of pretty modern architecture, but built in solid blocks, there being very few separate houses with yards or grass plats. Looked down upon, from one of several church towers, the city is picturesque. I chose the one known as the "Round Tower," for my observation, because of its easy ascent over a broad winding walk upon brick arches, up which Peter the Great rode on horseback, and his queen, Catherine, in a carriage. This tower is 110 feet high. By stepping the outer edge of the walk I found it 330 yards. The old town from it looks very quaint, with its tall houses built on narrow, irregular streets, of lofty, steeply pitched roofs, with two, three, and sometimes four stories of trap windows cut through the red bent tiles. Circling about the old city is the finely built newer town, with massive blocks of buildings all in black-slate roofing. There are some fine public buildings in the city, and the old Rosenburg palace is filled with mementoes of the kings and queens of the land, many of them rich and interesting.

But it is not the kings and queens or their works which make Copenhagen interesting to the traveller. It is the memory of three men—Tycho Brahé, who played with the stars and made them the companions of man; Hans Christian Andersen, who touches the human heart and makes the prattle of children sweet songs for old age; and Bertel Thorwaldsen, whose chisel gave to marble a breathing soul. These three have monuments here, but the real monuments of one are in the scientific libraries of the world, and of another on the book-shelves of the reading mothers in many lands. They can be known everywhere, but it is only in Denmark's capital that one can fully know the grandeur of Thorwaldsen or enjoy his works. There one breathes a Thorwaldsen atmosphere. If not near one of his great pieces in marble or plaster, he sees about him in shop windows or in hotels and stores

little statuettes and plaques, fine reduced copies of his masterpieces. Close by the great palace, now but a shell, for only its solid walls were left unconsumed by fire, stands the Thorwaldsen museum, solid, massive, and gloomy, and not unfittingly so, too, for it contains his tomb, as well as the bulk of his works and of his art and household treasures. The oblong building surrounds an open court, in the centre of which is his grave, green with growing vines, but plain and otherwise unadorned. His real monument are the creations of his brain and chisel, which fill the rooms and corridors three stories high of the building enclosing his ashes. There one can wander for hours, feeling that the very spirit of the man is hovering near him. And what a spirit is his! It speaks in his every statue and rests before you in his every relieve. I am perhaps not connoisseur enough to feel thus and try to find a cause for the feeling. I reached the conclusion that it arose from the presence of his own statue by himself among his other works. This is so natural and life-like that it seems to live in and to pervade the entire building. His Christ and the Twelve in the Church of our Lady, are considered the grandest works of his hand, but they do not so strike me. The Redeemer is majestic, but to me, more from its great size and its simple pose than from any conception it embodies. Take away the sentiment which any fine representation of the Saviour necessarily arouses, and there is not much left—a pagan, a cold unbeliever, could look on it utterly unmoved. Different is the effect produced by the frieze which surrounds the base of the vaulted dome behind. This represents the procession to Calvary's hill. The horses seem actually moving, excited by the shouts of the multitude, and one can almost hear the cry of "Crucify him!" by those who are hurrying toward the hill. So life-like is the form of Mary as she drops under weary agony, that one can see her as she is sinking. Christ, seeing her, seems to pause and loom up as he bears his heavy cross. The wood grows light, borne up by the mighty heart of the bearer, and the sad yet grand pity of the son, as he turns his face toward his sorrowing mother, is wonderfully touching. I have never heard this frieze spoken of, but to me it is the finest design of the mighty master.

The opera-house is a building of decided artistic merit, and it is said the performances in it are of a high order. But it is to the Tivoli one goes to see the gayety and life of Copenhagen. Its grounds are of many acres and contain all sorts of amusement, from the Flying Dutchman to the orchestra dispensing classic music. One can spend a whole evening and not take in the shows. Cafés abound to suit every purse and music for every taste. Here under a handsome half-dome is a great brass band with appropriate airs. Two hundred yards off is a huge glass pavilion, with light supporting pillars and arches decorated with trailing vines and masses of rare exotics; crystal chandeliers, bright

with a thousand gas jets, flashing through prismatic pendants, and an orchestra of 100 instruments discourses music of the highest order. Close by the first is a cheaper restaurant and café, where a few aere will enable a moderate man to slake his thirst or satisfy his hunger, while hearing good band music. At the crystal pavilion the chocolate, coffee, and ices are as good as one gets at Paris, and the wines are costly, and thousands of the elite, in pretty costumes, eat, drink, promenade, and flirt. The entrance fee to the garden with all of its privileges is only 50 aere, about 14 cents. Thousands go every night and take their evening meal, and thereby make the stock of the company a good investment. The garden is brilliantly lighted with electricity and gas, and when we attended the most perfect order and decorum reigned. Between the two principal music-houses is a variety theatre, where rather rollicking pantomime is performed. These three sets of amusements alternate, so that a visitor can go from one to the other, a regular printed programme giving him the pieces to be played and the order, so that he can take his sausage to band music, his ices and chocolate to orchestral, laugh both down between times at the show, and promenade among acres of other amusements.

Apparently the biggest man in Copenhagen, next to the king, is the owner of Karlberg brewery. Not only does he slake every person's thirst, but is a patron of arts. He has a fine gallery and adorns the exposition. It may be for advertisement. But would it not be a good thing for some of our millionaires to advertise in the same way. By the way, he has queer advertisement in the grounds. A huge bottle, 50 to 100 feet high, in the top of which people go in lines to see the stars. I have often heard of people seeing stars by getting a bottle into themselves, but here the thing is reversed. Near the grounds the brewer has an electrical lens, a sort of revolving light-house, which carries rays to a great distance, sending rainbow hues at night among the branches of the trees and over domes, and far off on lofty buildings.

Adjoining and occupying the grounds during the day is the National Exposition. This is quite thorough, but not very large. The main building is of beautiful design, and great taste has been displayed in the arrangement of goods and wares. Next to Denmark, Sweden makes the largest exhibition, and Russia the richest. This latter people are treading hard upon the more western ones in industrial arts, but run largely to rich and costly fabrics. Norway is prettily and characteristically represented with log mountain houses, reindeer and peasants in costume. The art gallery has many fine things, Denmark and Sweden taking the lead, Norway following. The Germans claim that their best things have gone to Munich.

The city of Copenhagen has some parks quite in the town, which add greatly to its beauty. These occupy partly the place

of the old fortifications. They are thoroughly kept up, and afford the people charming walks without the necessity of patronizing the street-cars to reach them. There are many monuments and statues adorning different squares and gardens, all of considerable merit, and a broad sheet of lake water through the new quarter of the city. An hour's run by rail brings the sight-seer to Fredericksborg, a very handsome palace rising out of a pretty lake. Unfortunately the water is very nasty, and makes one hold his breath when the wind is coming toward him; but the grounds are beautiful, and the interior of the palace charming. It is arranged as a national museum, showing the progress of the kingdom's history, and possesses many charming pictures, the finest being by Block. His small pictures in the chapel representing the history of Christ are marvels of beauty, but must be seen to be enjoyed, and cannot be described. An amusing incident occurred to us in the palace. We entered a long, narrow gallery. At the farther end of it we saw what appeared to be life-sized figures. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Ya Amerikanets," and marched on, as I recognized one as that of the czar of Russia. It was a huge picture, representing King Christian and his queen and their children, with their wives or husbands and their children, in all 32, and of life-size. So finely executed is the whole that when first seen in the distance they look the originals themselves. The czar and czarina are in the foreground, and first seen when one approaches through the long gallery. What a progeny has this Danish king! There stood the Autocrat of the Russias, the most powerful individual in the world; the future king of England if the good old lady will ever let him mount the throne of the most powerful government the world ever knew; the king of Greece, ruling the land red-flowered from its soil being rich with the blood of heroes; the crown prince and little girls and boys enough to furnish all future Christendom with royal eaters for the people to feed.

The run from Copenhagen by rail through Zealand was very interesting. The farm-houses are low, all in squares, all thatched and quaint. The queer old church towers, square with high-pitched roof, as if the builders had quit before the towers were finished and thrown over them temporary tile coverings. The towers are about a third of the whole ground-plan of the church edifices.

The country is all thoroughly cultivated, of good soil, and teeming with produce. Cattle, horses, and sheep were browsing down the clover or grass in regular lines, every one tethered, each with line enough to enable it to feed up to the next one's bound. Instead of driving the cows to the house to be milked, the maid visits them in order across the field. The milking seemed to go on up to ten o'clock or later. All animals are tethered by a head halter, but the muzzle bands are of wood

instead of leather; two sticks across the lateral jaw fastened at top, but with holes under the jaw. Through these the line runs. If the animal pulls, the sticks act as a clamp and soon cure the wearer of any disposition to pull. I saw hundreds of animals out at pasture, but not a single one loose. This causes each animal to eat closely its own little pasturage and insures great economy of grass. Parts of the country look very woody, owing to the fact that lines of trees are planted along the edges of every field. These are all cut-in for twigs for fuel and to make fences of, the twigs woven into and through uprights. There were seen few fences in Zealand, but on the island south the land was fenced into very small fields, and yet in all of these the grazing stock were tethered. Apparently the Danes are good farmers. The ground being sown in rye or wheat was admirably prepared, and there was a general appearance of comfort about the farmsteads and an air of thrift everywhere. The people look as if they were governed by fair laws. It has been the boast of their kings that their monuments were in the hearts of the people, and that they could at any time safely lie down upon the lap of a subject. Certainly a happy, as well as a proud boast.

At Gjedserodde we took steamer for Warnemunde, at the mouth of the Warnow River in Mecklenburg, reaching it in two hours. This is a pretty sea-bathing place for the Prussians. Along the bank of the river for nearly a mile, over a well-built quay, is a narrow esplanade, planted with nice young trees, and lined on the inner side with little cottages, each with a veranda or a porch enclosed with glass, in which we could see from the steamer, as we sailed by close to the shore, the fashionable people sitting at tables as if in glazed conservatories. Many were promenading under the trees. The ladies must have been pretty, for Willie insisted that we stop over a day, and sighed when I refused. We landed and took rail for Berlin. We passed by quaint old Rostock, with its lofty church towers and its memories of past glory when it was an influential member of the Hanseatic League. Then through the Mecklenburg Switzerland. I was quite surprised to find Prussia possessed any country with such fine scenery. For many miles we ran through low mountains, or rather high hills, clothed in fine forest, with now and then a pretty lake and several quaint old towns. We saw quite a number of handsome chateaux, and still more large manorial establishments or Ritter houses, with huge squares of barns; with great fields, where steam machinery seemed to be used in harvesting and scores of laborers were at work. There were meadows large enough to make a dozen ordinary German farms, and dozens of tidy-looking peasant women were raking hay, and scores of men were mowing in long lines. In three instances I saw proprietors on horseback overlooking many field laborers, this being the first time I had ever seen farming on this scale in Germany. The whole ride was pretty till night fell.

Reaching Berlin, we drove to the Central Hotel. The porter told us he had but two rooms vacant, and yet the house accommodates 700 guests. When he informed me of the price of the vacant rooms I told him the revenues had not come for this year from my island in the Indian Ocean, and that I only wanted to stop a few days, and did not wish to purchase the hotel. A German hotel porter is probably the most dignified of human beings. One who has never seen one can form no idea of the dignity of which the human form is capable. They never laugh, very rarely smile. Their caps go off with exquisite grace to a man who drives up with a footman. Their hats are an immovable fixture to a traveller who approaches in a second-class carriage. Willie asked me one day if there were not training-schools for porters, they were so fearfully dignified. I told him they were born so. For did not the Roman say: "*Portier nascitur, non fit.*" We then went to the Windsor, an old house, where we pay our money and get its worth. And then at last we were fixed in the capital of the German Empire, the land of Rudesheimer and Hochheimer, and of the real lager that cheers but does not inebriate, the land of personal liberty,—I do not know so well as to the other kind,—the land which in a few short months this year had three emperors without a tragedy, and now has three empresses and one Bismarck.

Berlin, with 1,300,000 people, is a grand city, fit capital for a powerful empire. I spent in it the last month of 1852; it was then a rather dull and heavy city of 400,000 people. It was not a fascinating town, and one lived in it with regretful memories of Paris and Vienna. I had a pleasant sojourn in it, however, and made my first real acquaintance with that, to me, most attractive characteristic of the father-land, the simple, unpretending home, with its unobtrusive hospitality and genuine warm-hearted kindness. Under one roof-tree were the father and mother, the son and daughter, and perhaps the son-in-law and daughter-in-law, all friends and equals. There was the great linen-room, with sheets and pillow-cases, towels and shirts, and female underwear enough to set up a moderate furnishing shop, all sweet, and smelling of fragrant cleanliness; there in another room were great baskets filled with soiled linen. I don't think washing-day came oftener than once or twice a year, when it was done in the country by wholesale, and what a splashing and beating there was out by the river-side when the first dirt was thumped out with paddles. I had seen it during the summer in the country. I went with paterfamilias and his flock to winter-gardens, where we listened to music and ate our evening meal. Die gute mutter knit socks for the little grandchild, and the young daughter-in-law worked names upon her own garments or on little odd fabrics for some one not yet ushered into this breathing world. Fraulein Hedwig talked in low tones with

Rudolph, to whom she was betrothed, and sometimes their hands, which had become somehow fastened together under the table, forgot to release the grasp when they came above the cloth; and the young American talked glibly in bad Deutsch, and made many odd and sometimes offish mistakes; but he would be reassured when the family would tip beer glasses, and the brother would call him "alter Schwede." He was trying to learn German in those days, and mingled whenever he could with the good, simple-hearted folks. I am afraid much of this old-fashioned warmth has departed since Berlin has become so grand, and millions of French gold have got into the land. For the capital is now a grand city; old houses have been torn down; new streets have been made; and private residences are almost palatial. Now and then in my walks I stumble upon quarters where old buildings are looking familiarly upon me and are talking of long ago; but everywhere new ones are being wedged in among the old, and in a few years there will be but little left to remind one of the past, except about the public edifices, which have changed but little.

Government seems to have had sterner duties than erecting palaces and museums. It has been building an empire. Private wealth, however, has not been idle, and Berlin shows more individuality of taste among its private residences than any other city we have visited. St. Petersburg is grand, but the monogram of an autocracy seems to meet one's eye in every façade and on every column. The love of personal liberty pervades Berlin and shows itself in the varied styles of its residences and the exhibition of the owner's notions in architecture. In the new quarter of the town, south of Thiergarten, are miles of streets, some of them not much broader than our wide alleys, lined with elegant houses, as varied in appearance as are the characters of the owners. One common feature, however, pervades the whole: all have small gardens or door-yards in front, filled with pretty shrubbery and handsome trees, with trailing vines climbing high over the walls, and with porches often two stories high, and balconies loaded with exquisite flowers and rare exotics. These little front yards give a sufficient width between house lines and prevent the narrow streets seeming too narrow. All yards are fenced off from the streets with light iron railings. The fashion which has sprung up in America of leaving door-yards open is a bad one. It takes away that air of privacy which is absolutely necessary to a home. I believe in democracy, but I want my house to be mine own, into which no one can enter except by lifting the latch-string; and my yard and grounds are as much a part of my home as is my sitting-room. When I sit in my yard in my hammock-chair I am willing all should see me enjoying my *dolce far niente*, but if any one wishes to enter, let him come in by the gate. It is a sort of snobbery to throw into the street the house-yard, and to

expect that the owner's name will throw about it a *noli me tangere* sanctity. A light railing permits a full view of the handsomest grounds, but at the same time gives an air of home-like privacy. Perhaps one of the most peculiar features among first-class residences here are the little shops, creameries, green groceries, and the like in basements of the finest houses. They are certainly a great convenience to the residents.

The first thing we did the morning after our arrival in Berlin was to walk through the great street, Unter den Linden. It was not much changed since 1874, nor indeed since 1852. The same street, 190 feet broad, with its traffic-ways on either side, its bridle-path, and its broad foot-ways under quadruple lines of trees; but the lindens looked stunted and sickly. They alone of all things have not thriven under the empire. How poor are they compared with the fresh and vigorous trees on Herrenhauser Allee at Hanover. We walked down to Frederick the Great's statue. I never could pass it without pausing for some time. It had been but lately erected when I was first here in 1852. Never lifted in metal or marble a more living, moving horse, and Fritz sits him as a part of him. I took my first lesson in properly sitting a saddle from it, and have often had a quiet fancy that the grim old king sits thus through eternity. Not a bad heaven to sit on such a horse throughout eternal eons. I hail thee, "Rauch!" Thou understoodest the difference between a thorough-bred and a plug, and well didst thou know how to mount thy royal rider, so that he and his charger would never tire. If the government has not cared to expend much upon building museums and palaces, it has not been idle in filling those it had with noble works of art; and now the student and the connoisseur can spend weeks with pleasure and profit in the galleries of Berlin. Some of the newer public buildings are fine. The good oberburgomeister (first mayor) showed me through the noble civic palace, the rathhaus, and tendered me an intelligent gentleman to carry me to and through all of the city departments.

It is the boast of the Berliner that his city is now utterly impregnable, yet once every week the best part of it is absolutely taken possession of by a peculiar people. The name "Unter den Linden" should be taken down each Saturday morning and "Judenstrasse" should be put in its place, for the Jews take possession of it. Not Jews silent and melancholy, as in Poland; not Jews squalid, keen, and crafty, as in Amsterdam; but well-dressed Jews, intelligent Jews, with heads erect, looking as if they knew and felt their power and influence; Jews out in their finery, on foot and in equipages, enjoying the day on which they were commanded to do no manner of work, for on that day the Lord their God did cease from his labors. They own many of the largest manufactories and works about Berlin, and live in magnificent houses. I accidentally visited their elegant syna-

gogue when a wedding ceremony was being performed; after the couple arrived, the doors were closed and nobody could enter. About the altar were hot-house plants, mostly green. Preceded by rabbies bearing candles the bride and groom mounted the steps leading to the narrow altar, followed by eight or ten young ladies, all exquisitely dressed. The bride was robed in fleecy white and wore a veil concealing her face. The groom wore his sleek hat, and all males throughout the building kept on their own, for it was commanded that covered they should enter the temple of the Lord. The ceremony was long—a half hour. At the end the officiating rabbi removed the veil, the groom kissed the bride, and the knot was indissolubly tied. I do not think a Chicago divorce court could undo the bond made by that long ceremony. I saw the bride well when she descended from the altar, and so very pretty was she that I felt sure her husband would never wish again to be free. It was the God of the Israelites alone who decreed that the woman should be a helpmeet to her husband. Such order exists in no other theocracy, and well has the Jewish woman obeyed the mandate. Among no other religionists does the wife so earnestly fulfil her duties. She assists the man with womanly devotion; she instils into her children obedience to the mandate "Honor thy father and thy mother," and under that code the child grows up learning to obey before he learns to order, and to acquire the knowledge purchased by the long experience of the parent. He thus enters manhood prepared to battle through life with the wisdom of the father. In that lies the secret of the wonderful success of these people in every walk of life they attempt. The young among the Jews do not think their fathers old fossils, but tread in the safe track laid out by experience, and improve upon it as they march and learn. Christianity, springing out of Judaism, gave greater scope to freedom of thought and of action. But the youth of Christendom too often mistakes license for freedom, and imagines that it knows all when it has acquired the wisdom of books and of the colleges. It forgets there is a wisdom at home, unpretentious, and often uttered with unlettered tongue, which is not written in books or delivered in learned lectures; a wisdom simple and practical, homely and rough, which is worth for the private walks of life far more than all the teachings of the schools. There are few men of 50 who cannot teach much to the brightest boy of 21. The Jewish mother teaches this to her boy, and without knowing it, plays the wise professor.

Berlin is cut by several canals, which years ago performed a very stinking rôle. All of this has been changed. The canals are handsomely walled up with solid quays, carry produce cheaply through many parts of the city, and now instead of giving odors which I remember as being quite nasty, are entirely inoffensive. Trees and turfed walks border them, making pleasant prom-

enades, and elegant residences loom up along their lines. The private residences of Berlin and the great beauty of their floral adornments evince decided taste among the people ; but another thing which would not perhaps so strike most observers, also evinces this growth,—that is, the decorations about and manner of goods displayed in shop windows. Many of them vie with those of Paris. There is not, as there, the lavish display of jewels and precious stones, although these are fine, but rather of articles *de vertu* and small works of art, many of then of considerable merit. Very many windows have busts, statuettes, and pictures, single and grouped, of the three emperors and their children. The rapidly succeeding demises of the two elder ones, coupled with their illnesses and the sad surroundings of Frederick's death have done much to endear the house of Hohenzollern to the people. This is touchingly shown by the thousands who stop before the imperial groups, and by the kindly words then uttered. The young emperor appeals most to the people's hearts by the pictures showing him fondling with his little children, especially in one where he is kissing his little baby, or throwing it into the air. People delight to know their rulers are filled with home affections, and that monarch and subjects have this common bond between them. There can be no doubt that Wilhelm is now deeply nestled in the hearts of the Germans, and perhaps all the more so because when he was three degrees removed from the throne there was a strong prejudice against him ; it was thought he was too much imbued with Anglican prejudices.

There is one thing among the Germans over here that I do not admire, and that is a ridiculous adulation of rank and love of titles. The great military manœuvres have been in progress, and every day imperial carriages are seen dashing along the Unter den Linden with visiting guests or their attending officers going to or from the station or to some banquet. The thousands on the streets stop and look at them as they pass as if they were made of some new kind of stuff ; and it matters not if the occupants of the royal carriage be visitors or home officials, the hats around are rapidly doffed. Several times I have asked gentlemen who I saw were uncovering, who the occupants of the carriages were. Generally they did not know. It mattered not whether the officers had won their spurs, or were simply favored ones, off go hats. If an imperial carriage happens to stop before a house awaiting the egress of the one who is to ride, frequently a thousand people stop and wait the great one's coming out. It is pleasant to see the doer of great deeds or the thinker of great thoughts honored, but it grates upon the feelings to see one bowed to simply because he wears a title. And then the way a man's titles are piled on when addressed is very amusing, especially in provincial towns. I remember how this bothered me some years ago, when my family was here. At a semi-literary dinner was a

doctor of laws, who was assistant professor of rhetoric. He was always addressed as Herr Dr. Assistant Professor of Rhetoric ———, all the titles being compounded into one word; or Herr Colonel Master of the Duke's Stables ———. Woe to the guest who failed to compound into one word all of these positions when addressing Mr. ———, or who left out the word "von"! I made many mistakes and finally settled the matter by telling them frankly that I was an unlettered Yankee. They let me get through with one title in addressing any one, but I think they very much pitied my lack of good form. I do not wonder that kings, princes, and nobles throughout the world think themselves made of finer material than that of common men. The people by their adulation teach them so to think. Socialists in Germany and France rail at the privileged classes; Nihilists in Russia slay them; but the great bulk of the people show that they worship them, and when one master is gotten rid of, they each pick up a lamp and grope about in the dark, Diogenes-like, trying to find, not an honest man, but another master, under whose feet they may lay their necks. In France there is a republic, at least in name, but true French republicans, deeply imbued with a genuine love of liberty, coupled at the same time with a love of order and good government, are hard to be found among the masses. They pick up a charlatan and are ready to do his bidding because he somehow reminds them of Napoleon; and Bonapartists and royalists feed their folly, so that they may bring democracy into ill repute and thereby pave the way for monarchy; and in America madmen are banding together ready to destroy the best form of government the world ever knew because it lacks something they have dreamed of in their wild Utopian philosophy. Will men—can men ever learn to be wise enough to enjoy the good that is possible and to bear the ills that are inevitable? We have coursed with the sun around the world; we have seen many lands and many peoples; we have watched these latter and have seen the greed with which they hunger for masters, and I sometimes ask myself, did God's fiat go forth, when he fashioned man from clay, that clay they were, clay they would be, and as clay should be trodden upon? Ah! what fools these mortals be!

CHAPTER XLIX.

A LUNCH "EN FAMILLE" WITH BISMARCK—CHARMING HOSPITALITY—KINDLINESS OF THE PRINCE—AUTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Hamburg, September 23, 1888.

BEING in Berlin, the focal centre whence moved the forces which unified a number of comparatively petty states always jealous of and often quarrelling with each other, into an empire so powerful that the courteous visit of its young emperor to a brother ruler quiets the political world and enhances the value of imperial coins, I was naturally desirous of seeing and, if possible, talking with the statesman whose genius and iron will wrought this wonderful transformation. We were told at our legation and by others that the thing was impossible; that our minister had seen Bismarck but once, and then only in curt and most formal manner. I resolved to dispense with diplomatic assistance, and to try individual resources which had succeeded so often before. The result was that on the 18th of September Dr. von Rottenburg, Werklischer Geheimer Oberregurungsrath (virtually the secretary to the chancellorship) called at our hotel and tendered me an invitation from the chancellor to lunch with him at one o'clock the following Saturday, the 22d, at Friedrichsruhe. The Dr. informed me that this was an unusual departure and insisted that I be silent on the matter, for others might hope for a like favor and would thereby force the prince to do an unpleasant thing by refusing. He advised me to start at eight o'clock on Saturday morning and he would telegraph Count Rantzau, the chancellor's son-in-law and private secretary, to stop the train for me to alight. He suggested that I go in my usual traveller's dress, for the prince was a very plain man, and I would probably see only the family. I boarded the train suggested, expediting my baggage to Hamburg, where Willie would join me Sunday evening, he wishing to visit Potsdam. For two and a half hours the road ran through a flat and uninteresting country with several towns and villages and closely cultivated. We then traversed a fine rolling district, fairly well wooded, with pretty farm-houses and hamlets, some chateaux approached by avenues of trees and surrounded by small parks and a few towns old and quaint. The scenery was pleasing rural. At 12 o'clock we entered a large forest of beech, of many thousand acres, well

stocked with stag and other deer, and in a half hour halted at Friedrichsruhe, Bismarck's private domain, which has been cut out of the great forest.

In writing this chapter I shall mention some incidents and words which in themselves may seem trivial, but make up a whole which enabled me somewhat to look into the home life and private character of the man who, with Napoleon Bonaparte, make the two most remarkable characters of the 19th century—a man whom history will probably paint as one of the greatest of all times. For over 25 years Bismarck's name has been interwoven into the fabric which will go down as the history of the old world. In Europe, Asia, Africa, and the far-off islands of the boundless seas, students, during all this time, have been forced, when figuring out the destinies of men and peoples, to see this man's signet deeply imprinted upon every chart. Kings and emperors have lived and died; nations have arisen and others have disappeared from the world's map; but in the biographies of the men and the annals of the peoples constantly appear indelible marks made by the daring genius and rugged force of this uncrowned autocrat. While all men have admired and respected the statesman and millions have hated him, few have seen the man and fewer still know any thing of him as a host, a husband, and a father. We read of Greece and Rome, and see their heroes stalking across history's page in flowing toga or accoutred in buckler and sword, and are almost surprised when we enter their tombs or look upon their votive tablets to find them men full of household fancies and overrunning with domestic affections. Bismarck, more than any other great modern character, is seen and measured only as a stern, relentless, and hard adviser of soldierly kaisers. The world scarcely realizes that he has a home—a home with all the sweet surroundings of that dearest of all unsentient things,—and that in it he is a man of loving heart and full of tender sentiment. I was in that house only three hours, but they were three hours of revelation. A traveller hears the whinnying of an Arab horse when his dusky master comes in sight, and from that inarticulate greeting knows how kindly has been the wild wanderer of the desert to his dumb friend. In far-off Burmah he sees a crow steal rice out of the bowl from which a native takes his frugal meal, and learns how deeply into the heart of that brown-skinned man has sunken Siddartha's lesson of charity to all breathing things. A kind word and a look of love by a man to his wife; the gentle but familiarly caressing touch of a woman's hand upon her husband's arm; the fond assistance of a daughter to a father in some trivial matter, and his loving look when he receives it; the easy familiarity of friends to one of the world's great ones; the little nameless acts in free and familiar life—these little things take a man's heart out of his impenetrable body and enable us to read its inner emotions more infallibly

than would hours of his hottest asseverations as to what that heart contains. To enable my reader to see the Iron Prince as I saw him, in as few words as possible I will tell something of what was said and done in his house by him and his family, and what his guest said to bring out speech from his entertainers. Some things I shall keep back, for Prince Bismarck treated me so kindly, and what he said was so unreserved, that some utterances might possibly not have been of a character to be repeated.

On my alighting from the train, which immediately moved off, a rather handsome young man, with blond complexion, walked up and said in perfect English: "Mr. Harrison, I am glad to see you. I am Count Rantzau." There was an open carriage in waiting. We drove to the residence, not 400 yards away and close to the railroad. On learning that I spoke a little German the count expressed pleasure, for it would enable me to talk with his mother-in-law, who spoke no English. Just at the lodge gate quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were loitering, the count said "with the hope of seeing the poor chancellor, who has a hard time getting rest and retirement." Bismarck's residence was, before he acquired it, a sort of hotel, I think, in the forest which has for a great while been resorted to by Hamburgers. It is commodious, utterly unpretentious, but very home-like. Its interior is fitted up plainly, with none of the fussy finery which makes the modern rich man's house gaudy and artistic but utterly uncomfortable, and forces the owner to the smoking-room or to the stable to find a spot in which he can be at ease. Inside and out Friedrichsruhe is simple, yet elegant in its simplicity—a fitting home for a man who cares nothing for externals and display, whose acts are and have been deals in the destinies of nations. I was immediately taken by the count, who soon after went out, into a moderately-sized reading- or sitting-room, and presented to the Princess Bismarck, her daughter, the Countess of Rantzau, Countess Stalberg, *née* Princess Reuss, Countess Eickstedt von Peterswald, Fraulein Agnes Eickstedt, and Frau Oberin von Rentsow, the last four being friends visiting and staying with the family. My reception was one of absolute cordiality, indeed, as much so as if I had been an expected friend. They spoke of America and how they should like to visit it, and of my long journeyings. All spoke good English except the princess, who understood it enough to enable me to converse in German freely with her by occasionally interlarding an English word. She is a lady of pleasing appearance and deportment, entirely free from every thing which could be termed mannerism, and full of that air which is so attractive and winning in an elderly woman, and which can be described by the simple term motherly. Her daughter is about 30, I should judge, full, plump,—but not too much so, above medium height, with cheerful oval face, decidedly pretty, and with an expression of rare sweetness. She has several

children. I saw two of them, bright, rollicking boys. Had I been a welcome friend the mother and daughter could not have treated me with more simple kindness and unobtrusive hospitality throughout my entire visit. I had been in the room a few minutes when the countess, looking out of the window, exclaimed: "Ah, there comes papa!" laying stress upon the last syllable, and at the same time leaving the front of the window for me. The ladies all rose and stood somewhat to the side, but so as to see out. Some 50 or more yards from the house I saw coming out of the park wood, a man fully six feet tall, broad-shouldered, full, but not corpulent, wearing a low-crowned soft felt hat, a full white cravat folded about his neck in old style, without shirt-collar, plain dark clothes, the coat rather carelessly buttoned—walking slowly towards the house with stately measured strides, and accompanied by two noble greyhounds, fat and dignified, keeping by his side with such even step that I could almost fancy they were measuring their gait by that of their master. I looked at him silently until he was within a few feet of the house. I noticed that his daughter was watching my face intently, and, I fancied, almost anxiously. I said half as if in soliloquy: "He will be able to keep Russia and Austria at arm's length for years to come." A glow of pleasure spread over the daughter's face. I then understood the expression I had noticed a few moments before. She had been watching me to see how his physical appearance affected me. He soon entered the room, shook hands with me almost warmly, saying he was glad I had come, for I had done good service, and he was pleased to tell me that he and all lovers of law were indebted to me. I at once understood why he had done me the honor of inviting me to his house. The princess repeated what I had said of his strength. He said he was glad I thought so well of his powers. After a few moments spent in his telling the ladies, who were interested listeners, of his walk in the forest, which had been somewhat extended, he offered his arm to the Countess Stalberg. The princess placed her hand upon my arm. We followed her husband to the breakfast-room. Bismarck took the head of the table, with Countess Stalberg at his right, Count Rantzau at the foot, the princess and her daughter sitting opposite each other on the middle sides, the other ladies between them and the foot, and I between the prince and princess. The dining-room was handsome, but plain. The breakfast consisted of tenderloin steaks, cutlets, cold meat, and omelets, with red and white wines, followed by black coffee, and was finely prepared. Conversation at once became lively and wholly free, and was carried on in German and in English, which the prince at first spoke with a little hesitation, but afterwards with fluency and purity, and with slight accent. When I spoke in German and hesitated for a word Countess Rantzau frequently came to my relief in most charming

manner. In this way the princess and I were enabled to keep up our share of the talking. In reply to the question as to the wine I preferred, I said I was fortunate in liking all pure wines, but I found certain kinds had a tendency to cause a gouty thickening of my fingers. "So they do with me," said the prince, at the same time holding up both hands and working his fingers by opening and shutting them, adding that he had not much faith in doctors, but that he understood his case, and interdicted any but white wine, and of that very sparingly; that he was very fond of old hock, but it did not go well with him now, and he was forced to drink a newer one, and then only at dinner. Socialism was spoken of. The prince showed his hostility to it, but thought we would not suffer from it in America, for our great political parties made no alliances with it. I said that they voted for members of one or the other parties, that "at one of my elections they had voted largely for me." "Is that so? Then you were very ungrateful." I said he was mistaken; that we got some good reforms from them, and he should not confound the socialists with us with the anarchists. That they came together and ran with the same machine when the eight-hour movement was inaugurated; that socialism with us was not radical as in Germany, and could not become dangerous, because the poor man acquiring property soon became conservative. "Yes, I know," he rejoined, "but the leaders are innately bad, and only want to gain for themselves, and care not for the cost; and many, possibly the bulk, of the followers were simply blind!" During the breakfast I endeavored to bring up as many topics as possible, and I think the Chancellor saw my intent, and assisted me by readily going from one subject to another. The princess turned the conversation to my travels. I said: "I had been many times in Europe. Had seen Mt. Blanc, and had gone to Asia, and had seen Mt. Everest. I had been to the Caucasus to see Elbruz, and was now in Germany"—I paused, which caused all to look up at me, when I added—"to see Bismarck." The ladies laughed and applauded. He bowed with an amused smile. I told him how much good my travels had done me, and suggested to him the propriety of his going around the world. He said "he was too old and had too much to do; that he belonged to his country, and that as long as it demanded his services he could not think of rest." I told him I had found great relaxation, when the cares of office were pressing, by going to the circus or the minstrels, where I could laugh. "Ah!" said he, grimly, "the newspapers afford me comedy enough." "Yes," I rejoined, "and I see they charge you with inconsistency because you claim a freeman's right to change your mind." "Of course I change my mind when I find I have been wrong, and I also yield my opinions when I find others differing from me who have equal rights with me. I have no right to set up my opinions against those of all others, even when I am certain that I am right." I

asked if the old emperor was not a very firm man. "Yes, firm almost to obstinacy on matters he thoroughly understood, but on most matters of state he confided greatly in those who had charge of them. He was very trustful of those who had his confidence." He then spoke somewhat at large, very feelingly, of William I. I told him that we were in Ceylon when the news of his death reached us, and that a rumor had gotten abroad that the crown prince had asked for his, Bismarck's, resignation, and I was asked what I thought of it. He looked up quickly and said: "What did you reply?" "I told them Frederick had too much sense for that." The old Chancellor's eyes kindled when he straightened himself up and said: "Mr. Harrison, my sovereigns have always demanded my services, for they knew I was ever ready to retire; I have been but the people's servant." I told him of our hearing of Emperor Frederick's death at Vladikavkas, and I was pleased by the regret expressed by officers we met on the mountains. "Ah, yes," said Bismarck rather sardonically, "they had an idea he would change his father's policy. In that they were mistaken." Speaking of a distinguished man whom I liked, he said: "He is amiable enough, but a fool in politics; a bad politician, and gave us any amount of trouble." "You believe, then, in such a thing as a good politician?" "Why, certainly I do. No man can be a successful statesman unless he be, too, an astute politician." A paper just engrossed (I now suspect the memorial presented three days afterwards to the emperor, urging the prosecution of Prof. Geffcken) was laid on the table. He said: "You see, Mr. Mayor, I am down here in retirement and yet I have to work. I have not failed to work a single day in 20 odd years." The Princess interjected: "For 26 years." "Yes, for 26 years not a single day." "Let me suggest that your Highness take a rest and travel *incognito*." He rejoined: "I don't know, I have been too busy; I am afraid I could not bear the rust." "And," I interjected, "a little afraid, also, to be where you cannot have your finger in the European pie." He smiled at the sally, but the ladies all laughed heartily, and Countess Stalberg added: "The pie would be a poor affair if his fingers were out of it." I said I, too, had feared rust, and to prevent it had written very largely of what I had seen—that it was sometimes hard labor and yet a rest from the past, and then told him that Dr. von Rottenberg had enjoined upon me silence as to this visit, but that I hoped he would release me from the obligation; that our people, and particularly my German friends, would be delighted to hear of what I saw and heard at his table. "Well, yes, I suppose so"; adding that the doctor did not wish him to hurt the feelings of others by refusing to see them, but that he wished to see me because I had helped to bring the anarchists to justice. I laughed and told him the political papers had bitterly attacked me because I had not arrested them in advance when they made their violent

speeches, and thus to have prevented the Haymarket crime. He quickly said: "You did just right; you were not afraid, but you struck at the proper moment." He evidently was familiar with that bitter night. He then inquired particularly about the acts of the authorities after the terrible crime, and I saw that he did not agree with me in drawing a broad line between the anarchists and socialists. I told him I had been present when Wilhelm had landed at Peterhof, and how I had been impressed with his bearing, and that Petersburgers were flattered by his driving about unattended by guards, and that I thought the czar made a mistake in showing a want of confidence. He exclaimed: "Yes, his father showed confidence and got killed for it." The princess interjected: "Poor man! I do not wonder that he feels uneasy." "They have a bad habit in Russia," said the prince, "a bad habit of trying to kill kings—since Peter the Great's time they have run that way." I told him how, during the anarchist troubles, I had received letters written in blood, but that wholly unattended I had ridden in the most excited districts. "Yes, yes, but you were in America and among Americans, and not in Russia." I spoke of the well-dressed people about his gate waiting to get a peep at him. He said: "He was a worker and did not like to make a show of himself, and that when the emperor was visiting Friedrichsruhe a few weeks before, crowds of people came on the road hoping to see him, but that he, too, said he had lately had enough of that kind of thing." When coffee and cigars came on I laughingly exclaimed: "We in America think that Bismarck knows the American hog; and that if he lets it get over the frontier it will stay at the German table, but that perhaps he did not know the American man so well that when one gets to Prince Bismarck's table he would never know when to leave." He laughed heartily and explained the pork question to the ladies, who at first looked rather shocked at the first part of the joke. He then said he would have to go to work shortly, but he would give me all the time he possibly could. I told him that I had to disobey Dr. von Rottenberg's injunction by telling my son, who was travelling with me, of my visit, but that Willie told me to say to him that his constant silence and eternal gratitude could be had if the prince would write a line and sign his name to it. He laughed at the young man's device to get his autograph. He said he might possibly write his name but not the line. I added we might then put a dangerous line over the name. "I see, it might be a due-bill, but we will block that game. Tell your son if he will hang an anarchist I will write an autograph letter to him." He then had some photographs brought to the table and selected a large one and wrote his name under it and the date, saying: "Keep that to remind you of this pleasant day." The princess took it from me and enclosed it in an envelope. I said to her: "Now, will not your Highness

write your name also across the envelope?" She did so, and I handed it to him saying: "If you will now put your name under it I will have Bismarck properly dominated by his wife." He laughingly did so, saying: "That is the way the world over." He handed the paper to his daughter, who wrote her name under his, and then the count signed under his wife. All were delighted at my thus getting two autographs from the prince, who is, I learn, very averse to giving them. The princess had not permitted the pen (a new quill) he wrote with, to be used by any other. She handed it to me with the remark: "It never wrote but one name, and that but once. Keep it as a souvenir of this visit." She then sent out for a beautifully bound small autograph album, and requested me to write my name in it. The album was about a third full—a couple of pages before the one I wrote on was the name of Count Kalnocky, the Austrian prime-minister, who had been at Friedrichsruhe for three days and had left the day before, and I think of Signor Crispi, the Italian premier, and other distinguished men. I turned the leaves back a page or two and read the signature of Wilhelm II. Further back was that of the Emperor Frederick, and near the first page that of the old Kaiser Wilhelm. I remarked that my name would in such company go down to history. She replied: "As long as the Bismarck family lives." She then told me to write the date under my name that she might have a souvenir of this pleasant day, and exacted a promise that I should send her my photo from Hamburg. Fraulein Eickstedt brought a fan for my autograph. On one leaf was Count Kalnocky's, but not Bismarck's. I suspected that she wished him to write his now while he was in so generous a mood. Seeing that the prince did not smoke I expressed some surprise, for I had always heard he was devoted to the weed. He said he had been forced to give up cigars, though very fond of them—that for many years he smoked almost constantly; he would throw away his cigar on going to bed, and would reach out for one immediately on waking; that he was now 73 years old and had to be careful. He smoked a pipe with light Deutsch tobacco after dinner. I said I was 63, and a rather hard rider, but I feared I was smoking too much. "Oh," said the prince, "when I was 63 nothing hurt me, and I rode 20 miles every day on horseback, and smoked all the time." Speaking of rest, he said his best rest was lying easily in a room all to himself. "Yes," I interjected, "and keeping your brain at hard labor." He laughed and went on: "Or walking in the park or forest, listening to the birds sing and the winds gently sighing among the branches." "That is a new phase in your Highness' character. The world does not dream that Bismarck is poetical and sentimental." "Full of both," he replied, "but especially of sentiment." He told me his forest was three miles long and about four wide, and so stocked with deer that they were proving destructive

to the trees; that he never shot now, but was at one time very fond of the sport; but at 73 he was forced to give up his old hock, his cigars, and to give the deer a free forest. I asked the princess if she never indulged in a cigarette. With a gesture of amused horror, she said: "Oh no." I apologized by saying that the last princess I had the honor of talking with blew cigarette smoke from her rosy lips, and named her. "But she comes by that naturally," said the prince, "for though a German princess she was a Russian by birth, and a decided beauty." They then spoke very kindly of the lady, whom he and the princess had known in Russia years ago when unmarried. I saw that the iron man was of melting metal when woman's beauty was in question. This, too, was further shown by his gentle tones and manner to a very pretty young Jewess, Fraulein Alexander, from Hamburg, who with her mother had called, and by the prince's request had been shown into the breakfast-room just as the table was being vacated. Something said caused me to acknowledge that I acted under a very heterodox maxim, especially in executive matters,—that is, never to do to-day what I can put off until to-morrow. "You are right," he said; "it might have been a maxim of mine, for I have acted up to it. Each day brings its full duties and enough of them. Perform them well, and then wait for the next day to do the things then necessary." I added that I had found the next day often brought new and valuable light, and besides the necessity for prompt action oftentimes focalizes the energies of the brain. His reply, which was extended, expressed thorough acquiescence in the proposition. In reply to a question as to the number of my children, I said: "I have four, but have lost several little ones." "We, too," said the Prince, "have buried a child," or children, I forget which. One of the lady visitors seemed surprised at this; and then he and the princess spoke very feelingly of their lost little ones. Bismarck's countenance when in conversation lights up greatly, and his smile is very pleasant, but the whole face drops back very quickly to one of rather severely reflective cast. His manner at the table was easy and affable, almost gentle, and there were nameless little things which revealed a softness in his character that I had imagined he lacked even in his home life. I have given only a few of the things that he said or were said to him directly; all at the table joined in the general talk, which was absolutely free from all restraint or conventionality. So kind and unobtrusive was the hospitality of all, that one looking on, and not knowing our respective positions, would have thought that I was an honoring guest instead of being the honored one. We were at table not far from two hours, a very unusual thing for her father, the countess said,—“that is, unusual for a breakfast.” Had the Prince been utterly unknown to me, that breakfast would have made me pronounce him a most genial host, a kind husband, and an affectionate father. At table all paid most

respectful attention to his every word, the attention on the part of the visiting ladies being that of idolatry, that of his wife and daughter of devotion. When he left to go to his workroom he expressed regret that he could not give me more time, but that for the next two or more hours he did not belong to himself. I told him how much I had enjoyed my visit, and ended with: "Keep Europe in peace and the world will be your debtor." "That is my end and hope. Good-bye! a pleasant voyage, and safe return to your home and family." I stood as he walked off with his private secretary, and although I am never greatly impressed by rank and high station, I was almost awed by that retreating mass of brain and will-power. So much had the man's kindly inner self been revealed, that unconsciously I felt as if parting from a friend. The princess and her guests went out upon a veranda, bidding me good-bye, and leaving me with the Countess Rantzau, who wished to get me the family photographs. To her question as to when I would again be in Europe, I replied not before two or three years, when my youngest daughter would be out of school. After inquiring about her, she said: "Tell her to get her German well up and to come over to pay us a visit; you will bring her, will you not?" To my expression of pleasure at the kind and hearty invitation, she told me she was glad I had come, that it had pleased her father, and had been a rest to him, and added that I had gotten from him what she was afraid to ask for herself,—his autographs, which were desired by some of her friends. I laughingly said: "I generally get what I particularly want." She said: "It seems so, for we were all surprised when he broke over his rules by inviting you to breakfast." When I bade the charming lady good-bye her manner was as unaffectedly warm and kind as if I had been an elderly relation. I walked to the station. The local train was made up there for Hamburg. I had been seated in the car for a few moments when I saw the countess walking rapidly towards us. As soon as she saw me she called out: "Mamma says she did not sufficiently tell you good-bye. She is coming to do so." Sure enough, there was the aged lady, with Countess Stalberg, walking quite rapidly, followed by a man drawing a small carriage chair. I went to meet her. She told me she thought I was coming out upon the veranda, and was surprised to learn that I was gone. She had wished to tell me good-bye and to wish me a safe voyage home, and hoped I would find my children all well. She also wanted to tell me to be sure and not forget my photograph from Hamburg. She stood some time by the car talking with that warm-hearted self-forgetful manner rarely seen so well marked as in a well-born German woman. I asked her how long she had been married. She said 41 years. "Then in nine years I will drink the health of your Highness and the Prince when you celebrate your golden wedding." "Would you come to our golden wedding if you should be in Europe?" "Yes, indeed, and from

America too." "Then," said she, "you must come. Consider yourself invited. You are the only one I have yet asked." Her manner showed that she was talking from her warm heart. Her daughter quickly added: "And to the diamond wedding too." "Oh, I fear I will not last that long." "Yes, you will; papa and mamma are older than you, and they are going to live for their diamond wedding." Just then the bell rang. With warm shaking of hands I left them. As I stepped into the car the Countess Stalberg cried out: "Remember, Mr. Harrison, there is but one Everest and one Bismarck." I replied: "That's true. Good-bye! many long and happy years to you all." Thus ended a most charming visit, charming not simply in that it was to the home of one of the world's great men, for if he had been but a plain man the kindly hospitality of himself and wife and daughter, the marked disposition to make every thing pleasant to the temporary guest, a disposition so unobtrusive that it was not observed at the time, but is recalled with a species of surprise; the free and genial manners of the ladies who were regular guests in the house;—these things made my visit one to be remembered with genuine pleasure. Added to this was the presence of a man who is and has been for nearly a third of a century playing upon a board where real kings, bishops, castles, knights, and breathing pawns have been the men, all pushed back and forth at his will—and as if they were but blocks of ivory and wood in his hand,—this man for the time being no longer one of the world's great ones, but simply the kind husband, the gentle father, and the agreeable host, and for the time being also so acting and so acted to that his inner self, the man, was being more or less revealed.

We can measure and weigh the force of the sun's rays in any region by studying the fibre and color of plants and flowers; so, too, can we measure and weigh the heart-forces of a strong, brainy man,—a man of great nerve-power, by studying the tone and bearing of those constantly in intimate association with him. If his heart be utterly cold or always locked within himself, the effect upon those about him is analogous to that of sunlight denied to animals and plants. Fishes and insects live in great caves, but are blind and colorless. Plants in dark vaults grow, but are devoid of every tint. I watched the wife and daughter of Bismarck. The helianthus looks not more readily to the morning sun, or follows him more earnestly throughout the day, than do these two women follow the husband and father in look and action—follow him with loving devotion. Were he at home and in his family the stern, relentless man his public life makes him thought, these ladies would have had the fountains of their hearts more or less dried up. They would not have shown, at least in his presence, the warm kindness I saw displayed. Had he been the hard autocrat at home, his presence would have been a source of constraint, and would have thrown about him an atmosphere of chilliness; but there was

just the opposite. All listened to him with interest and marked respect, but it was the interest and respect of those who really wished to hear his words. He and they were unaffectedly kindly towards each other, and as much so to me as they could have been had I been doing them a favor by coming to the house. Am I wrong in thinking that directly and through those about him I read something of the man's heart, and found it to be one of much natural warmth and gentleness?

CHAPTER L.

HAMBURG—AN INTERESTING CITY—QUAINT HANOVER—LEAN-TO
OLD HOUSES—RUN TO FRANKFORT—THE RHINE.

Brussels, September 30, 1888.

HAMBURG is a very beautiful city. A fine lake spreads itself in the very heart of the town, along whose borders are charming walks, bright cafés and noble buildings. Canals cut the city in many directions, from out of whose waters lift quaint old houses with sharp, gabled roofs, of four and five stories, each upper one projecting, on brackets, one, two, or more feet over the one below, looking as if they were trying to meet each other about the sky's line over the narrow canals. In the centre of the gable, high up near the roof-comb, project beams from which suspend on pulleys long ropes to hoist goods from water barges to big folding-doors in the centre of each story. Into these doors entered the wealth of many lands when the city was so rich a member of the Hanseatic League. The same old blackened beam projects, but newer cordage now lifts up the rich freightage of prosperous commerce, for Hamburg is to-day the third or fourth in point of commercial tonnage of European ports. She grows apace, and the 100,000 people of a few years ago have now become nearly, if not quite, 500,000. Her lake and canals are not exactly stinking, and in that there has been great improvement since I was last here, in '75, but they have that peculiar odor which pervades the atmosphere about still waters, and the entire city is redolent of fish, tar, cordage and of a thousand and one things which go down upon and up from the sea. The people are quite fussy in their fashion and fine gear, but it is the fussiness of commercial folk and wholly different from that of Berlin, where one insensibly reaches the conclusion he is in the capital of an empire. There are, too, many quaint old lean-to buildings in the older part of the town along streets not 20 feet wide, and along the canals not much wider. It is very charming to look at two old, narrow-fronted houses leaning together with their lofty, steeply pitched roofs, in which are two or three stories of lofts overtopping four or more stories below, each so low that a tall man has to dodge the joists above when he walks. These houses were built several hundred years ago and lean against each other with a sort of John-Anderson-my-Jo affection. Tear down either house the other would fall. Like good old mar-

ried couples they have stood the brunt of many storms together, and must stand and tumble together at the end. There are many of these old structures in Hamburg, making it, next to Hanover, the quaintest of German towns. That is, they are in parts the quaintest, though modern structures in both so abound and are so fine that the older streets are overlooked by many tourists. In many other old towns modern improvements have been so few, that an odor of oldness and an air of quaintness predominate and characterize the whole, but in all to a much less degree than in parts of these two northern cities. At Hanover in many streets one feels he is living in a past age. A cluster of old lean-to houses meets one's eye constantly, leaning against each other and over the streets as if striving to shake hands across the narrow ways, and looking so ancient that when a woman appears in an upper window one feels like addressing her as the wife or daughter of some old burgher of three and four centuries gone by. Here upon an architrave, spanning a musty door-way, in queer letters deep cut into the stone, is a quotation from the Bible, showing the religious sentiment of the owner when he stood in buckram and broad, flapping top-boots, to superintend the building of the house in which he was to live and to rear up his children in the fear of the Lord. One passes through the door-way and mounts steep stairways, winding about through low stories, dropping his head as he ascends, for men were not expected in those days to go heavenward with too erect fronts. Little rooms open from each landing, in which are good-natured women and children amid clothes-lines stretching from ceiling beams, and all redolent of fresh washing and sauer-kraut. Up one goes from story to story, passing a little coop in which a goose gently cackles, for German townspeople, as well as the country folk, are believers in goose-grease for measles and whooping-cough. The upper story is reached (so the curious one thinks at least). The rooms are hardly seven feet high, but still each little eight by nine room is tenanted and little children wonder what the stranger wishes, but the good frau is not offended when she is told how pretty is the old-time house. The curious visitor is about to descend when his eye catches another stair, almost as steep as a ladder and nearly hidden in a recess in the wall; up he goes, and is in a loft black with the smoke of by-gone centuries, filled with rags and old-time chests and cupboards black with age. It is a rag-picker's loft; his shop is then recollected as being below in the narrow little courtyard; old scraps of lace and embroidery hang on lines, and the dark chests are padlocked. How they got up those narrow steps one can scarcely guess, but they are there, and one almost whispers, lest the fairy form of fraulein, dead two or three hundred years ago, may open the lid of a chest and ask why the intruder comes. Still another loft, and perhaps a third,

are cramped in beneath the ridge-pole. The roof tiles are shiny in polished smoke stains, and the light of day comes through many a chink, but the tiles are bent and keep out the rain, though they let in light enough to save windows. The rafters are rough-hewn and massive, and filled with nail heads driven for clothes-lines to hang to when Martin Luther was fighting the devil in his dreams and electors and palatines were battling to tear down or to maintain the faith of ages. An old residence with the date 1527 on its door lintel, and yet filled with human tenants, impresses one with its age more than does a temple 2,000 or 3,000 years old, in which jackals and bats are the only living habitants. Present human life forms a living link with the dead past, and one feels he is at least surrounded by the ghosts of three-centuries-ago dead, whereas in the ancient temple he feels that myths alone ever walked among the massive columns. These latter awake no human sympathy in the breathing present for the long-silent past.

The new city of Hanover impresses one as quite a capital. Not so Hamburg, which is a town of bustle and business. But the Hamburger has fine theatres and some churches of great beauty. The new chime bells of St. Nicholas had just been completed when we were there on Sunday, the 23d. We somehow or other generally stumble at the right moment on what is going on in cities we visit. We went to the church to be present at the morning service. A sweet strain of music came from the lofty tower,—it is 473 feet high. The new and fine-toned chime-bells were being tried for the first time; tune after tune was played very finely and I was loath to go inside, but did. A beautiful anthem was being rendered by a choice choir to the congregation which packed the church in reverent attention. The sermon over, we went out, and still the music was coming from far above as if awakened by celestial hands on celestial chords. For three-quarters of an hour weird strain after strain was rendered, and when grand "Old Hundred" pealed forth in its solemn heart-reaching tones, I listened and felt no Catholic could help feeling grateful to Luther for that noble score. I think he was its composer, at least I am sure the air I listened to was his, though I may have misnamed it. I can never remember airs, much to the merriment of my musical boys. I am as full of music and poetry as an egg is of meat, and all the fuller for that none would ever come out of me. As soon as this air was finished we hurried off; I did not wish to hear others. How long they were kept up I do not know.

The canals of Hamburg, while being marked features in adding to the quaint picturesqueness of the old town, are not, as in Venice, component parts of the beauty of the city. The handsome fronts of the houses are on streets, and it is their rear walls whose foundations are washed by the waters.

The run from that city to Hanover was pretty—fine old towns, handsome farm lands, and the queerest of farm-houses and farm villages, with their half-hipped roofs, all the latter in fresh-looking red tile. Hanover is a beautiful city, aside from its old streets and houses. The public buildings are fine, its drives and parks exquisite, and the people jolly and gay. The cafés at night are crowded, but we saw but little coffee or chocolate used. Bavarian beer, however, was quaffed in surprising quantity. I always like to talk to Hanoverians. Their German is so distinct that I can follow them better than any other people in the father-land.

We took rail thence to Frankfort-on-the-Main. It gave us a charming ride. Few roads in Europe present more pleasing scenery. Nothing grand, but much that is sweetly rural, and a great deal full of the mildly picturesque. For some hours low mountains lay to our right, with wooded slopes toward the higher ground, and fine farm lands below. In the distance, to the left, were the outlying hills of the Hartz mountains, where every dell has its legend and every steep hill its broken. Everywhere the peasantry were plowing and sowing small grain, or were busy afield gathering potatoes, of which tall bags stood in line across the fields like whitish sentries. In some localities the land was broken by two yoke of oxen, but generally with one or two teams of horses. Scarcely any cattle were seen grazing. Flocks of geese were frequent, each attended by a gooseherd. Cows were hitched to light wagons drawing in grain or carrying manure out to the fields. The cows are not idle ladies in this land; besides their more gentle duties they do their share of farmwork. I nowhere saw women at heavy labor as in Austria and Russia. They follow the reaper, bind and gather crops, but only the men seem to perform labor demanding strong muscles. In Austria, however, women are hod-carriers and stone-packers. We saw nowhere in Germany women made beasts of burden, though they are, heaven knows, hard enough worked to satisfy the command that as a part of man they should earn their bread by the sweat of their faces. Indeed their whole bodies are forced to reek in sweat. People, especially the communists, pour out their dissatisfaction with the laws of glorious America. But their grumblings are not half as silly as those of our women. They are pampered and coaxed, wheedled perhaps, and sometimes cheated, but when compared with their sisters in most lands our women are queens; and when they are forced to work for a living feel themselves down-trodden.

Besides the forests on the upper mountains, large wooded tracts and copses crown the summits of lower hills and creep down their sides into the valleys. Here and there are elegant chateaux. Schloss Marienburg, built by Queen Maria of Hanover, is one of the most picturesque palaces in Europe. It is a great mediæval building, with towers and turrets, beautifully nestled on a lofty hill in noble timber. On several rocky eminences and abrupt

conical hills are old ruins with tall towers and old dungeon-keeps, very romantic and charming. Gottingen, world-famous for its university, recalls musty memories and student duels. Near this fine old literary town the road climbs from the river Leine for several miles a lofty divide, showing beautiful valleys with villages and hamlets and woods and silver streams far below, and then drops down by an even descent to the Weser, along which and the Fulda it ascends to Munden. We were along here generally high upon the mountain slope, with the silvery river much below. The low mountains are for miles clothed in rich young forests, now borrowing autumnal tints. Ruins peep from among the trees on pointed foot-hills, while villages and hamlets are nestled in orchards and fruity gardens. Few spots are to be seen anywhere more deliciously sweet than Munden, with its orchards and pointed roofs, steeples and old towers, down in the neck, formed by the junction of the Fulda with the Werra. The road here drops from the mountain side and bends in beautiful curves around the old tree-embowered town, as if the engineer was thinking as much of the beautiful view it permits as the ease of locomotion. Near Cassel, also, we had fine views. The number of towns and large villages along our road is surprising, I suppose owing to the rail following closely the line of the old carriage road, along which population has been for ages accumulating. But I have given so many of my many letters to descriptions of scenery that I forbear dwelling longer now. I love it so much that my pen becomes a loving one when I begin to describe a view which sinks deeply into not only the eye but far down into the heart. One very pretty feature of many miles of this road is made up of fine old mills, now on tolerable-sized streams, and then on the same when, as we run up, they become so small as to be almost lost in the long grass of green meadows.

I would have liked much to stop at quaint old Marburg, a mass of pointed-roofed, tall houses, hugging a high hill, on which lifts an old castle. So closely are the houses packed on the hill-side that each upper one seems to be erected upon the inner roof of the one next below it. Here it was that the reformers met, about 1530, to settle disputed points of the new faith, and where Luther answered every argument of Melancthon in opposition to the actual presence by the one single assertion, showing his strict adherence to the Bible's words: "This is my body." Again and again the mild and able scholar would come around to his argument. Bluff old Martin had but one answer, and that was the words of Christ. Striking the table with the book, he exclaimed: "Hoc est corpus meum," and ended the discussion. Brave old Martin Luther! Whatever his opponents may say of his faults, they must confess his was a sturdy heart, and the literal Bible was his only guide. His was a great, stalwart body, full, it was said, of human passion. But he bravely fought his passions as he

fought the devil when he appeared to his excited imagination. His was a good fight. He not only brought into full day a mighty revolution and a new creed, but he purified the church he left. Its better elements soon got control and drove out the money-changers; who sometimes get into the temple of the Lord.

We enjoyed Frankfort much; with its fine streets, beautiful tree-embowered residences, and splendid palm-garden. It has, too, some quaint old buildings, fine churches, and good collections. The Ariadne is one of the best things in modern marble. We revelled in Rudesheimer and old legends along storied and castled Rhine; we looked with admiration upon that Gothic triumph, the Cologne Cathedral; walked and sat in its grand nave and aisles, and bathed in floods of glorious light, pouring through the old pictured windows; listened to the deep tones of its organ as they rolled among the noble columns, and were caught and mellowed among the vaultings of the nave 150 feet above, to be returned to us in glorious ripeness. Again and again we visited the splendid pile, wandering with our eyes among its forest of airy pinnacles, and climbing its towers from point to point till our vision swept, 512 feet above, into the blue sky. I remember how as a young man, in 1851, I gazed with admiration upon the unfinished pile, the broken tower, with its old wooden crane, which had waited there for long centuries, ready to resume its task, pinnacle upon pinnacle about the roof crumbling and scaling away; I wondered then if the dream of Gerard would ever be a finished whole, and envied the future traveller who might visit it. It is a grand pile, but, as I think I said some months since, if the Lord should choose His dwelling-place on earth, He would never abide in a tomb-like Gothic church. From Cologne, through the sweet lands about Aix la Chapelle, we quitted the father-land, but I hope not for the last time.

We found Brussels a beautiful city, and not the dull one I thought it 37 years ago. It is thoroughly modern, and has more social red-tape than any other European capital. How one can find any thing to make the appointment of Minister to Belgium worth accepting, is hard to conceive. Most cordially I congratulated my friend, Judge Tree, on his promotion to St. Petersburg. Belgium is a prosperous land, and though the most densely populated country on the globe, sends but few emigrants abroad.

CHAPTER LI.

WONDERFUL, FASCINATING PARIS—IMPROVEMENTS OF THE EMPIRE—RECOLLECTIONS OF DECEMBER, 1851 —MARKETS OF PARIS.

Paris, October 14, 1888.

FROM Brussels to Paris the road traverses a country not uninteresting, but devoid of characteristics to make it, in such letters as these, worthy of description; and although we had yet to traverse nearly 6,000 miles before reaching the goal in our "race with the sun," there was to me no more of that charm of novelty which had enabled us to enjoy our, up to now, laborious journeyings. The old man of the party would, from this on, take his ease. To the young man, however, the real culmination was but reached. He was told to take advantage of his short opportunities, and to see and study as best he could. Paris and London, next to one other, are the two most remarkable cities the world had ever known. These two vast hives may be studied as the very epitomes of the great book of human nature. The one of man as a cultivated worshipper of the beautiful, the æsthetic, and the refined; as an intense seeker of pleasure; a laughing, idle lover of ease, or as a reckless sybarite; the other of man, an earnest toiler along the rugged paths of ambition, or a delving, sordid, worming offspring of greed; the home of the grandest type of manhood, and of the lowest representative of vice. In Paris one can drift along with a moving crowd with nothing to do, yet never wearying, for about him are thousands as aimless as himself, and, though he speak to none and hear none speak, he has a constant companionship and a felt but unexpressed sympathy, which makes care and ennui an impossibility. He saunters along the streets and boulevards and jostles against others, who are never offended, for they, too, are idle saunterers, and are not certain but that themselves were at fault. He stands before a show-window, and treads upon some one's toes, who begs pardon, for *he* has put his foot in the way. He takes an afternoon walk along the mighty thoroughfares to get rid of time pleasantly. He meets and passes a hundred thousand engaged in the same undertaking. He does this day after day and week after week, and can be positive that but comparatively few of those seen to-day were his co-partners in idleness the day before. For, during the year, they

number a million, not from Paris alone, but from the butterflies and the honey-consumers of the civilized world. To the man of taste and to the studious dreamer, Paris makes unnecessary any individual companionship—except what springs up with one who temporarily occupies the seat next him at the restaurant, in the café, the out-door concert, or on the deck of an excursion steamer or omnibus. The motto of every one met is "*Il faut s'amuser*," and every one is ready to give his or her aid in this Parisian devoir. Not only are all polite and ready to meet one half-way, from etiquette, but from the universal demand for amusement. Politeness is not confined to the better classes, but the commonest and poorest laborer in his working blouse knows its forms and rules as well as the habitué of St. Germain. The same terms used in the salons of the nobles are also at the tongue's end of the soiled toiler in the Faubourg St. Antoine, of the ragged street gamin, or of the worn-out old rag-picker. The accent and patois alone show any difference between the expressions of the highest and of the lowest. One, therefore, need fear no coarse repulse to his advances, it matters not who is, for the time being, his neighbor.

Every shop window is arranged for æsthetic effect, so that the very streets are museums, where one can, with no other cost than being somewhat footsore, see, enjoy, and study the beautiful, and he always has company, who, be they male or female, are ready to interchange opinions on what he observes. Except at the hours when people move to or from business, all whom he meets seem to have his occupation—seeking enjoyment. I remember once long ago being with a party looking down a boulevard, where many thousands could be seen from our vantage-ground. One of my companions offered a wager he could in two minutes make this multitude do as he would do. The wager accepted, he stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and looked intently at the sky. One after another the passers followed his example, to see what he so anxiously watched. In an incredibly short time every one in sight was stopping and looking aloft. I doubt not the contagion went far beyond the turn of the street, which we could see. He won the wager. "*Chaque bourse a ses plaisirs*" is truer in Paris than in any other city. A meal, a play, a ball, a concert is at hand in each and every quarter, to be had for prices ranging from a few sous up to as many francs; each the same as every other, but differing in quality, though not in quantity. A steak or roast dinner from a worn-out dray-horse—a little tough, but quite as nourishing may be had for 20 cents, as the fillet from a Norman-fed bullock for 20 francs; both washed down by a bottle of wine, here costing six or eight cents, there all the way up to two or three dollars. A dime gives a man a wild, whirling waltz at a ball with a modest-looking girl, neat and trim in pretty shop garb, or he may pay all the way up to five dollars

for no better waltzing in more aristocratic ball-rooms, but with a partner wearing silks and laces and painting on cheeks artistically rose-tinted. Theatres abound in every quarter, all with fairly good acting, and jests, perhaps broad and not too chaste, for ten cents, or with no better wit but its viciousness sugar-coated, for prices ranging through all scales up to two or three dollars.

If the idler be of scientific turn, he may skim lightly near the surface, and pick up a gentlemanly knowledge of any or all sciences dropped from learned lips in free-lecture rooms, or may delve deep into hidden lore in the richest of libraries, open to all, and then hear elucidations in the Sorbonne, and examine in open museums specimens, for which have been ransacked the bowels of the earth and the caves of the sea. Would he read as connoisseur, or study as student, the glories of Art? Acres of canvas are spread before him, on which genius has depicted human passions or rivalled the beauteousness of nature, with glooms dug from cavernous depths, mellowness of tints borrowed from the rainbow, or effulgent light plucked from the stars. Acres of forms pose in godlike mould, or writhe in demoniac agony in marble or bronze, into which the chisel's magic touch has breathed living souls. Would he study or amuse himself with human foibles and every-day human thought? in café and in crowded garden; on working day thoroughfares or fête-day excursions, he can mingle with thousands who, intent upon their own enjoyments, exhibit their hearts and souls, as fully as skitting lambs show their innocence, or kittens display their frolicsomeness. No civilized people evince such debonair recklessness of others' opinions as do the French. Subtle and secretive in matters involving grave interests, they are very children when they have no dangerous motive to conceal.

I spent a part of the autumn and winter of 1851-52 in Paris. My associates were largely of the student class, partly American and partly native. Some of my experiences would be amusing if I could narrate them, and some bordered upon the tragic. Louis Napoleon was president of the republic. I had no confidence in his republicanism, and declined a presentation to the "Little Prince," offered me through a charming young lady, daughter of our then minister, one of my distant Virginia cousins. Her name is now being made famous at home by her namesake and niece. My lack of confidence in Louis Napoleon was soon justified. The evening of December 1st was calm, and the sunset sky sweetly rose-tinted. The house in which I had apartments was on St. George's, near the one in Rue Lafitte in which the president was born. It was occupied by a large number of Italian patriots, refugees from Rome. From one I was taking lessons in his soft language. Early in the morning of the 2d, his tap came upon my door. Pale and excited, he told me that the city was in a state of siege, and that Caviagnac, Thiers, and other republican

leaders were arrested and sent off to Ham and other fortresses. My blood boiled, and my tongue rattled off denunciations. "Tais toi, mon garçon," he said. "But I am not afraid, I am an American." "C'est vrais, mais nous sommes—nous autres—Romains, and your words may be dangerous to us." I swallowed my coffee hurriedly and sallied forth. The boulevards close by were crowded by excited people. Soon a line of mounted lancers began to pour up the broad avenue. There were 10,000 of them. Close by my side on the curb-stone stood a distinguished-looking lady. I asked her what were the feelings of the Parisians now. With a shrug of the shoulders and a sweet smile, she answered: "It is gratitude to Monsieur le Prince for this magnificent spectacle." Her words were so cold-blooded that I angrily retorted: "C'est impossible!" With sweet condescension she rejoined: "Monsieur est Américain, n'est pas? je suis Parisienne, mais je connais les Parisiennes; attendez les dénouements." She was very beautiful, but for the moment I forgot my admiration and disliked her.

Events afterward showed that she was right, and that my patriotic sympathies were all wasted. Rapidly the great streets were filled with soldiers, and news came of barricades in several localities. Afterwards, with a party of students, I started to get near Porte St. Martin, where a strong barricade was thrown up and fighting was going on. I stopped in a boutique (shop) to write a postscript in a letter I was about to post home. My friends got a little way ahead of me, and the crowd was so great that I could not overtake them. I got within sight of St. Martin, when an order ran down the boulevard to open every upper window. Some shots had come from behind closed blinds; and immediately after another order ran along the line of soldiers to clear the streets. The crowd at first did not budge; a rattle of musketry poured down towards us, and a cannon-ball crashed into a boutique window a few steps behind me. Then there was a rush to get away. I was carried along by the moving mass. Bits of plaster came down upon my head from upper walls upon which musket-balls were rattling. As Sam Weller said: "It was too exciting to be pleasant." I was glad to reach a cross street, into which I plunged, and made a detour so as to reach a point where I could cross the boulevard to get to my residence. This I could not do until I reached the Madeleine, over a mile off. The crowd rapidly vanished from the streets, as if by magic. When I crossed Rue Vivienne, there was not a person to be seen except the soldiers, 200 or 300 yards off at the boulevard's intersection, who at that moment poured a volley adown the street. I thought I heard bullets whistling; when I had crossed Vivienne I laughed at myself for imagining I had heard bullets, for I then felt sure the volleys were of blank cartridge. I afterwards found that the walls above the second story at that point had been

riddled with balls, and more than probably some of them came while I was there. It was almost impossible to remain in my room, so great was the fever of excitement burning in me. At one time I was in a pack at the mouth of Rue Lafitte when some firing was heard up the boulevard; we were ordered to disperse with an "*allez vous en.*" We paid no attention to it. Then came a stern "*Va t'en!*" We knew that meant business, especially when a platoon of infantry was seen rapidly approaching. I was next the boulevard. The crowd rushed back, leaving my rear open to the enemy. I ran, putting my hands in front of me, and then drawing them back, as if swimming. Each motion put two or three Frenchmen, not so strong as I, behind me. I thus made a living *breast-work* to my rear, of probably a hundred, when the crash of musketry was heard. There were screams. How many were hit I did not hear, but I soon saw two men on shutters borne up the street.

St. Martin's barricade fell and was captured, and at dusk, with a little lady friend of our concierge, I went out to reconnoitre. The public were permitted to cross the boulevard only at Rue Montmartre. Mounted sentinels were moving back and forth, while the mass of cavalry were bivouacked in the centre of the broad avenue. We had crossed, and were stooping down to examine what we took to be blood in the gutter. All at once I felt something cold touch my cheek. I looked up; the barrel of a horse pistol was within two inches of my nose, and the mounted owner ordered us on. I need not say that we obeyed with exceeding alacrity. I said some things at that time bordered on the tragic. My friends who got lost from me on the way to St. Martin were unable to reach a cross street when the firing commenced. Chaupan of New Orleans went through a hole in a boutique shutter, made by a cannon-ball, and hid himself in the deserted house. Jones of Kentucky, got into a shop with a crowd, soldiers rushed in and gave him a sabre cut on his hand. Metcalf of Mississippi, finding the bullets were whistling dangerously, dropped with face down to the ground close to the house-walls and lay still. Soldiers in file passed along; one gave him a kick, saying: "*C'est fait pour lui*" (he is done for). Poor Orrick played Falstaff, but dreading the while lest they might put in a finishing touch. All were more or less greatly endangered. Ap. Catesby Jones had a leg broken in two places below the knee, and was for months in a critical condition. One of my Italian friends appeared no more in our house, and his companions were sad and silent. Some gay young ladies lamented the places lately filled by student friends (French) in a boarding-house I sometimes frequented in the Latin quarter. The bulletins set down the killed at a dozen or so. I knew of nearly that many myself. I talked the other day with an old soldier; he said there were 1,000 killed, most of them idle spectators. In February I

went eastward, and did not return for nearly a year. I then saw Louis Napoleon drive by with a guard of honor from the inauguration of the Strasburg station—he was Emperor. Handkerchiefs waved and “Vive l’Empereur” rang along the gay boulevards. I remembered the words of my chance lady companion, and had to confess that the French were not ready for a republic. “L’empire c’est le paix,” said the scion of Bonapartism. Time has shown that “L’empire” was the synonym of glittering imbecility, of extravagant and dishonest beautification of Paris, and of national decadence.

France is now gnashing her teeth in rage and vainly hoping for a day of revenge. Appealing to this feeling, Imperialists and Royalists are joining hands with extremists calling themselves Republicans, to destroy all conservative free rule in the country. Can she govern herself? Is she not again seeking a dictator’s heel to tread upon the necks of her people? It seems so, for it looks as if Boulanger is about to be mounted on horseback. The empire certainly, while rocking the people into a dream, whose attractive visions were self-seeking corruption, luxurious vanity, and national enervation, robed Paris in garments of beauty. Magnificent boulevards and broad streets were cut and opened into every quarter of the city. They were lined with splendid edifices, flattering the pride of the citizens, and at the same time manacled their limbs. In ’52 a few upturned omnibuses and heaped paving-stones from 100 or 200 feet of adjoining streets, in a half hour, made a barricade which, defended by a half-armed rabble, held in check thousands of well-armed and disciplined soldiers. Now a Gatling gun or a field-piece discharging grape can sweep a mob from any quarter of the capital. Law and order can thus be preserved, and so can the rule of an usurper. Mob violence in Paris has committed the most horrible crimes of modern times, but the love of ease and luxury, the greed of gold and its purchased splendors, made the mob a possibility, and awakening the sympathies of lovers of liberty throughout the world, has thrown a covering mantle over the mad acts of an oppressed and cheated people, and has apotheosized into heroes men whose deeds in other lands would have been called demoniac crimes.

The opening of these streets and improving them into the beautifiers of his capital enabled the emperor to enrich himself and his pets. A new street was planned, contiguous property was purchased quietly, the new avenue was built up; values were enhanced many fold. Imperial minions were enriched, and the city itself frequently gained largely to its exchequer. The opening of the Rue de l’Opéra, a short street, I am told, netted to the municipality 11 millions of money. These improvements are still being made by the republic, wonderfully to the beauty and largely to the health of the capital. Although during my former

visits I ran over oftentimes and knew Paris well, yet to-day I cannot recognize many of its most frequented localities. Where I formerly squeezed through narrow tortuous streets, now I find broad and magnificent avenues. Old monuments, churches, and halls, formerly half hidden by dingy buildings reeking in slime and dirt, now lift into fine sky lines from pretty squares and on wide airy thoroughfares. Old public buildings are reconstructed, but some of the most historic arches, towers, and fountains are retained and made parts of the new and splendid structures, retaining thus enough of the old to endear them to the lover of the traditions of the past. A bloused stone-cutter the other day laid down his chisel and pointed out to me with pride "*les souvenirs historiques*" being built into the old "*halles au blé*." These old remains are very dear to the *ouvrier* of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Every Parisian workman is deep-tinged with patriotism and with love for the traditional glory of his country and city, and one is constantly surprised by the grandeur and dignity of tone and language immediately assumed by the hard-handed toiler, when he mentions his country's past and his hopes for its future. But he is impatient of the slow progress of steady growth, mistrusts the statesman who would cement as he builds, and is calmly awaiting for to-morrow, though knowing that the certain to-morrow may not come for a year or a decade. He chafes at delay, and is ready to applaud a charlatan who talks glibly of *doing to-day*, and puts into the saddle a self-seeking babler who may the next week ride rough-shod over his country's liberty. Not only the hard-working toiler, but the dreaming student is ready to take these chances, for the latter knows that, in the excitement to come, he may ride upon the crest, as the froth whitens upon a storm-driven sea.

The Sunday after we arrived, Willie and I visited St. Cloud, never rebuilt since it was fired by an ill-directed ball from Fort Valerien, aimed at the Germans, who were encamped on these grounds during the memorable siege. To the glory of the Germans in that terrible war, it may be proudly claimed by them that they used every exertion to prevent the destruction of monuments and works of art. After wandering about the park and enjoying its exquisite views, we accidentally stumbled through a park gate into a little alley of Sevres, marked "*Rue Gambetta*." The lane ran through large walled gardens; the vines covering the walls made our walk sweet and pretty. There was, however, one unpretentious white stuccoed house against the little street, with a few small windows. The upper wall was all covered with a diamond-shaped trellis for ivy. The vine was, however, all dead, and the cement walls, as high as could be reached, were almost dingy with pencil-writings. Looking over the high garden wall, I noticed the side of the house was covered by a large Kentucky creeper, all bright in large trumpet-shaped flowers. This was the

first of this old home plant, rarely seen in Europe, I had seen for years. It caused us to pause and look for some time. A gentleman (he was the only one, except ourselves in the street) passing and seeing our apparent interest, told us the house was Gambetta's, and was the one in which he died. It was strange that we should thus have been attracted by this house, which at once assumed for us an intense interest. I found that what I had taken for idle scribblings on a deserted house, were words of affection and admiration written by the statesman's admirers. "Vive Gambetta, the people's friend"; "Brave Gambetta, the country's defender"; "Get well, Gambetta, thy country needs thee"; "God preserve thee, Gambetta, the citizens demand thee." These and hundreds such are written on the wall, some of them when probably he lay upon his death-bed. We rang the gate-bell, rang again and again; no one came; we rattled with our canes upon closed window-shutters. The prolonged barking of a little dog in an upper room showed us he was alone. We went off for a lunch; learned that the house was in charge of a concierge, and that it once belonged to Balzac. This gave an additional reason for us to get into it; therefore, after an hour or more we returned. The guardian was still absent. We determined to scale the garden wall, and in so doing I strained my hip, and am yet somewhat lame and unable to do much walking, and had to keep my room for several days. We succeeded, however, in getting into the garden, where Leon Gambetta had often walked; gathered some horse-chestnuts from a tree overhanging his door. The brilliant orator may often have sat beneath its shade. Here, too, were the fine old trees under which Balzac may have written or meditated some of his brilliant romances. I was lame, but did not regret it, for though not in the room, we were at the house and in the gardens of one of the most brilliant of Frenchmen—the stay and prop of Continental liberty and the friend of humanity, one of the most striking characters of this prolific century.

To write properly of Paris would require more space than is now permitted me. I went each morning to the great central markets. I am a believer in the grape, and went for fresh chasselas and to enjoy the bustle of the early sales and the good-humored gayety of the market-people. These market-sheds are of great extent, all undermined with spacious vaults, in which what fails to be sold in the morning may be coolly stored till the next day. The early sales are by wholesale and made by auction. Lots of butter and of cheese, hampers of vegetables and fruits, carcasses of meat, and masses of fish, are knocked down rapidly to the retailer and are rapidly carried off by regular porters in great broad hats to protect the head from grease and drip. Each porter takes a tab, carries his load to another part of the market where the purchaser pays and gets a ticket to enable him to pass the bounds. There are regular auctioneers,

and the business is done quickly. The retail purchasers are largely women. The wholesaling is over at nine o'clock. Then the retailer invites the passer with compliments to purchase. "Voila, monsieur, a fish for your charming wife." "See this bouquet, your pretty lady-love will dote on you if you take it to her." "Here, monsieur, is a quail for your sick daughter." "Look at this live fish, just the thing for your guests this evening." "Buy this beautiful wreath of immortelles, just the thing for your handsome family tomb at Père la Chasse." As we walk among the stalls of different articles, all in their respective quarters, old women ply the passer, and often with compliments my modesty prevents my noting. One sees much of Parisian human nature in these places. Large markets are held in the several quarters of the city on fixed days, generally twice a week for each locality. The broad promenade spaces of several boulevards have sockets in the walks into which posts are set, and then rods run along them, making covered awnings for the stalls. The awnings are erected the evening before, and after the morning sales are over the localities are quickly cleaned, and in an hour no one would suspect the pretty streets had been so used. The market people are thus able to reach different parts of the city through the week. Cabbages and other vegetables are brought into the city protected by their outer leaves. Purchasers strip these off and drop them at once. Tons of this refuse lie about the markets, but are, immediately after the market closes, carted off by public teams. But I must forbear further writing upon this great city. I could write on and fill half a volume and write only of what has come to my individual notice.

We left Paris the 15th, via Dieppe for London. Caught a glimpse of the old cathedral at Rouen, but did not halt, ran through some beautiful scenery in Normandy, with sweetly sequestered homes and quaint old mills; had a smooth sail to New Haven, and at ten o'clock at night I felt that strange oppression I always suffer from when entering huge London.

CHAPTER LII.

LONDON—GREAT AND VICIOUS LONDON—ITS FOGS—HOSPITALITY
IN 1851 AND 1888—TORTWORTH COURT AND
BERKELEY CASTLE.

London, November 2, 1888.

WHEN I arrived a young man in London many years ago, I felt overpowered at my littleness in this mighty human hive, and was so green that I had not even thought of a hotel to which I might go. When the cabman banged the door with the demand "Where, sir?" I almost sank back in despair. But the thought flashed across my brain that I was in this man's power, and that dire might be the consequence. I felt it would never do to let him know my utter ignorance of the ways of the world and above all of London. So with an air of intense composure I answered "Golden Cross." I did not know in what part of the city it was, nor what sort of house, but I had lately been reading the veracious account of the memorable excursion of that wonderful man Mr. Samuel Pickwick and his friends, and I recalled at the moment that it was from this tavern "the club" had started. I found the place comfortable and have since several times made it my temporary abode, for it is at Charing Cross, the very centre of the city. From its door one can mount a "bus" for any and every quarter of the metropolis. We are in it now and make daily journeys about the vast town.

I will not attempt a letter descriptive of London to bring it to the reader's mind; to do so properly would require hundreds of pages. Unlike Paris it has no salient characteristics which can be named as peculiar to and therefore properly descriptive of it. Here are all things and all manner of all things, so mingled together that to paint it, the pencil must be dipped in all colors and in all tints, and the artist must know all things and how to arrange them. This globe of ours is round, its surface is covered with earth and water; the sun lights it by day and the stars shine upon it by night. This would be as properly an analysis of the globe's characteristic, as any thing I could say of this vast cauldron of humanity in a simple letter would be a description of it. I might say it has four millions of people,—the mind can hardly grasp the fact. Better probably would it be to state that the ten largest cities of America united into one would not sum

up its complement. Gather all the people of the great State of New York and pour them into London emptied, and there would be vacant places left and room for those of a few of our nine by ten commonwealths. But what is more, the great Empire State even with its huge city could not furnish the ingredients to make up the medley of human nature here to be found. Here man soars aloft and looks with undazzled eye into the brightness of the stars, and here sinks into the lowest vortex of depravity; here he vies with the gods in sublimity, and here revels in the companionship of the most loathsome reptile. He touches a chord that sings in ethereal cadences throughout the spheres, and yet commits crimes so hideous that a convict escaped from Hades would hardly plead guilty to their doing. Here is the centre of the world of wealth—the very heart whose pulsations vibrate to the farthest corner of the world, and here squalid hunger is gaunt from very starvation. Piled up on a few acres are the shining coins of the whole world, or the debentures which could bring in all, and then would bankrupt the very mines in the rock; and yet within a few minutes' walk there is the home of starving want and racking misery. Here countless millions could be raised in a day to carry light into the heart of the dark continent, or to equip armies and squadrons to destroy human slavery and its trade; and yet close by girls are being daily sold to vice, and infantine innocence is taught to steal and to commit crime as a science. Here thousands of pure, good and able men and women are daily banded together to lighten the load down-weighting poor humanity and to bring it into communion with its God. To reach their place of meeting those same men and women pass by quarters into which they would not dare to go without the eye of a policeman constantly upon them, and where murders are now being committed in manner so hellish and for reasons so utterly unaccountable, that the world stands aghast with horror. Nothing is so good, no idea so sublime, that the performers of the one, and the votaries of the other are not here to be found in vast and earnest numbers; nothing so vicious or so hideous, no thought or passion so bestial and degrading, that thousands cannot here be found to delight in performing the one, or to reek and wallow in the other. Paris is the epitome of certain traits of human nature—London is the epitome of the world and of all traits of human nature.

Nature seems herself every now and then to grow shocked at the possibility of its depravity and tries to cover it over with an impenetrable gloom. A London fog is the one thing typical of this place, and of it alone. It is not fog as understood elsewhere, but a mist ground up with soot—a mist coated with dirt and rime; a pall settled down to shut out the heavens and to hide the city from the spirits of the air and the stars in the sky. Coming from the "Lodge of Israel" at Cannon Street

Hotel at midnight, I found the city was shrouded in fog; I mounted the deck of an omnibus to have the full benefit of the thing. Coming out of Ludgate Hill the driver got so bewildered that he lost his way in the little open space not 200 feet across, and instead of going straight into Fleet Street turned at right angles, and did not discover his mistake until he was about to enter Blackfriars Bridge, where there was a little opening in the fog, and yet he had been on this line for 10 or 15 years. We frequently could not see the lights on vehicles meeting us until they were bumped into us. The fog is often in patches where all is nearly impenetrable and the lamps are hardly visible across a narrow street, and yet 100 or 200 yards off one can see with tolerable distinctness. I was reading in my room (it has three good windows on the street) at 11 o'clock, suddenly the sun went out, and I could not distinguish the sky line of the building across the way not 60 feet off. I groped my way down stairs before the gas was lighted; drivers on cabs and 'buses were calling out to each other so as to learn their respective positions, and men and boys were offering their services to convey pedestrians to their destinations. People often accept such services even when within a few hundred yards of their homes. The city seems to be trying to hide itself in sheer disgust for its own misdeeds.

When I was a young man I was a breeder in Kentucky of short-horns, and going abroad visited the famous herds of England. I went to Tortworth Court, the seat of the Earl of Ducie in Gloucestershire, to see his celebrated "Dutchess" cattle, and was introduced to his lordship by the bull, "Fourth Duke of York." I was treated with great kindness by the family and afterwards spent some weeks at Brahan Castle, north of Inverness, in Scotland, which Lord Ducie had taken for the season. His son, Lord Moreton (now Lord Ducie), of my own age, was a fisherman and supplied the table with salmon; I furnished it with venison from the great forest, well stocked with fallow-deer and roebuck, and played billiards with the kind earl, somewhat an invalid. He died a few months afterwards, and the present earl, has always been off yachting when I have since been in England. We have kept up an occasional correspondence. Learning we were here now, he wrote for us to come to Tortworth for a visit. A charming run on the Great Western Road through sweet home scenery along the Thames—at times rushing with a speed of 70 miles an hour,—through picturesque Bath, brought us to Bristol, thence an hour northward carried us to Charfield, the Tortworth station. I wish I could write of the splendid hospitality found in the interior of a great English country-seat; but will content myself by saying the guest is as free as if he were in a fine hotel. He can walk or ride; can talk or write; can play tennis or take a row in pretty lakes; can stroll among herds of fine short-horns or watch gay pheasants wandering within 100 yards of the house; can look upon

old family pictures, or study in the library or in the museum, in which is a fine collection of old English and some Roman coins, nearly all dug up on the grounds about the park; can take a pipe or a cigar in the smoking-room; can go through the park, in which are specimens of the best American trees, all labelled. In short, can do as he pleases and have a good time. Tortworth residence is very large, containing 50 odd sleeping-rooms, and fine halls, all of Bath stone and Elizabethian in style. The grounds or home place contain 4,000 acres and are very beautiful, most admirably kept up, —in fact I could see nothing out of order.

The present Lord Moreton has inherited his grandfather's love of short-horns and fine pigs, and is selling many to go to the Argentine Republic. His father I do not think knows a short-horn from a mountain tow-head, but is great on arboriculture and yachting. I had one familiar acquaintance, an old chesnut-tree about 18 feet in diameter and written of as old several centuries ago. It is not much more than a living shell or tall hollow stump, supported by a huge ivy which keeps it staid and green at winter in its vast old age. It is one of the oldest British trees; the ivy and the balmy climate may keep it alive for centuries yet to come. The Gloucestershire hills stretch near by, making a pretty outline. On one of the highest points stands a tall tower or column, the monument of Tyndale, who first translated into English the New Testament. This was his native home.

Six miles from Tortworth is the oldest inhabited stronghold in England—Berkeley Castle. It is a solid old keep with massive walls, deeply marked by cannon-balls thrown against it by Cromwell. Lord Fitz Hardinge, the owner, acted as cicerone for us and showed us its old rooms and many relics of long ago. *There* was the room in which Edward the Second was murdered, meeting the most ignoble death ever inflicted upon a king. His bed is kept as he used it. *There* was Elizabeth's room with its massive wooden bolts, barring out intruders from the virgin queen and the bed upon which she slept when a guest at the castle. Here were her candlesticks, her perfume bottles, and other pretty things, and a beautiful little prayer-book, written and illumined by her own fair hands. If I remember rightly, they were dainty and deserved the pride she had in them. These and other of her ornaments were given by her to one of her maids-of-honor, a daughter of this old house.

We looked into the kitchen, in which a meal was being prepared, with old pot-racks and other kitchen furniture the same as used centuries ago. The great deer park was formerly about the castle, but the noble proprietor moved it some distance away, because his good dame found it so easy to kill fat bucks to load the table when Queen Bess was her guest. The present lord is the master of the Gloucestershire hounds and had just returned from a hunt when we arrived. He had gained a good appetite from his

hard riding, but left his lunch table to take us around, and munched biscuits while he showed us his rare old curios. He looked the typical fox-hunting Englishman, tough as a pine knot, and as careless of appearances and as independent as a wood-sawyer. Willie got some nice old coins at Tortworth, dug up about Tortworth Court. We left the hospitable house with much regret, and leave for Liverpool to sail to-morrow on the *Alaska*.

CHAPTER LIII.

OUR HOME RUN—NIAGARA—WE LOSE THE RACE WITH THE SUN.

Homeward Bound, November 15, 1888.

OUR passage across the Atlantic was uneventful and not unpleasant, although it was rough and stormy. Twice the wind rose to the dignity of hard gales, and the ocean greyhound *Alaska* rolled tremendously, proving that old dogs can learn new tricks. The captain said when we started that she did not know how to roll, and I think acquired a dislike for me because I congratulated him afterwards on her aptness in taking lessons. We reached Sandy Hook at night and anchored to await the tide. I fear I am not orthodox in my patriotism, for I did not work up any intense sentiment when I went on deck in the morning, and saw America after so many months of absence. I did lift my hat, however, and with deep respect said "My native land, good morning." I felt a sort of regret that our journeyings were ended; I was anxious to reach home to see loved ones, and once more to greet my friends. I looked back over the sea; there was a thread of light marking the way we had come, and beyond on mountain and plain, on hill and valley, were many a charming scene now lost to me forever.

We halted in New York two days, that Willie might look at our own commercial metropolis while recollections of Old-World cities were fresh in his mind.

I am making notes of this my last letter on the M. C. railroad as we pass through quiet Michigan. A little link of a hundred miles is yet to be made, to close up the girdle we have been making around the world. It has been a long and somewhat tortuous one: now lying on the equator, then looped up over the Arctic Circle; here we were running with fleet-footed old Sol; there doubling upon our tracks we made a couple of thousand and more miles with the early dawn ever in our faces. The track we have made would measure about 45,000 miles. In all of that vast distance we have not met with a single accident. The two boys have each had a day or two of slight indisposition. I have not been sick a single day. We have sweltered in tropical heats, and the sun has shot down upon our heads burning arrows; we have eaten all kinds of food and partaken wantonly of the fruits of every land, and for several days in

Finland and Norway were wet from morning till night. We took with us a well supplied medicine chest ; with the exception of a few quinine pills taken out, we bring it back as it started. Just before sailing from Vancouver I read in a newspaper the statement of an eminent French physician, that he had for a year or more poured each morning cold water over the back of his neck and had escaped colds. He did not say that it was the cause of his exemption, but recommended its trial. I have not failed to so do a single morning in fifteen months, and have not had a single cold. I could not persuade the boys to follow my example, and they have been frequently enrheumed. It is worth trying. In the far East we adopted the Indian mode of bathing, that is by pouring cold water over the person, and at the same time rubbing one's self. It is the simplest of all baths and perhaps the best, for it permits free exercise while bathing, and thereby prevents the chill so often dangerously accompanying a cold souse or the steady shock of the shower, and is greatly more refreshing than the sponge bath. It is economical and convenient, and one can obtain all the refreshing benefits of a cold morning bath and not consume over a pailful of water, especially if using a broad flat tub to stand in. Where water is in limited supply it is the thing, and for persons of small means, who can by it have the beneficial morning refreshment without the expense of a bathroom. A broad tin tub costs but little. We often amused ourselves watching mothers in India bathe their naked little ones from babyhood up to ten or more years of age, at street hydrants in cities, or near the tanks in villages. The European bathroom throughout the far East is a small room with an inclined cemented floor and cemented wainscoting. In this is a tub, small or large according to the ability to get water, and a tin dipper, usually an old preserved meat-can. Since reaching Singapore we have rarely missed our morning pour, for nearly everywhere we could get a broad foot-bath. To this and to fruit diet I ascribe much of our excellent health. In India our guide-books cautioned against the free use of fruit. We partook profusely of all kinds, in all localities and at all times. For nearly five months we rarely failed eating for breakfast a fill of "pomolos," the shaddock of Florida. Some say it is an antidote to malaria. By peeling off the inner skin it is a delightful fruit. A little of the inner skin gives a taste of quinine, and is possibly possessed of its virtues.

A night whirl carried us from New York across the Empire State, and the next morning gave us a view of the world's wonder and America's pride and glory—Niagara. It would furnish a fitting climacteric for this, my story of a voyage around the world. For here one looks upon the very embodiments of relentless force and indomitable energy — of irresistible and eternal motion. Here for untold ages there has not been one moment of rest—not

a fleeting instant of silence. During countless centuries the majestic roar, deep and solemn as the stertorous breathings of a boundless universe, has not during the flash of a second been once hushed, or has ever modulated its awful tone. Here is grandeur and sublimity, but yet more than all, beauty without stint. A distinguished Briton once wrote with supercilious contempt of an untutored Yankee, who, after looking upon Niagara, exclaimed: "How beautiful!" The Yankee, however, was not devoid of ethical refinement. America's mighty cataract has all the elements of the beautiful, but not all of the grand. It does not arouse a feeling of fear and dread. Mountain billows rushing before a howling storm, seem ready to engulf one who is in their path. Huge snow-clad peaks or towering rocky pinnacles cutting a far upper sky, looking as if their distant heights were the props of the eternal throne, seem ready to topple upon and to crush the beholder. These are awful—fearful—grand. Words of tenderness die upon the lover's lips in their presence. But Niagara wins a loving look and woos a cooing word; it mellows the heart, and quickens a gentle pulse; it is the very trysting place for lovers; its marvellous beauties reach the heart, and the hearts of thousands furnish a better criticism than the learned æstheticism of the schooled critics. It is grand, and sublime, and yet more gloriously beautiful. I never go to or from the East, without a feeling that I have lost something if I have not had one look at it. Even the hurried view from Suspension Bridge and the ten minutes from the look-out of the M. C. railroad repay a good part of the ticket's cost.

We have but a hundred miles more to make, and our journeyings will be ended. I look back with regret, for the joys of the past 15½ months can never again be mine. We have seen many lands and many peoples. We have been happy, and I have endeavored through these letters to make my friends at home partakers of our happiness. The endeavor has been beneficial to myself. It has forced me to an intensely close observation of every thing, and I hope to somewhat accurate conclusions. I have reached such conclusions honestly, but have made no pretensions to profound researches. I have written of things as they appeared to me and as they would most probably have appeared to my readers had they been in my place. At least I have endeavored to let them see through my eyes. Much that I have written may seem trivial, but the monarch mountains of the world are but aggregations of tiny atoms. A man's life and a country's history are only collected masses of countless little things. A fossil bone and a carbon leaf gave Agassiz food for months of study, and from them he fashioned a beast of monster dimensions and revealed a planet of emerald brightness. Iron filings are dull and lustreless dirt, a magnet causes them to assume forms of perfect beauty. We look through our window upon the fog, it is cold, damp, and

dreary. The frost in the night weaves upon the panes patterns so exquisite that the daintiest lace worker can only tamely imitate them. Many little things—many homely things in distant lands have been revelations to us. I have striven, dear readers, to lay them pleasantly before you, that you might see what I saw, and as I have seen. I have felt you were my constant companions, and have been happy in the companionship. If you have enjoyed my company as I have taken pleasure in yours, I shall be more than repaid for my labor.

For nearly two years we have known no winter, our world has all the while been mantled in green. I look out of the car windows on Michigan's low hills and gentle slopes; all is leafless and of russet tone. Cattle are cropping the embrowned grass, or look up mild-eyed as we pass, and chew the cud of sweet content. Their sides are sleek, for they have revelled in the summer's green; they can bear the wintry blast and look forward to the coming spring. We, too, have had many long months of glorious summer. In our memories are garnered what we have gathered, to be food for thought in the winter of declining years. Will that winter be followed by an emerald spring? We will hope and live, and will live in hope.

Again I look out of our window. Clouds are gathering over the sky; the curtain of the far west is dyed in purple and salmon. Through a cloud rift the rounded low-down sun is bloody red. Nearly 500 times has he run his course since we started in our race with him around the world. He has reached our home and passed it, and we are not yet quite there. He dips his rim and is gone. He has won the race. To him and to you good-bye.

THE END.

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